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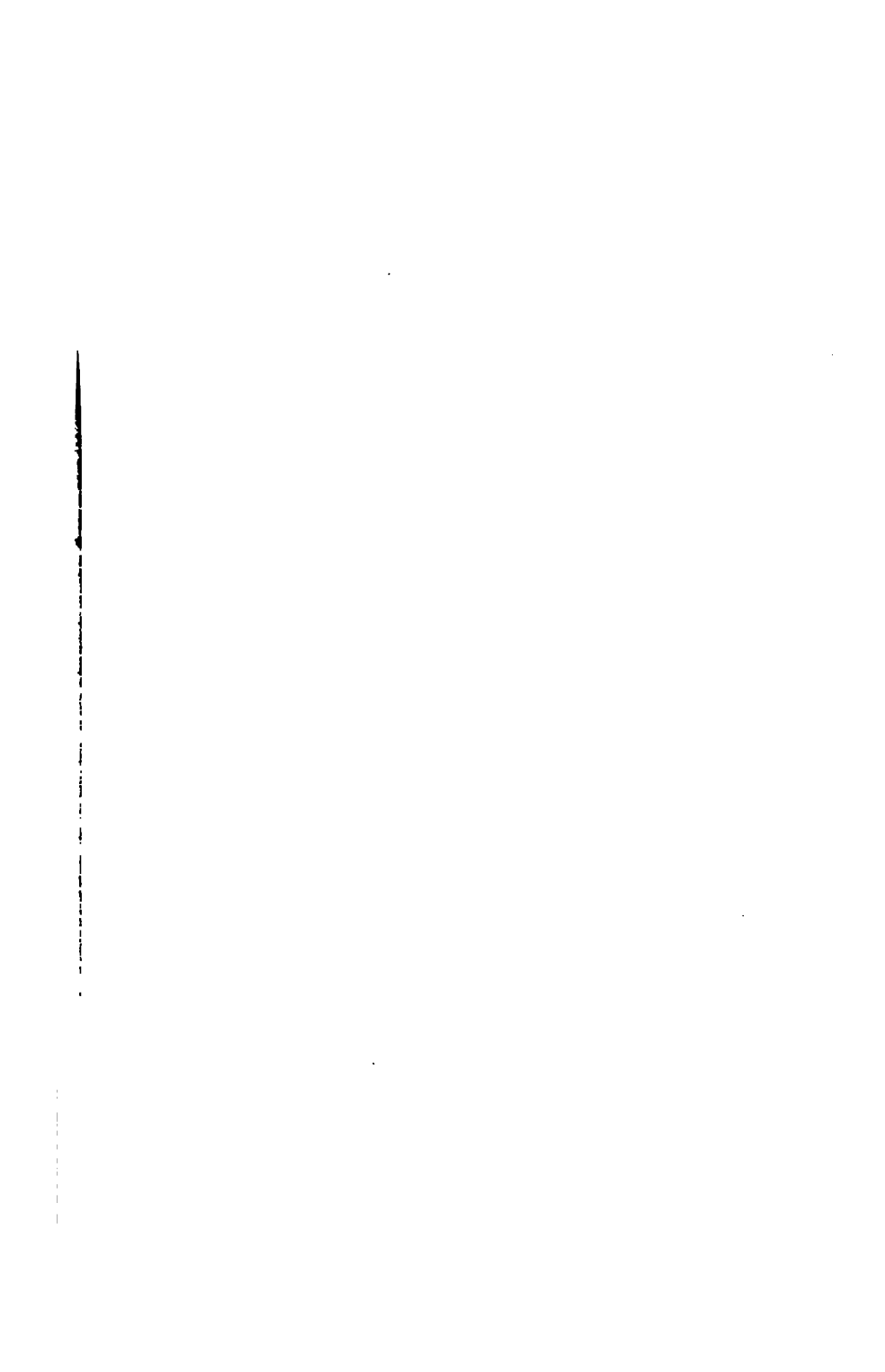
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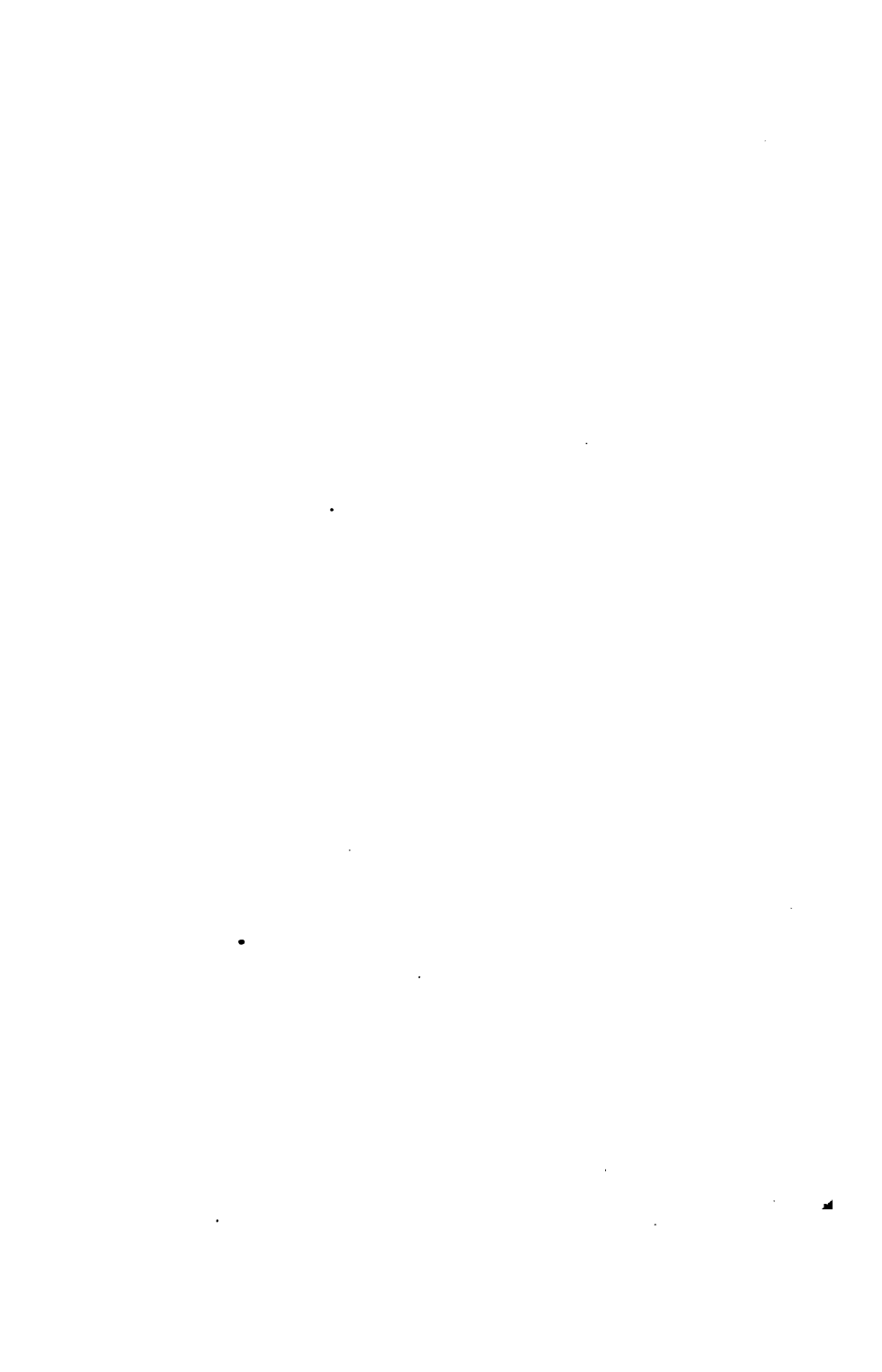


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A WORLD TO MEND

By Margaret Sherwood

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A WORLD TO MEND

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A WORLD TO MEND

THE JOURNAL OF A WORKING MAN

BY
MARGARET SHERWOOD

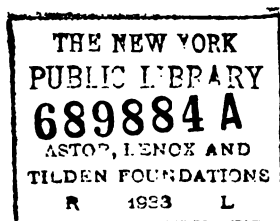


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A WORLD TO MEND

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A WORLD TO MEND

THE JOURNAL OF A WORKING MAN

I

May 14, 1916.

I have resolved to put down from day to day, as time may permit and humor bid, not only my impression of events during the world tragedy, but something also of my concern for the days to come, for the times grow great, and to live alone with one's silent thoughts is not well.

The idea of keeping a journal would, a few years or even a few months ago, have seemed to me the extreme of folly, for I have in the course of my life put pen to paper as little as possible. But commonplace people, living through a great period, may have much to tell; not about themselves, God forbid! Yet we who may not take our places in the fighting line, who are mere spectators, may perhaps divine something of the deeper drift of these vast happenings.

I am a commonplace person, but it has been given to me to see great things.

I saw last week the eyes of a volunteer regiment of Canadian boys starting for the front, perhaps the most wonderful thing on God's earth, — a volunteer army going, willingly up their Calvary.

I am a commonplace person, but I have a friend, devoted to his family, his life having been spent in hardest professional work that they might have the best possible education, who has seen his three children start for the danger fields of France, one in an aviation corps, one in a Canadian company, his daughter in a Red Cross Unit. He takes up his instruments in quite the old way; he says he is content if his children may but help in this hard hour.

I have seen the face of an American mother whose son fell in the second summer of the war, fighting with the Foreign Legion in France. She had no word of protest, or even of regret, to utter; she spoke of Lafayette.

And I am aware that there is astir upon the earth some spirit of sacrifice, deeper, more all-embracing than ever before, going out to meet the greatest recorded cruelty of all time.

Who shall read aright the meaning of these days which have shown humanity incomparably baser than we had dreamed, but also incomparably finer, more disinterested than we could have divined? What promise for the future is held in the struggle of this present hour, wherein the world that is to be is being born in anguish? I, who in my fifty-odd years have understood but little of human nature and the forces which urge it on, am driven by the strong impulsion which has been upon the souls of men since August, 1914, toward deeper understanding of the hidden forces of life.

May 16.

There is a fine freshness in the air; the perfume of apple blossoms and of pear comes in through my

open window. As I sit here in the sunshine, busy with my needle, the fact that I am the cobbler of Mataquoit comes to me as a startling and not, as yet, fully apprehended fact; yet, scrutinizing with a certain detached curiosity the position in which I find myself, the steps are clear enough that led to it from the mood wherein I faced my share of world agony of earth's most tragic August.

In the strong upsurging of feeling from depths unsuspected before there has been for me from the first a sense of lack, a loneliness that was no longer the result of the slipping away of friends and of family incident to my years. It was a something deeper, a longing to be one with my kind. Was there in this the mere instinct that bids men take refuge together in time of crisis? Certainly there was no apprehension of physical danger; it was a subtler feeling, an innermost sense of spiritual danger, a longing for mankind to draw together before it is too late, for understanding so deep that wars will become impossible.

The great trouble that has come upon the race, so staggering in its immensity that neither thought nor imagination can grasp it, has come of imperfect understanding, of unachieved sympathy. As I realized this, the isolation of my life took on a new and sinister significance, for there have been, and are, impalpable barriers between me and most of my fellow men.

With the sense of not being at one with my kind comes the sting of realization that I have not played my part. The waiting months have brought me an immense desire, a challenge. I, with the many years behind me, I who have done nothing, must yet

make good. I must work, must act; I must do my bit, finding my place, if not among the fighting ranks of France, at least among the toiling ranks of humanity.

It is because of this twofold desire, to understand, to share, that I undertake a handicraft, for no mere looker-on can understand. I am tired of printed words and of mere speculative thought concerning life; I long to do something with my fingers. There is no way of knowing one's fellows comparable to working among them. Certain also of our own poets have said that we draw near reality in drawing near common things.

Hence Mataquoit and my cobbler's bench. I have found, I think, the quiet spot for which I longed, and a handicraft that will leave me time to think, yet will bring me into contact with my fellows. Because of my troublesome leg my work had to be something at which I could sit. For tailoring I know I could never command the requisite skill nor face the long apprenticeship. Factory work I considered, but this would not bring me into contact with all and sundry of my kind. I wish to know not one class alone, one set of aspirations or of grievances, but every kind of man who walks the streets.

Cobbling draws me,—the independence, the chance to smoke in the evening, perhaps, with a customer. And it is symbolically appropriate: my life,—it is but patching and cobbling that it is good for now. Here is my last chance to do it over; something to be saved yet, and put to practical use. Shoes to patch, shoes to mend, lives to mend!

May 18.

It is but ten days since I came to Mataquoit, and already it begins to seem like home, more like home than anything I have known since I was a boy. Why I chose this place rather than any other for the exercise of my craft would be hard to say, but I had to stop somewhere, and I rather fancy the look of village streets ending in the sea. I had been traveling from town to town and from village to village, on foot for the most part, being by nature something of a rover, and now, not without a spirit of adventure and joy in the open road in the ripple of spring, hunting for a place to settle. Perhaps it was the swallows, for, as I stopped to rest late one afternoon outside the village, sitting on a stone wall not far from a barn, swallows flew swiftly this way and that about me, and something in their circling motion and the deep, gleaming blue of their backs, something in their quick, soft notes as they flew past me, seemed to invite my boyhood back. For I had played more than one summer in just such a red barn as this under whose eaves they darted now and then.

I walked on to the village, past snug, small, story-and-a-half white houses which seem as much a part of New England as do its granite rocks, — companionable houses, with latticed porches, and blossoming apple trees and trim gardens, ideal houses for a democratic people. Faces on the street seemed already familiar, women's faces both friendly and curious above their calico gowns; one old man with a gray wisp of beard gave me a greeting as is the fashion of natives in country places upon seeing strangers. In the street I met a load of hay — last

year's to be sure — upon a blue hayrick, a straw-hatted man in blue overalls and red suspenders driving the team; and I had a sudden feeling that, could I but mount beside him, I might be carried back into my childhood's simple and kindly world that knew no war.

I got no such invitation, however, but trudged on past the post-office to the one hostelry of the place, the Eagle Hotel; to a chair on the porch where citizens of Mataquoit were smoking with their hats pushed back on their foreheads and their feet on the porch railing. Lingered there, I suffered, to tell the truth, a singular distaste to the idea of becoming in any sense one with them. How am I to make common cause with these? This new adventure of democracy, whither will it lead me?

It would have been easier to work with the wounded, in France. Yet the physically unfit may not start out on that crusade; and such am I. They would not take me, even for hospital service. Shall I, who could make common cause with the humblest *poilu*, shrink from my fellow citizen at home because at a first glance he looks physically, mentally, and spiritually slovenly, down at heel? . . . Supper of ham and eggs and corn muffins; and so, as wrote a greater diarist than I, but in a lesser period, "and so to bed."

May 21.

My involuntary flinching from my fellows but strengthens my resolution. I who have been an American citizen all my life, yet no true citizen; who know little about my country and less about the mass of people who make it up, I will continue

this voyage of discovery to that unknown country, a commonplace village in my native land. I and mine are descendants of those who first founded a civilization in the wilds of New England, of those who fought in the Revolution for freedom for mankind. Yet take it all in all, my own class, — alas, that I should use this word in a democratic land! — have not concerned themselves greatly with the working of our government, and, busy with intellectual pursuits or with pleasures, could hardly have been more false to a great trust. Plato's *Republic* is more familiar to me than our own. We have slipped outside of vital, struggling America, standing apart, on ancestral privilege. Here and there, perhaps, one has done his duty, in Senate, House, or State legislature, but as regards civic responsibility, the majority of us have been shirkers.

Yet I mean to set down here not my past history, but my present intent. I must set it down clearly, "lest I forget", and look back from time to time to see if I have kept my purpose clear.

I intend to observe closely the inner operation of democracy in its old stronghold and initial home in our country, the New England shore. There are many who study the foreign elements, investigate immigrants, interview and tabulate the slums. Yet who studies the old stock to see what the descendants of our pioneer forefathers have done with their great chance in life? What have one hundred and forty years of liberty, equality, fraternity wrought here? What finer, freer types of men have been produced? What sense of human brotherhood?

Regarding the theoretical aspects of our government as manifest in our political institutions, I am

well enough informed, but of the human reaction to these institutions, the individual sense of responsibility shown by the mass of people who make up the country, I know nothing at all. Often, I am told, in business enterprises, the proprietor's son begins at the bottom and moves on up through the "works," learning to understand. Even so am I resolved to begin far down, and to learn something of the "works" of this, my America. Hence I desire to draw near, in some inconspicuous place, to people in no way distinguished from the rest, to observe in what ways they fulfil the constant task of always making themselves a free people. In studying others I shall perhaps learn better how to play my own part.

Surely here in this sacred stronghold of liberty some spark of the ancestral divine fire lingers; at this great moment, the winds that sweep the whole world must blow it into flame. So will become apparent the forces on which we can count for the rekindling of life, the earth over, when this awful struggle is ended, in a world where there shall be no more wars nor rumors of wars.

II

May 25.

There is little that is distinctive about this shore town; it is partly because of this that I am resolved to stay. The place has something of a past, suggested by rotting wharves and great colonial houses, some of them falling apart, as have many of these coastwise places, enriched by fisheries in past days; it has perhaps a future suggested by a renewal of shipbuilding and by a bustle of life on a main street with thriving shops. One old-fashioned white church with a white spire, in a sunny green square; a modern-looking brick school building hardly in keeping with the rest of the place; a Carnegie library; well-kept houses, both fairly large and small, with rose vines and honeysuckle and not wholly neglected lawns; a drug store; two groceries; a department store, recently started, called "Sands' Emporium"; and always the breath of the sea.

It is not a summer resort; had it been, I should have searched farther. A normal kind of life, so far as I can judge, goes on here, with fishing enough for a part of the population, the small, shallow harbor being admirably suited to this; shop windows testify to a variety of business enterprises; many citizens of Mataquoit live on inherited incomes, in ancestral houses shaded by huge elms or maples. There is farming enough for a large number, the sur-

rounding meadow lands and rolling hills being, I am told, very fertile. They are also beautiful, as are the sea meadows north of the village, through which a tidal river runs.

I had already decided to stay, when I made the fortunate discovery that the place has no cobbler. The one citizen of this profession died six months ago; since then, though Mataquoit does not go shoeless, as these articles, of a rather thin and unsubstantial kind, may be bought at the department store, there is no one nearer than ten miles away to cobble them.

To think of finding thus, at my age, "the need of a world of men for me!"

I have found more than that; I have found the cobbler's shop, not yet dismantled, with a sign *To Rent* on its door. It stands in an open space under a pine tree, a bit back from the main street, where, if I have time to look up from my bench, I can see the happenings in this small thoroughfare of democracy, and learn something of my new art of living with my fellows as I carry on my chosen profession. My poetic belief in humanity, — is it a practical one? Will it stand the test of daily contact with humble folk? It must, and shall.

I have interviewed the cobbler's widow and have paid a month's rent in advance. The shop is mine, with its two windows; its bench; its lasts; its many awls and needles; its shoemaker's wax; its linen thread; its pieces of rough leather hanging on the walls; its pungent, oily, leathery, waxy smell. A very useful smell.

I have taken it all over, including material much of which, of course, must be too old for service. and

instruments whose use I do not yet know. There will be time enough to find out. The business transaction I got over as soon as possible, for I do not like bargaining. The cobbler's widow was, I think, disappointed that I did not dispute the terms. She mourns her husband in an untidy pink gingham; her shoes are ripped.

Even the cobbler's sign is ready for me, as it bears no name.

BOOTS AND SHOES REPAIRED

I found it on the floor and nailed it to the side of the window facing the street.

So, at fifty and more years, I begin my life work.

Thus I become a citizen of Mataquoit, — lonely, without introductions, cut off absolutely from my previous life; without anything that would prejudice, anything that would gain favor. Here is my adventure into the unknown, — the unknown of a plain New England town.

Robinson Crusoe on his island was not more alone. After all, this New England town with its homely happenings, the goings on in its little shops and about its doorways, is as much a new world to me as was Crusoe's island to Robinson Crusoe.

I shall set to work in a different way from his. There shall be no stockade to separate me from my kind! Not if I can keep pulling it down.

There is a wary friendliness in the attitude of people toward me. They give me kind greeting, but they watch me; they look upon me, I think, as a ne'er-do-well, — not without reason, not without reason.

May 31.

I should not like to have my neighbors know that I am keeping a journal; hence the day when I went to purchase a blank book for the purpose I chose at Collins' stationery and small ware store a ledger with brown mottled binding and a long page. The page is rather narrow, and the ruled marginal red lines will be somewhat in the way, but at least old Abel Marks the postman, and Phil Landers the expressman, and the other onlookers standing about in the shop will think that I got it for my accounts in cobbling. It is better in Mataquoit not to be seen writing in anything in which your neighbors do not write.

"That's considerable of a book," said Abel Marks. "You must have big accounts."

And in truth it is a long account that I mean to keep.

I have an idea that such entries as I shall make may not be inappropriately entered in a ledger, for I am resolved to make an effort, not only to balance my own account, but to do a bit in the way of balancing accounts in the universe, so far as an individual may.

As I write by the light of my kerosene lamp, which flickers in the fresh breeze from the sea, I think over the past months of world agony, of continued defeat on every front for the Allied armies, and ask what I may put down on the asset side, where all seems loss. Is it all loss for us, or is our whole great nation, with all its wavering, wakening to a profounder sympathy and a finer purpose than were ever ours before?

June 2.

My first day in the shop; no customers, but many passing feet. I can hear the sea distinctly from my bench when the village street is quiet. Employed my time looking over my stock, sorting tools, nails, pegs, of which I found a good supply; going over the leather left in the shop and throwing out the useless bits. The needles are old and broken, but I brought with me what I thought I should need in this way, also thread. Of Angus McDonell, the Scotchman who taught me my trade in Ontario, I learned that, in the way of thread for the cobbler, nothing less good than the best will suffice. Of lasts I find enough for two cobblers; these I have arranged neatly in a row on the floor. For the first time in my life I swept a room; the results I burned in a cast-iron stove in the corner. Never before have I made a fire in a stove.

With the owner's permission, I shall have a chimney run up at the side of the shop, and a brick fireplace put in. Also, I plan to have the town water conducted to the shed in the rear.

The problem of my lodging proved simpler than I had dared hope. I live in a story-and-a-half white house about an eighth of a mile from my place of business. I am to pay five dollars a week for board and lodging; can I earn it? A gray widow in a blue print gown is my hostess; a huge gray tabby cat is my host.

Bacon and baked potatoes; ham and eggs; baking-powder biscuit; rye muffins; an endless drip of tea. It is new diet for me, but prisoners have fared worse.

Farmers' wagons creak down the streets; the old hitching posts are not yet all gone. The old horses

shy at the motors, and sometimes a thin-faced woman screams when Dobbin's antics become alarming. Boys and girls, awed by even this small town, come in from remote hamlets. The faces of grown folk and of children are different from the faces that I have hitherto known.

I have indeed secured a new outlook on life.

June 4.

I have scored two human beings in my dragnet to-day. A boy came, with tennis shoes needing a few stitches. I could take them. But a farmer came with what had once been a boot, and I had no skill for its re-creating. Alack for the ruin that nothing can make good! I shall have to study the problem of where all hope of reconstruction ends, in boots and shoes and elsewhere.

In the absence of human companionship, I fall back upon books and magazines which I brought with me. War, and the tragedy of war encompassing all our life! Yet, through all the stages of the struggle, in which humanity is crucified, unbearably vivid as they are, I hear, far off and dim, the echoes of the greater struggle that will come when the actual fighting ceases. For it is a war between two principles, and, even when autocracy is crushed, the battle will be but begun over the earth to establish the free rule of free men, in their several distinctions and individualities.

They who are in Flanders field and in the fields of France hear the noise of guns, of great explosions, of artillery; I, who have about me quiet, who have time to think, hear the sounds of coming conflict, a greater and more menacing roar than that of war time.

We shall face a world with its old foundations gone, a world with foundations to build from the very bottom, of understanding and sympathy and trust between man and man, such as have never existed before.

To achieve this we must find a way to make the progress of men's souls equal, outstrip their material and mechanical progress. It will be such a race as humanity never entered upon since time began. How can we draw the creative genius, which has gone in years past into the making of agents of destruction or devices for physical comfort, into the construction of conditions under which man can live with man in harmony? It is not cogwheels and levers that should command the service of our finest intellect, but human souls.

III

June 6.

I confess that, these first days in my shop, I am lonelier than ever, with a feeling that I have cut myself off from old associations and have not yet established new. I walk the village street, realizing that I am a stranger in my own country; I might as well have been born in ancient Rome. This may be a democratic country, but I and mine have never lived in a democratic world; from boyhood I have been kept from knowledge of men, save a chosen few. All my years of training, all my personal endeavor, have meant a refining, a selection, an attempt to reach more and more fastidious standards, with no corresponding sense of responsibility toward those as yet unaware of them. Now, retribution has come, for thin veils of thought, of feeling, distinctions that I used to think most important, drop between me and my fellow men. They are aware of it, as am I.

At my bench, by the window with a newspaper, I listened the greater part of the day to the footsteps of passing people and caught bits of their conversation. There were comments on the high price of eggs and a report of a good catch of fish; and there were remarks about my open doorway and the sign on my shop.

"Where does he come from?" asked one gruff voice.

"Dunno," was the sufficient answer.

"Anybody know his folks?"

I could not hear the reply to this, but I did not need to. The same old question that I have heard so often, though in different circles and in different English! It is indeed a lonely venture, voyaging where nobody knows your "folks"! and the hollowed board steps of my shop are to me, even as to him, the prow of Ulysses' wandering ship, headed for uncharted seas.

The morning passed and nobody called. In the afternoon one visitor arrived, growling. I looked up from the page on which I am writing to see a pair of brown, questioning eyes fixed on me; a questioning nose sniffing threshold and doorway; a shaggy tail began to wave slightly as I spoke.

Wagging and growling went on together as my unexpected guest responded to my invitation to enter; he smelled of many things in the shop, then drew cautiously near, searching my very soul with his eyes. Lonely; I know the look; the best thing in life was lacking, companionship.

I half guessed, what afterward proved to be the case, that he was my predecessor's dog; and I briefly explained to him in words that I had not made way with his master; that I had come honestly by the shop; that I meant to work there; that I would be glad of his friendship, if he would accept mine.

The growling ceased, the wagging grew more cordial as I spoke; I caressed his shaggy ears; before I knew it his head was on my knee; with a deep sigh, as of homecoming, he dropped down upon the floor and slept, with one eye open. So I acquired an assistant and ally.

He is large, brown, long-haired, with a suggestion of setter, a hint of collie. Doubtless he has several strains; so much the better! I shall make no inquiries about his "folks"; we must work out our great task of democracy.

Do not the finest peoples admittedly come of the much mixed races? Witness the English, in their remote beginnings; witness the ancient Greeks, in their remote beginnings. What promise, then, for America, with its present clash of innumerable nationalities! One would like to live a few hundred years, or thousands, to see the resulting race.

Temperament, passion, from the Italians and Greeks; we sadly need that, with our thinner blood. Mysticism, the tendency toward faith, from the Slavs; we sadly need that, with our preoccupation with the merely practical, our profound concern with the world of mere happenings. From the Scandinavians? I do not know so well, — but from all the many nationalities, what resources we may gather; what poetry; what depth of feeling, sensitiveness to aspects of human life and experience of which we have in the past been unaware in our pell-mell endeavors to make good, to achieve in practical ways!

June 9.

Two dollars and forty-seven cents is the result of my first week's work. The size of the sum does not account for my great pride in it; it is the first money that I have ever earned. This does not amount to a living wage, and yet I shall not strike. To my shame as a wage-earner be it said that I have, aside from my earnings, enough for bread and cheese.

The curiosity that my coming has aroused will, I hope, soon die down. To the inquiries of my hostess, the Widow Frayne, regarding my past life, I have replied with a certain reserve, question for question.

I also was born in New England.

June 10.

To-day came in as fine a lad as I ever set eyes on, a tall, upstanding, stalwart young fellow, with a red-brown glow in his cheeks, and a yellow-brown gleam in his hair.

Tim, I observed, did not know him, but would be glad to make his acquaintance, if the swift touch of a red tongue on the friendly outstretched hand told truth.

This was a college boy, I saw. My heart would have warmed to him, even without that large letter on his sweater. Having seen that, I felt hesitation about charging him for his shoe.

He had come to have a rip in his tennis shoe sewed up, a good-sized shoe, I thought to myself, right well in keeping with his six-foot height and his broad shoulders. He would wait while it was being done, he said, and he seated himself with an air of quiet possession in an arm-chair, with his stockinged foot resting on a box filled with scraps of leather.

As I stitched I saw that he had opened a book; it may be that my job went a bit the worse for my looking up now and then to see him at his study. I watched to see if the trouble of the world was reflected in his face, but there was no shadow of it; rather, a look as if it hurt a bit to stop smiling for a few minutes. He was working at Latin and was evidently deeply puzzled, for he talked aloud, saying

over certain words and giving their individual meaning. Evidently their collective sense escaped him. Before I knew it, I had construed it for him.

"Great Caesar!" he said, with his eyes still on the page. "That's right! Stupid not to see it."

He thrust the book into his pocket, then turned and looked at me.

"Who are you, anyway," he asked, "cobbling and quoting Latin?"

I laughed, but realized that I had blundered.

"And you," I said, "who are studious enough to work on Latin in vacation time?"

"Studious!" he scoffed; and then, as if it were the only explanation that condoned his conduct:

"Condition; left over from Sophomore year."

I said nothing, but went on with my stitching.

"You seem to be something of a mystery," he ventured.

"So are all men," I answered.

His eyes twinkled back at mine in understanding fashion. He asked no more questions, but put on his shoe, patted Tim, and went away.

I could not help thinking, as I watched him swinging down the street, that I should like to see him again.

June 11.

One strange thing about this epoch, strange certainly in the experience of a person of my years, is the feeling that it brings of the utter inadequacy of one's whole personality, of one's previous interests, the realization of one's achievements as pitiful, as less than nothing. It is as if the past hardly existed, or belonged to a state of unachieved being. The

events of the last two years have stirred me, lifted me out of myself, recreated me. A new and suffering youth is born in me, a feeling that I am at the beginning of my experience.

Do all great periods of change and transition make themselves so distinctly felt in passionate desire to begin over, in a feeling that earth is being born again in anguish, and in longing to be born with it? Nothing in all my previous experience is comparable with this; even I, in my sixth decade, am sharing something unfathomably great that is coming into the world, through the grandeur of human courage in this hour of unexampled trial.

One needs to be greater, different; there are as yet unimagined things to be done and dared, and the stakes are higher, the risks greater than ever before; one needs young valor, and impetuous faith such as hardly goes with middle age. It is hard to grasp all aspects of this great awakening when we who had grown weary are asking for more years of life that we may understand more deeply the challenge of circumstance to the human soul, and may yet make good. With all the long years back of me, it is strange to feel so new, so ready to be tried.

If I had but the years of the young man who was here yesterday!

IV

June 13

My room commands a bit of the sea, but more of the street. There are lilac bushes below my window, now in fresh bloom. Sometimes I see a white sail between the overarching elms; sometimes a blue farm wagon or a load of hay goes jogging down the street.

A worsted motto: *Seek And Ye Shall Find*; a patchwork quilt; a grayish-blue painted floor of wide boards that look hand-hewn, — there is much of novelty in my surroundings and something too of home. I have always been, in theory, a lover of simplicity, paying homage to plain living and high thinking. Simplicity is the secret of all great art, why not of all great life? Seeking, shall I indeed find it?

A wrought-iron latch is on my door. No lock: no bar. There is writing on my whitewashed wall at night by the shadow of leaf and branch and twig in the light of the street lamp, but the writing is hard to read.

June 15.

Twice to-day I saw passing my shop the college youth who came in a few days ago. I wonder who he is? I find myself thinking of him with a certain sense of curiosity.

Tried to read, but tossed away a long treatise on

labor problems. My old study of economics helps me but little now, in any of its aspects. I do not want to understand Humanity in the abstract; it is not to be done; I want to know human beings.

I am tired of professional analyses, of ratios and percentages and statistics. None of these generalizations ever brought me any whit nearer that understanding of individual men on which an enduring social order must be based.

Of Man I have heard and talked much; how shall I become acquainted with men? Of this I am certain, — mere information, mere intellectual acumen will never achieve that finer understanding whose real name is sympathetic insight.

June 16.

A fine test of my theoretical sympathy came to-day with a half-drunken brakeman blaming me for the hole in his boot. . . . I sit crushed among the wreckage of my aspiration and of my finer mood. How I love you, my brother, when you stand at a distance, — with a strong wind blowing between us!

Yet I have asked for this contact with individual men. Humanity in figures is easier to cope with. A table of statistics, a column of figures is at least non-odorous and does not chew tobacco.

I am the greatest failure on God's earth.

June 19.

As I sit at my bench in my hut under the pine tree, tapping — for I have two pairs of boots to mend — always with the thought of the great account I am to keep in my ledger, the days of the beginning of the war come back to my mind: that

rocky spot where I was staying on the Maine coast, Anaquid, with the days and nights of fog; the papers coming with their unbelievable headlines about mobilizing and about threatened war; the incredulous faces of the readers on the hotel piazzas; the unbelieving eyes of those who read the German ultimatums. Then, with the swift and terrible news of the invasion of Belgium — still, alas! unprotested by our government — came creeping mist and fog that blotted out all outlines of a world known and loved; and the tolling of the lighthouse bell, day and night, night and day, as if telling of the passing of souls. The fog opened only to shut down again more heavily, in hushed suspense that seemed to prelude the ending of a world.

We know now that it was not the ending of a world but the ending of a period; that we have grown somewhat in these two years many things declare. There is something to put on the asset side of my ledger! The shock of those days meant to many people their first realization that humanity is one, so hardly are some great lessons learned! It is long since I have heard any one say, as people said in the autumn of 1914: "Well, if those people want to fight and kill each other, it is no affair of mine. No, I won't send my money to the wounded; I will give it to the suffering here. They should not go back to barbarism unless they want to suffer." Such things were said in various ways by various people then; they reflected perfectly the attitude of a young and complacent democracy that had long outgrown war and all longing for anything that could be gained by war, but that had not lost a sense of itself as a thing apart, nor gained the pitying insight into

human nature on which a lasting democracy must rest. Are we gaining it now?

Even then there were signs that heralded a better and more human attitude which has become more apparent since. A physician told me that illness had increased among his patients, — the old, the delicate succumbing, under their hurt sympathy, to the shock. One was almost glad to hear it; it showed a deeper sense of life being linked with life than was shown by many of the robust. And again it made me wonder, as I have innumerable times wondered and most times believed, whether the medieval idea of the suffering body as aiding the struggling soul were not, on the whole, better than the impassioned conviction of this age through which I have lived that the strong body is all. Suffering and weakness may be the source of many an insight. We, standing on the edge of this vast sea of sorrow and of suffering, shall we know, when we have plunged into it, perhaps through it, as we have not known in the past?

After the incredulity, the failure to believe that the evil thing had come to pass, there was for many a sense of great and impersonal sorrow, of sympathetic fear for France, for England, fear — a deeper, subtler fear — for civilization itself. The very foundations on which life rests were crumbling under us. There was, born of pity for the appalling suffering, wrath and distrust of this alleged civilization, a deepening sense of the futility of its outward progress, a deepening sense of values of much old thought and faith that had slipped away. There was desire to retreat and find where it was that the modern world took the wrong step.

Under all question or approval of this or that/ act of this or that nation lay a deeper and crueler wonder: Had we been living all these years in a world that did not exist? We had been taught that the universe was a moral universe; was this faith baseless? Hurt speculative thought perhaps hardly ever arrives, but rather goes round and round, squirrel-wise, in its cage. It went faster then, and the world seemed going with it, spinning way off its course, through endless space.

It was not only the incredible fact of the war, in a world which had gone so far beyond in high aim; stories of German atrocities began to come, the rape of women, old and young, the constant shooting of civilians in cowardly murder, the utter destruction of farms and of villages, the setting fire to buildings in which human beings had been locked. Sickening belief, only tentative before, followed the publication of the Bryce report, and we felt ourselves on the edge of a vast abyss that had opened at our feet, yawning, a thing of undreamed horror, into whose black deeps we dared not look; it seemed about to swallow us up, with all that men had heretofore achieved of kindness, of pity, of bare justice.

And this horror has gone on, increasing through torture, lust, treachery and broken faith for two long years. Here we go as usual about our quiet ways of life, with the possibility staring us in the face of a civilization lost, a world lost.

It shall not be lost; we have too much wherewith to build a new and better world! If the horror has gone on increasing, as it has, what shall we say of the swift-coming glory of human courage, human devotion, that meets it at every turn, faces it, tran-

scends it, conquers even in losing? Never has the unconquerable human soul shone out as clearly as in these last days; never has selfless courage counted for so much. Already the right is victorious, in the face of much that seems defeat on more than one front. The deeds of which one hears constantly of life risked or lost for another life; the heroic standing of man by man, and the more than heroic standing of all men in these ghastly trenches in defense of honor and fair play and womanhood,—in these things something greater than war is won.

June 20.

My young friend of the stockinged feet appeared again to-day. I was able to identify him—for he told me his name, John Merriwether Sands—as the son of the department store recently established in Mataquoit.

We talked of many things; wars, and rumors of wars. It surprised me to find how untouched he was, how little he knew about the world crisis. A young American, what had he to do with war? His country, safe between sheltering seas, had long forgotten war. A normal, healthy, active, most intelligent youth—in non-academic ways—greatly interested in athletics. He is a finer man physically than any I saw among the young Canadians with their eyes turned toward the east, yet there is something lacking that was in their faces. How is it possible to be so untouched, so unregarding?

The youth of half the world goes up to its Calvary; the youth of this half—plays football.

Yet, unless I read this boy's face wrong, he is one fitted to march shoulder to shoulder with his fellows,

companionable, sympathetic, — where he understands.

What veil has fallen before his eyes? What lack of imaginative insight, understanding, is here? Is it that his parents, after the fashion of American parents, have kept him in a child's world until to-day? How can he have failed to know, to share the anguish of Belgium, the anguish of France?

I feel in myself a yearning desire to help him understand. Strange that one should wish to waken youth to suffering! Yet the terrible facts are facts; anguish is the lot of many millions to-day, — and no man can attain his full stature of manhood if he ignore.

V

June 25.

Reminded myself again that I must not spend, in thought of war, the mental energy which I mean to turn wholly into effort toward reconstruction. But I find myself at a certain disadvantage, in my idle hours, for no great amount of work has as yet come my way. Books I have, for the most part, put behind me, for the printed word has failed me; I want to seek out wisdom by the seeing of the eyes, the hearing of the ears, and the searching of the heart of man, including my own.

I sit at my bench, with high resolve. If no one comes to me, save those who have shoes to mend, whose fault is it? If my kind do not come to me, I will go out to mingle with them.

I take my hat and go down to that meeting place of men, the village grocery. Silence falls upon a talkative group as I enter. No one offers me a barrel head to sit on; the last broken sentence stays suspended in mid-air, where it was broken. I do not know whether it is etiquette for me to find a place on the counter and seat myself there; and no one tells me. They build a little wall between me and themselves; is this equality, fraternity?

What is it? Distrust? Do they suspect me of dishonest intent? Is it that there is no common background, that they, perhaps unconsciously, feel

that the currents of our lives have flowed too far apart ever to mingle?

Gray-haired, I seek my kind and cannot find them. The basis of trust between man and man, what is it?

I bought a pound of cheese and went home. The bystanders thawed a little when they saw me pay for the cheese. Is it simply money trust that lies between man and man?

Yet I begin to know something of the lives of my neighbors, if only the outside circumstances. The Widow Frayne has inexhaustible information about the inhabitants of Mataquoit, which she shares with me, yet I cannot help thinking that, though she knows the facts, she has somehow missed the substance of understanding. The magic key of sympathy, of right feeling, is not there. She sets me to thinking of aspects of alleged progress during our great scientific era; our failure to understand real significances has often been in direct proportion to the amount of information we have heaped up about life and nature. There is nothing so untrue as facts wrongly interpreted.

We are an ordinary community; there must be scores of shore towns like this. From Round Towers, the lordly estate of a great oil magnate, named Brown, on the cliffs north of the village, and the withdrawn, fenced-in mansions of the old families, we range through prosperous two-story houses, and white story-and-a-half cottages to the unpainted wooden hut of old Mrs. Mooney, with a roof that slopes down the back almost to the ground.

And I question myself, as I sit by my doorway, smoking my pipe, or stroll up and down the village street, how each and every one of these inhabitants

is fulfilling his citizenship in a democracy. For I have set myself the large task—in addition to cobbling—of studying my fellow villagers in their several relations, civic and domestic, relations of church and of state. I must watch in the street, the market place, the church, these individuals of the body politic, to discern their attitude toward a citizen's duties and responsibilities. This is a microcosm wherein I may read in little what is written large in the length and breadth of this vast country.

The task I set before me is not only of understanding, but of sympathizing.

It is on my tongue to say that the postmaster shows, in his inadequately performed professional duties, the rust of officialdom; that my friend, Abel Marks, the postman, betrays the democracy in the very way he dawdles down the street, an hour late with the mail; that my other friend, Joe Hincks, the policeman (it is of course apparent that I have not yet penetrated the polite circles of Mataquoit), loses daily in a seductive coffee house the sense he should have, as an American citizen, that the future of the world depends upon the way in which he does his job; that all Mataquoit betrays too much of slipshod ease. It is the young men who trouble me most; of the many I see on the street, in shops, at the railway station, a few are alert and brisk, but the majority with their shambling walk, their stooping shoulders, their hats tilted back, their evident desire to appear worse than they are, embody very ill our hopes for the future America. I have no doubt that they possess virtues, are honest, good-natured, and ready to spring at the cry of need,

but they lack, alas! the training necessary to toughen their muscles, to train their minds, to set their feet marching in unison with some sense of a goal.

I walk sadly by the sea, asking myself if these and others represent the principle of freedom for which the world is fighting; then I pull myself up sharply. This old critical instinct will not down; how can I remember that this is not a world to pull apart and analyze, but a world to put together? We must "hope evermore and believe" and act.

I will turn to my cobbler's bench; at least there I am putting in stitches, not ripping them out.

If I am sometimes discouraged in my attempt to dig deeper into knowledge of civic life which shows much of selfishness, much of petty motive, I realize that I am still a bit on the outside. The inner sacrifices, the homely heroisms of Mataquoit are not unrolled before my eyes.

I will be fair; I will be judicial. If, on one side of my ledger, I range personalities and incidents that suggest failure, on the other I will set down those that stand for success, or partial success, and I will endeavor to make this latter a long list.

I could write, I fancy, an article about Mataquoit in the fashion of the muck-raking articles of a dozen years ago, setting forth the delinquencies, the civic sins of leading citizens. . . . Why not institute another kind of article, trying to rake together the virtues, private and public, of the inhabitants of a town, setting forth instances of civic righteousness, the good achievements? What services the newspapers throughout the country could render in this, the magazines! Headlines of goodness, as erstwhile.

and even now, of crime. . . . Three-inch type advertising civic virtue, — some prominent citizen's disinterestedness, as startling news.

I will begin, as soon as I have the facts.

June 28.

In this great rushing together of the nations we are aware of the conflict between autocracy and democracy; and the thought of this lends dignity even to the trivial aspects of my quiet session with the democracy at home. I had not thought to be upon the battle line! It is curious, the way in which my instinct has been leading me, a humble individual, along the lines of cleavage between the nations, the earthquake's path.

I have set myself to consider what are the practical proofs of gain under a free government. To find these, one has to dig below the surface both of men and of towns. The untidy streets, the unswept corners, the floating bits of paper and the stationary bits of orange peel here contrast badly with the spick and span pavements and corners of autocracy. Not only Berlin, but little German villages present a cleaner face.

And the upright bearing, the brisk gait of the sons of autocracy might seem to bear witness in its favor, as one thinks of the shuffling feet, of the lazy slouch of many of our free sons of America. Should not the citizen of a free country stand upright?

Digging deeper, beneath externals, one knows of course that there is no comparison. Better the sorriest disorder of a world stumbling along the ways of freedom than an orderly imperialism where no man is free. Better that men should greet one

another with easy impudence, than that they should click their heels and make servile obeisance to officers and excellencies whose hold over them is a hold of brute force. Liberty is a priceless boon; only through this can the right development of the individual man come, but should not a citizen of a republic achieve by self-discipline more than can be wrought in an autocracy by discipline from without? How are we to outgrow all our slovenly and unlovely ways, all manifestations of our freedom to lounge and sit and sprawl in public as we please? An old and flippant saying, heard long ago with a sense of tolerant amusement, that it is the mission of America to vulgarize the world, now brings me sharp pain. One can but confess that the incentive of liberty of action does not as yet seem so cogent, in matters of street behaviour at least, as does pressure applied from above. I see no accord between the untidiness of mind and body, betrayed in much of our practice, and our institutions, our opportunity to achieve citizenship of a finer type than the world has yet seen.

Yet, as I hear man talking with man in the streets, I am impressed by the general intelligence. These men are reading about the war and know not only its events but something of its bearing. I hear them discussing the atrocities, and in the often uncouth comments I find proof that our country has made great gain, whatever unrealized aspects of true democracy may be here. There is profound contempt for force as force among these men, high and low, kempt and unkempt.

If one hundred and ten million citizens already know that might does not mean right, freedom is

justified of her children, atrocious though their manners be.

To the good also might be counted a good nature, a tolerance, a surface friendliness, an amiable sense of the relation of man to man. Americans on the streets and the street corners give you the impression of feeling that they are all good fellows together in a fairly good world.

Yet in this very tolerance is a danger, — for it carries with it a disregard of standards, even a resentment. There is a tendency to call a man with conviction one deep in his own conceit.

June 30.

In my adventure into democracy it would be difficult to tell how much I owe to Tim. To know him is a liberal education, at least in cobbling. To begin with, he understands the business, which I do not. He knows the old customers and gives them warm welcome, snuffing at their shoes as if he knew where they ought to be worn out. He is able to discern, in some occult way, through his sensitive, slightly lifted nostrils, which of my visitors come with *bona fide* business motive, which are drawn by idle curiosity to find out something about the new master of the shop. These he embarrasses by sniffing at their shoes. He knows all there is to know about boys.

The art of advertising he understands to perfection, barking always at the right minute. Well-known figures are greeted by a single, short, sharp bark, as if by way of suggestion that business is going on at the old stand; strangers are startled by prolonged, vociferous barking, as if Tim were determined that they should look up and see my sign.

He is an incorruptible guardian; I can leave him in charge indefinitely, with the shop door open, and not so much as a shoe string will disappear. If one ever should disappear, I know it will be over his dead body.

I am learning democracy of my dog; he has an almost ideal attitude toward his fellow creatures, though I cannot help feeling that he thinks democracy needs a deal of watching.

He is an admirable "mixer"; I often look at him with envy, marvelling at his art of making friends. He evidently finds no difficulty whatever in understanding humankind and drawing near it. A sniff, a swift look, a more or less tentative wagging of the tail; then, if the stranger is found worthy, a lick on the hand with a friendly tongue, a snuggling trot at the heels, invitations to be caressed on head and ears,—leading to complete understanding, complete intimacy.

I wonder, wistfully, how he does it; perhaps all is different when one has a tail to wag. It seems unfair for certain of nature's creatures to have so much more potent means of expression than others. Language is a poor substitute for some that we have foregone.

VI

July 2.

It strikes me that, during the last few days, people crowd my shop with more than necessary insistence. Men, women, boys, girls, come bringing shoes for repairing; my shop corners are piled high with slippers, boots, and shoes, some of which seem in little need of mending. There must be some rumour about the newcomer; curiosity is the best advertiser. Perhaps my lack of skill makes them suspicious. I take care to be putting in pegs or waxing my thread when customers are here, lest they see how awkward I am with my needle.

They have brought me more shoe problems than I can cope with, for I have not been long a cobbler and sadly need practice. Yet it is the only profession that I have ever had, and I take pride in it. The Scotchman who taught me, Angus McDonell, up in Ontario by the lake where I was fishing last summer, predicted no great future for me in this work.

"Mon," he said, when I began, "if your fingers was all great toes you couldna' handle the needle worse."

I resolved to show that Scotchman, for I shall not be done by dispraise out of my life work. In fact, before I left him to return to the States, I half-soled a pair of boots for him, charging him nothing, and he said that they "were na so badly done."

He added that if I were but five and twenty years younger, it would come easier. I had suspected this myself, but a man is not to blame for his many years.

There is not much time for thinking, yet this is perhaps well for me who, since boyhood, have done little but think. These days bring sharper and sharper realization of a life unused; I must double my efforts to find a place in the actual working order of our commonwealth. I who have existed, for five full decades, outside of life, have suffered life rather than lived it, must do my bit, even if it be hard, discouraging; even if the stitches which I put into old Mrs. White's second-best pair of shoes will not hold. So may I escape from the mist of special privilege and the maze of words and of abstract thought that have encompassed my years, and, perchance, touch reality.

July 5.

My young friend, John Merriweather Sands, put his head through my window to-day and gave me cheerful greeting. To tell truth, I had been thinking about him and wishing that he would come.

I gravely asked him if he had brought me any business.

"No, but you don't mind my watching you, do you?" he asked. "I might learn your trade; I am not good at books."

I invited him in and gave him a lesson in cutting out leather for soling a boot. It was not many minutes before he did it better than I, but I did not tell him so. Where would the teaching profession be if we admitted these things?

I told him that he must practise, and might do so whenever he wished; I realized that I wanted him to come back.

He was chaffing much of the time; asking me sudden questions about Memorial Hall at Harvard, the Yale campus, the Alumni building at Princeton, the architecture of the Leland Stanford buildings. I was wary enough to evade direct answers, not that there is any reason for concealment, for his curiosity is wholly friendly, but that it is amusing to play the man of mystery with him.

I slowly make him out. He is no student; he has an eager, intelligent mind, but it does not find its best nurture in books; rather, in men and things. He is interested in people and has all the friendliness and faith in human nature of an unhurt young puppy, a young Newfoundland puppy whom nobody has ever struck. Here is boundless energy, as yet unfocussed. He is a great athlete, full of love of the game and of fair play in the game, and herein lies much unconscious chivalry. So far, his sole sense of responsibility has come through athletics. He is sympathetic with any suffering he can see, as yet incapable (perhaps long ancestral habit is responsible for this) of imagining any suffering that he does not see; honest as the daylight; quick to wrath in a good cause that he understands; almost wholly unaware of the world of ideas in which I have spent my life. He is still largely, I think, saying over his father's and mother's ideas, — and rather poor they are. We talked much about the war, and I told him that he and his fellows could not afford to miss anything that would make them understand the appalling disaster that had

come upon mankind, or the efforts of those who were struggling to help; that it was upon his generation that the task of rebuilding the world would fall.

No one could be more utterly unlike my own son, if I had one; why do I yearn over him in a kind of vicarious parenthood?

As he went to-day, calling out with a laugh, "Good-by, Socrates," I was stung by a sudden, deep desire to help him make good, to have him make good at any cost. Then I pulled myself up in astonishment. What do I mean, at my age, by a desire so intense, by feeling thus keenly about somebody else's son, a son of people I do not even know?

Sons of people I do not know have been ignored in my life hitherto.

July 6.

My mind is at times a bit bewildered by the contrast between the varied aspects of this simple and friendly world and the sudden gulfs that yawn at one's feet.

In spite of my resolution to fix my mind upon the world beyond the war, in and out, and in and out of all our peaceful days and ways the war goes winding; across the beauty of summer meadows with their daisies and their sorrel, one sees the long lines of pictured transports and pictured troop trains, the loaded camions, the faces of soldiers bravely smiling good-by out of the car windows. Such pictures move on in one's mind, a thin, endless film, before the actual scene that one is looking upon. And, more insistent still, come the pictures of actual trench attack, the storming, the going over the top, the gray-white smoke rising after the explosions. One

sees the British soldiers swinging into line, going out, singing, to battle; one sees the laughing faces of those, fewer in number, who come back cheering and throwing their caps high into the air.

One is haunted by bits of description read and memories of pictures seen, and on the dim confines of sleep one sees great guns in desolate lands where you can see the face of no living thing. As they lift their heads, belching out, like undreamed monsters, fire and smoke, it seems the place of dragons of which the Hebrew prophets wrote, with broken, shattered branches and blasted tree trunks, showing that the world was once alive.

The intense preoccupation of many of us with this grim struggle is almost a proof that that which men are fighting for is already partly achieved. It is shaping our present selves, as it is shaping the future destinies of the world. We never escape from this war and the thought of it; we are prisoners all. It is as if destiny were saying: Henceforth thou shalt not escape the bonds of thy brother's soul. Everything turns to it; it is the undercurrent of all our thoughts, and has been, since August, 1914. Every line of thought takes us, ultimately, back to it; every book that we open has, somewhere, that within its pages which reminds us. There is no path so peaceful that it fails to lead us to those bloody battle fields; the courage of those who fight and fall there is a measure for our after years. Along all the ways of life and suffering it has set minds and hearts stirring, with a deepened sense of the significance of human experience.

Even Tim, sleeping in the sunshine, his head on one paw, dreaming of the bone last gnawed and of

the bone to come, — even Tim, in these tragic days of continued loss, is more than Tim. He is all the dogs of France, of Belgium, waiting by the roadside or at the shell of the old home, for the lost master to come back; all the shell-torn, frightened dogs of all the martyred towns and villages.

He is all the patient pack dogs of the refugees, helping drag the family burden, clothing, bedding, kitchen utensils, babies, grandmother.

He is all the brave dogs of the battle fields, searching untiringly for human wounded, as selfless in devotion, as utterly given to human service, as if his kind had not been kicked and maltreated, tortured, vivisected on the rack for real or fancied human progress. Humanity betrays them; they love on, and serve. . . . Already Red Cross Dogs are enrolled among the saints.

July 8.

I heard two men speaking as they were passing my window. Said one: "Some think he is a German spy."

As they went on, I heard a half remark about hands that looked unused to working and about letters that came with foreign postmarks.

So this is what results from trying to be one with my kind! I eat and sleep and work exactly as the rest of them do, except that I work harder than many. Yet I am uncomfortably aware that I am something of a mystery to them, a man apart. And I regret my whole past life, — that study of exclusions, preferences, that laborious fitting myself not to be one with my fellows.

My young friend Jack took this question up with

me one day; this use of his first name follows his shy suggestion that everybody calls him Jack. He drops in frequently, with tennis racquet or golf clubs, to sit in my armchair or on the section of a huge log standing endwise in the corner, to watch me work, talking to me in a picturesque slang, which I am often at a loss to understand. If I like, more even than I admit to myself, to have him come, I do not say so; a cobbler should be a man of few words.

Of late his manner has been slightly protective.

"You see," he said, with embarrassed kindliness, "people are saying rather nasty things about you; suspecting things. They've got a hunch that something's wrong."

"Don't I give the right change?" I asked him anxiously.

"Oh, it's nothing of that kind, but you never tell anything about what you did before you came here —"

"And cobbling," I suggested, "is a favorite pursuit in a place I will not mention. Cheer them up by telling them that if my term had been a long one, I should have learned my trade better. No, you may as well assure them at once that I have never robbed a bank."

There is nothing in life that I like better than to hear this boy laugh.

"Nobody has suggested yet that you've done time, but I did hear Phil Landers say that you 'don't talk English like folks in Mataquoit.'"

"I admit it," said I. "Thank God for that!"

Jack flung his cap into the corner; it was clear that his task was not to his liking.

"Oh, but you told him that you had come here to turn over a new leaf, to start out fresh. Now you know what a small town is; lots of people are just waiting for bones to pick. Maybe it would be better for you to ante up and tell them who and what you are, and where you pitched your tent before. I haven't the least curiosity, you know; it is just that they can make it beastly unpleasant for you. You see, in this country, you pay high for being something of a philosopher. In circles like ours it isn't done."

"But I've given them my real name; there is nothing to tell them."

"Oh, yes, there is! Tell them how you came by hands that look like that! And by your vocabulary; and your books. I've never told them anything about your Greek books, but they've found out somehow."

"It couldn't be Tim," I suggested.

He laughed. "You know and I know that you can trust a dog."

"My vocabulary isn't so extensive," I told him. "Such as it is, I achieved it in spite of a college education."

"What college?" said the boy.

"Your own," I admitted.

"Well, what's wrong with your past, anyway?"

"Nothing. It is irreproachable, so far as acts go. That's the trouble; I've never done anything, even anything bad. I have sat still and let life happen. It's the sins of omission, my boy, that count most heavily; of these you must not, like myself, be guilty."

We sat long in the late afternoon, talking; then

Jack went away, remarking that he would reassure Mataquoit about the bank. It is long since I have enjoyed anything so much as watching Jack's face when I talked to him; for a face so ruddy and so boyish, it is extraordinarily expressive; there is something there quickly and sensitively responsive; I almost have the feeling of playing on him as if he were a stringed instrument.

He rouses all the creative instinct there is within me; over and over something within me keeps saying: "I will make me a citizen of this young man." I want him to act, to play his part, to realize early his responsibilities to his fellow man. In some strange fashion, in him my un-lived life seems there still to live; here seems almost a chance to begin over again, with all one's experience to aid. I share his youth, its audacities, its uncertainties, its resolutions; and I find my passionate interest in getting him started overmastering all other interests.

I find the human race more interesting because of him.

VII

July 9.

Shopkeeping Mataquoit unlocks its doors betimes and offers its wares; rural Mataquoit drives in with produce and drives away; ancestral Mataquoit, if I may put it that way, comes out to purchase, then goes back to click its wrought-iron gates behind it, shutting the world out. Possibly in town meeting the walls of class break down a bit, but in church, as on the street and in the market place, the line of cleavage is unmistakable. Though I am learning much by regarding my New England from the bottom up, instead of from the top down, I find it the same old world, with the same *laissez-faire* attitude of which I and my kind have always been guilty.

It is this New England on whose shores Pilgrim feet first stepped that is the greatest culprit, the country over, a slacker in the great task of democracy. She sits supinely on a wreck of ancestral achievement, counting genealogies when she should be girding her loins for the struggle, should be finding new ways to pass on to newcomers the principles inherited from our forefathers. She cherishes as keen a sense of caste as England cherishes, sometimes without justification in the matter of actual family history, and without the inherited feudal sense of responsibility for the lower that has lent humanity to the system as it exists in England.

In this New England, which should be a fountain pure and undefiled of democracy, is an intellectual and spiritual shiftlessness of which I am ashamed.

For I am not attacking; I am confessing.

Measuring my fifty odd years by this new measure of a great and terrible time which demands that a man shall be wholly a man, I find them failure. I look back upon much appreciated, gladly received, accepted with a not undiscerning taste. What to accept, what to reject, I have, in a way, known. But I have been more or less passive; too much have I let life be a spectacle, passing before my eyes; I have not played my part. The stamp of my finer critical judgment I have not left anywhere upon my country; the masses do not know through me any better how to choose. My insight, my fastidiousness will die with me. . . . A man must do positive things and must hand himself to the future, if not physically, then intellectually and spiritually. Many men do both.

It may be partly because the formative years of my life were passed in a period critical, analytical, with little of the vigor of active faith anywhere, and little of creative activity. There was a dead stagnation about those years of the eighties and the early nineties; it was ebb tide in religious, in intellectual, and in national life. The causes of this are too subtle for complete analysis, but some of them are fairly clear. The great wave of all-conquering scientific dogmatism had somewhat spent itself, but mankind was sitting paralyzed under the shock of it. It had proved less potent than had been expected in solving all human problems, but there was nothing as yet to take its place. In our national

life there was a sense of deadness, a lack of great issues, little to strike fire in the heart of youth.

And the great university at which I was educated I find partly at fault. It should have made me aware of the vital issues of existence; it should have trained me to be less a critic, more an actor in life, with deeper concern for the part I was to play therein. One thing and one thing only it taught me thoroughly, — how to keep apart from my kind.

It was only through athletics that men gained a sense of the necessity of unity of life and of effort, of a goal, something to win through struggle, through fair play. All this has grown since my day, till it threatens to absorb the whole of college life. To Jack, I can see, it represents the sum and substance of university training. But my slight bodily infirmity kept me out of athletics, as it is keeping me now out of France.

One cannot blame the country at large for its waning spiritual morale in those days, but I most keenly censure this institution which should have been a stronghold of faith and inspiration. Here, certainties of thought and of action should be held high above all ebb and change; the dignity of intellectual and spiritual effort should be forever maintained.

But this was the golden age of the mere connoisseur, the dilettante, the man who watched, not shared, life. My alma mater taught me surfaces, polish, plausibilities, taught me to talk more or less knowingly of other men's achievement; taught me the analytical methods of an analytical age. It never taught me to achieve. My fellow alumni say, with an air of finality, "I do not like this or that" — which

some other man has done; rarely do I hear on their lips: "I have done this or that." To comment with taste on the achievements of others, for the most part with polite disapproval, more rarely with some slight measure of praise, was considered enough. As I look back upon it all, I can see that this was almost treason, in a democratic country, where the weight of the national life should rest on each man's shoulders, — this failure to teach us to do or die; this teaching that amused comment on the work of others was sufficient. How many of my classmates, like myself, have drifted up and down the tide of life in the country, not sharing, not caring, annoyed by vulgar tastes and corrupt politics, but not trying to better things!

More and more I realize that the great thing needful here is a profound sense on the part of the privileged of democratic responsibility, an accounting to the people for every grain of ability, of finer emotion, of deeper insight.

July 10.

I had resolutely put out of sight everything that would place barriers between me and my kind. Books which I bring to the shop to while away the hours when I am not working I usually hide. To-day Jack, rummaging in my box of waste leather, discovered my Greek Testament, and held it up, whistling.

"My mother," he remarked, with a twinkle, "is making trouble for me. She says that I shall do worse than ever in college if I spend so much time with an ignorant man."

"Meaning me?" I asked.

"Meaning you."

There is something in the twinkle in Jack's eye which exactly responds to something which I feel in my own.

Later in the day I was surprised by a visit from a lady.

I had not known how hard I was trying to bring up my young friend so that he would be aware of his responsibilities in this world which is being re-created before our eyes as in the first day, until his mother came to tell me not to try to influence him.

I admit that my first glance at Mrs. Sands prejudiced me a bit against her, for my eyes were bent over my cobbler's bench, and I saw her feet first. I have an excessive dislike of seeing middle-aged ladies in short skirts, with shoes whose several inches of heel and pointed toes belie the intelligence of their owners. These ladies usually look hot and tired and ought to rouse a feeling of pity, but they do not.

She told me her name, and I rose to offer her the one chair my shop contains.

She had on a smart sailor hat, suitable for sixteen; a string of pearls; a white veil, hugely dotted. She was not at all unlike the picture I had made of her in my mind as I touched this or that insensitive spot in her son, though I should not, of course, have been equal to all the details of her fashionable costume. The wide stripes of her skirt, for instance, I could never have imagined.

I saw at once that she was up-to-date; that she was prominent in affairs. I wondered at once how many clubs she belonged to; perhaps as many as there were black buttons on her white shoes.

She told me that she would like to have me take

a stitch in the handle of her shopping bag; and, as I did so, suspecting that the stitches had been cut to give her an excuse for entering, she studied me closely, while her tongue ran on. Jack had spoken to her of me, she said, not without condescension; she understood from him that I was quite a character.

I could see that she wanted me to understand distinctly that she did not belong to Mataquoit; she was not a small-town woman, but a woman of the world. Yes, they would spend next winter here, but they were really only summer residents; her husband was getting his business here started, — she called it his Establishment. Jack would be away at college; she dreaded the loneliness and the lack of intellectual companionship in Mataquoit.

As her rapid speech flowed on, I learned that she was an adherent of the school of New Thought, a pacifist, and that she held other convictions that are the very foam on the crest of the advancing wave of our alleged civilization. While I was marvelling at these uninvited confidences, made to a mere cobbler, she came to the point with astonishing directness. She had felt that I was exercising an undue influence on her boy.

"But, Mrs. Sands, what can I have said or done?"

She flushed a little and moved unsteadily about, — nobody could stand squarely on those heels.

"You said that, after the Germans crossed the Belgian line, there was, for any thinking person, but one side to the question. Now I know perfectly conscientious people, people of lovely characters, who think that Germany was justified."

"Madam," I answered, "you must pardon me, but

I belong to an old-fashioned school, believing in the essentially sacred nature of agreements."

I shall, thank Heaven, get none of her foolish shoes to mend!

"You told him that it was our responsibility; that we ought to be helping England and France, who were fighting our battles."


I was puzzled, for I was not conscious of having said all these things, I who had come to Mataquoit to learn, not teach. I must have been thinking aloud.

Fighting was terrible, she went on; didn't I think so? My question as to whether the loss of our national honor would not be greater if we went on letting the right be crushed brought from her the response that no sacrifice could be too great if it kept us out of war.

I was forced to say at last:

"But, Madam, you talk to me as if I were the butcher's dog, and advocated fighting for fighting's sake. Like you, I think peace the greatest thing on earth; I should choose peace, always, if there were a choice. But here we have no choice; we ought to be standing shoulder to shoulder with those who are fighting for the right."

The indictment continued: I had obtained a hold on Jack, partly through what I said; partly through books about the war I had lent him. Did I not think it a pity that the mind of youth should be soiled by these things? Jack was not a reader; he might have escaped knowledge of much of the horror. It meant so much to have the young grow up happy that she had tried to keep all knowledge of unpleasant things from her son. Such a joyous



youth he had had! It was better not to let the young know how hard life was; this modern system of education, which made everything easy, was much wiser than the old. Did I not think so?

I did not. It was surprising how quickly my views in regard to the modern system of pedagogy ripened under the gaze of those restless blue eyes.

It was much better for him not to know what Germany was doing; she wanted her son to keep his little-boy faith in humanity. It was as if I had observed the female ostrich instructing her young in the art of keeping its head under the sand.

No, I did not agree with her in any point whatsoever. I told her so in much detail, punctuating, I fear, my remarks with my awl. This may not have been polite.

What treachery you have been guilty of, you parents of to-day, in teaching your children that there is nothing hard in life! It is as if you were scouts, on ahead, knowing perfectly well that a huge enemy force is there, and that there has got to be fighting; as if you came back with this knowledge and told the young that there was no one there. Treachery, cruelty, Madam! Life is damnably hard (I beg your pardon), and the young ought to be prepared for it. Life is a battle, whatever way you take it, and the young have got to fight it. Heaven help those who have to face it so kindergartened, so Montessoried, so emasculated that they will sit down and cry at the first round.

How much of this I said to Mrs. Sands I have no idea. The man within me who does the thinking sometimes has a bit of discretion in regard to the amount that he passes on for the speaking man to say.

After all, she was Jack's mother; and when she asked me to promise that I would not in any way try to influence him I promised to try, and she went tottering away on her foolish heels.

As I tapped, the childhood and the youth of this boy passed before me; this mother had evidently done for him all that she knew how to do. I could see that she had brought him up in accordance with the latest thing in germ-theory; the stages of his sterilized babyhood passed before me, bearing witness to her vigilance. What grim irony that this over-guarded generation should be flung into the filth and stench and horror of the trenches! Will it there recover some of the healthy unconsciousness in regard to physical matter that has been lost during many years?

But alas, for American motherhood without real vision! The sole definite teaching he had ever received had been about his body. Born in an age of negation, of half acceptances, the only positive assertions being those of science, — he had been trained by his mother, who had doubtless kept pace with advancing thought through digests in popular magazines, not to believe anything very hard, but to keep the shell, the outward conformity, lest, after all, something in the old faith should prove true. Not that one mourns the lack of dogmatic theological teaching for the young; one mourns the lack of affirmation of the reality of things divine. How shall an age spiritually trimming bring forth young with that deeper insight which is the essential condition of real progress?

I felt much more potential seriousness in Jack than the transitional teaching, the external educa-

tion of his generation has ever brought out; there are deeps here which his mother has never fathomed.

What were the boy's intellectual and spiritual relations with his father, I wondered? I did not know, but I thought that I could surmise with some conviction.

His father is proprietor of Sands' Emporium; nothing in life seems to him so important as that Jack should carry on this business here and in other towns. I have seen him sitting in church, his face a noncommittal mask, like that on many an American citizen; I have seen him walking the floor of his shop, among the wares, silks, linens, and hose, with his soul in his eyes.

"My soul dwelleth among the ribbons of the bargain counter."

Kingdoms may fall; Belgian women suffer rape; children be mutilated; the shackles that the German people wear come nearer our wrists, but it does not trouble this man, so long as Sands' Emporium goes on as usual, with its china department, its dry-goods department, its department for kitchen wares.

These parents between them, despite a hard-working ancestry, despite the fact that the father toils early and late, have brought up this stalwart youth like the lily of the field that neither toils nor spins. Duty, service, work for home or for country, none of these considerations have ever been impressed upon him.

There he stands, with a radiance of youth and of health about him, representing unhurt young America. With the lowering cloud above us growing darker and darker, what will he become?

VIII

July 12.

I gave my left thumb a bad prick to-day, so bad that I had to make a leather hood for it out of one of my last pair of gloves.

I cannot claim that I am a good cobbler; an efficiency expert would undoubtedly condemn both many of my stitches and the time it takes me to make them. But, inasmuch as it is the most efficient who have gone most wrong in our day, I take heart of courage. The final balancing of things, the summing up in the Great Ledger — which will correct the errors in mine — is a more delicate process than our best thinkers have discovered, and many of those who have reckoned most clearly have reckoned most wrong. Working in my inefficient way I have time to think about the question as to when the initial mistake was made by those supermen who have achieved everything except the one thing needful. They would have gained more had they achieved less, had they spent their mental energy in trying to think out the right of things.

The Eternal Balance will not be in favor of mechanical expertness, of skill with mere things.

July 14.

Still Jack comes to sit on my doorstep and talk with me as I take my stitches or drive my pegs.

Keeping my promise to his mother, I have ceased to speak of the world crisis; he watches me, quizzically, as he now and then introduces the subject himself. My silence seems to rouse in him an immense curiosity, and from the questions that he asks me I can see that he is making swift progress in reaching some understanding of the present predicament of the human race. Perhaps I am beginning to rely too much on his companionship; I have found myself, in these last days, watching for his footsteps, which I can detect far down the street, — and a bit impatient at the passing footsteps that are not Jack's.

Meanwhile, I keep steadily at work. By day I keep my mind busy with my task, but my nights are full of troubled questioning. At home I find each night my candle; my window open to the leafy branches beyond which lies the sea; white walls, relieved by the many-colored patchwork quilt upon my waiting bed, and my quiet. The cool night air with its sea wind on my face, and sleep, — why should I have these things when the noisome horror of the trenches is the lot of so many of my kind? I walk softly, ashamed of my manhood, and yet my years forbid that I should go.

How far have we gone toward realization of the nature of this crisis? To what extent is America in her inmost soul sharing in this awful struggle? I watch, thinking that the signs of a great awakening increase; and then, all seem to have dropped back into the old indifference, the old selfishness, in spite of the increasing menace to civilization itself, in spite of the long series of disasters from the Dardanelles to Fort Vaux, in which our cause seems losing

ground. Here we have food and drink, men seem to say, and safety, for the sea is wide. Why trouble?

And I cover my face with my hands, in shame for my kind. What children are we of those who dared all for liberty if we can stand aside and fail to help in the struggle of millions of men for liberty akin to that which we have inherited, not ourselves achieved?

My thought comes always back to Jack; had I but this boy's years! Perhaps this is why his face haunts me: I envy him his chance.

In the long night hours I have much time, too much, for speculation. We are quivering nowadays with a sense of great change. Are we at the end of a civilization, dying as Rome died, or are we at the beginning of a new and better era?

How many times in the waxing and waning of kingdoms and of empires have people asked themselves this question? Only the years can tell. Certain it is, there is a stir and stress, a rush of deep currents of life, for those who have souls to be aware, such as were not known in my days of youth or of early middle age.

As I find myself yielding to these insistent thoughts, as to whether this is indeed the end of civilization, a passionate denial comes in the thought of Jack. It is for us to make such as these aware of their unexampled opportunity; for such as these to carry out our highest hopes and dreams.

It is impossible to think of national or international decadence in the face of such young eyes as his. Whenever he is here, I feel that this is not the collapse of a civilization, but the beginning of a new era.

July 15.

Clear and sunshiny summer weather, with the fragrance of new-cut hay abroad, mingled with that of roses and many blossoming things.

This afternoon an event occurred. Looking up for a minute as I was putting a patch on the post-master's shoe, I noticed a span of high-bred horses stepping down the village street, driven by a young girl. Many a team have I seen in Mataquoit but never a team like this; as I was admiring both the pair and the way in which the driver held the reins, a motor-cycle flashed sputtering past. There was a sudden plunging, the smart trap swerved perilously, and I should have been alarmed if I had not recognized the superb horsemanship with which the crisis was met. I was turning to my work again, when I saw that the team was stopped, a groom standing at their heads. The slender driver sprang to the ground; there was a swift examination of the harness; then I saw that she was coming toward my shop.

I put down my needle and watched her; she looked incredibly young and tensely alive, with all the strength of her young mind and soul and body still to spend. There was a spring in her walk that I have seldom seen in that of young girls, a suggestion of repressed energy, a reserve of force. She wore, I fancy, the simplest and the costliest white dress in Mataquoit, or in the whole State of Maine. It was a fresh, salt-sea day, and she seemed to bring with her the tang of the bracing sea air, with the breath of summer roses.

There was something so compelling in the swift white figure that I held my breath, for I had been

thinking half consciously, as I put in my stitches, of the war and its horrors, of shells crashing in the trenches, and the outcries of wounded men. As she came, straight, slim, and white, with a half-boyish look, some thought of the herald angels flitted through my mind, and I half expected to hear her say

"Peace on Earth."

Instead she asked me to mend a strap; one of the lines had broken.

She watched my hands intently as I worked; it vexed me to have her see how awkward I was in the management of my needle, and I jabbed my finger almost to the bone, but made no outcry. There was a little flicker of sympathy in her gray eyes, for she saw and understood.

Straps ought not to break in that fashion, she observed.

I suggested that the war was already making a difference in the quality of things one could get.

"It's a horrid war," she said idly, looking out toward the street.

I had not supposed that any human being, however young, could live through this tragic time and be so untouched by it. I hardly know what I said to her, as I sped on with my work; doubtless it was unbecoming for one performing my humble task to venture at all. But I made an attempt to make her realize more deeply the significance of these days, pouring out what was in my mind before she came. The herald angels could not know the high import of their message unless they knew something of the hell of war.

A troubled look came into her eyes, and they seemed a deeper gray; I felt sure as I watched that no idea was too deep for the clear depths of them. It was a sensitive face, I saw; the hurt that my words had brought quivered in the delicate lines of the lips.

She said that her father did not like to have her read about the war, and she knew little concerning it. I answered nothing, but shook my head as I gave her back the bit of harness, wondering who her short-sighted and foolish father might be. To think of living through earth's hour of supreme trial and not even trying to understand!

If I disapproved of her state of mind, I distinctly approved of her feet. Doubtless I am judging people too much by their shoes, perhaps because my craft is new. Hers looked a rather perfect indication of character, — dainty, strong, of finest material, with no suggestion of absurdly pointed toe, or absurdly high heel. I will not say that they had flat heels or unnecessarily broad toes, for they had not; they were just right.

Any person coming down the street, with his eyes fixed meditatively on the pavement so that he happened to see the shoes, would have said, even without a glance at the wearer: "Here comes a gentlewoman."

July 18.

My present life brings me at times a rare content. When it is dusk outside and duskier inside, a place of queer shadows, I sit on my bench at the side of my doorway and smoke my pipe, with Tim at my feet. The smell of the sea is pleasant at this

hour; old-fashioned lemon lilacs grow in a tangle at the corner of my shop. Here I listen to the footsteps of passing people, young footsteps and old. Laughter comes, the shrill shout of laughter of the young, the cackle of the old. Sometimes I hear the murmur of the ocean; always, even when it is quiet, I am aware of its nearness, with its silence enveloping all human voices —

I have a new sense of sharing; now and then some one stops, or calls out to me as he is passing. Perhaps he asks me if his boots are done, or asks me how I like the weather, an endless source of pleasantries in Mataquoit. Or it may be that he jeers at my shop, inquiring if I have not a corner to rent; it is indeed small. Sometimes a child comes, — almost to my knee; sometimes, when Tim is not there, a kitten, or a wise old disillusioned cat.

Swallows circle overhead, flying low and wide; robin and song sparrow light on my chimney; even the clouds seem more friendly, now that I have a rooftop; the sea is all but a caller at my doorway.

Neighbors; a job; a threshold of my own; an honest wage, — four dollars and sixteen cents for this week's work; a place among men: what more could one ask?

Sometimes I stay late, until Mrs. Frayne sends her little daughter to tell me to come home. I like being looked after; I am not used to personal care.

In spite of all my failures there is with me a subtler sense of fibers being more closely knit, binding man to man; of deeper unity; of finer and more sympathetic understanding.

And the deepest aspect of all this deepening life comes in my thought of Jack. I confess myself

rather at a loss to understand the depth of my feeling for him.

It began in a passionate desire to be of service, to open the ways of life for him. Something in me is father to something in him, though physical fact contradicts this; it is a purely spiritual fatherhood, centering in a desire to help make the world a fit place for him. All things must be made fair and new; I would reshape earth for his destiny; it is an impulse such as God must have had when he created Adam in the morning of the world.

Such love seems not unjustified; I know that, though he has parents, he is spiritually an orphan.

Yet I find myself surprised, disturbed by the growing warmth of my interest; distressed by the lack I feel on the days when he does not come. Such freshness, zest, youth he brings to my shop; so much potential power!

Then I rebuke myself, finding a flaw in my attitude toward him. It is not for me to create for him, but to try to create in him; not for me to reshape the world for him, nearer to the heart's desire, but to help make him ready to reshape it; to have this boy's soul grow equal to his flawless body.

The measure of my drawing near my kind is the measure of a deepening sense of the world agony and of our intolerable position in not trying to help. It is incredible; I sit at my bench and draw my needle in and out; the minister strolls happily down the street; the expressman whistles as he passes, — and over there, women in anguish, children crucified! A world of agony, of mangled men and outraged women and crucified babies, — and Mataquoit strolls up and down in the sunshine, smelling of its lilies and its roses.

IX

July 20.

It was certainly through no fault of mine that those two young creatures encountered each other this afternoon. Jack was somewhat hidden in a corner, behind my high machine for stitching soles; he was prying about, through a box filled with bits of waste leather, for more Greek literature, or, as he put it, "for more incriminating highbrow evidence" against me. My lady of the white gown and the broken rein did not see him at all when she came in. As before when she was there, though it did not ordinarily trouble me, I was conscious of the junk about the place, the litter of boot lasts and tools, the disarray of the tray that held needles and tacks and pegs. My guest, however, did not appear to notice any of this; she stood with her eyes fixed upon me, serene, simple, lovely in line as a maiden in a Greek relief on a day when no wind was blowing; those white shoes should have been sandals.

She had come, she said, with a fine directness and no suggestion of an excuse for entering my shop, to ask if I could give her the names of books and articles that would enable her to understand the present crisis and the history of the war during the two years past.

I could and did. It took me twenty-seven minutes to say what I had to say; my visitor took notes on

a small tablet which she carried in a gold-meshed bag.

Her state of mind surprised and hurt me; I had not supposed that any human being could be so ignorant of the facts, of the profoundly tragic nature of the struggle.

She seemed to have a dim feeling, as in regard to the slums, that unpleasant people were doing unpleasant things from motives wholly inexplicable to any rational human being. Though her exquisite, cloistered girlhood was wholly charming, her ignorance made me wonder if the fashionable terms paid by wealthy American parents at exclusive finishing schools to keep their daughters from knowing anything were not too high. Are they satisfied with the result, I wonder?

But to-day, how can one be young and not know? Do they not realize, they who walk on the edge of the precipice, that the very ground is giving way under their feet?

All this time I glanced but once in Jack's direction; he was sitting perfectly quiet in the corner on the large section of a tree-trunk that my predecessor had evidently regarded as furniture. There was a look of awed delight upon his sunburned face; the girl's eyes followed mine but did not linger. She was too intent upon what I was saying to be conscious of his presence.

As she took notes, I observed that Jack also was jotting down the information, evidently upon the back of an old envelope; how many times had I suggested these things to him, but in vain!

There was no reason whatever why, as I watched this young girl standing there, tall, erect, with brown

hair done in simple style under her broad white hat, — there is no reason why my heart should have skipped a beat. My appreciation of the beautiful is always calm, dispassionate, impersonal.

I have been wondering why there seemed a certain splendor, a radiance about her as she stood there. Young girls in white are no novelty to me. That fine definiteness of outline, that clean swiftness and grace of motion as she went, could not account for the peculiar impression.

I did not understand until I saw Jack's face. He was watching, and unconsciously I saw with his eyes.

It was not until she was well down the street that I saw she had left her little bag, having dropped it on my bench when she took out her tablet. Jack's eyes followed mine, and he pounced upon it. A minute after he was sprinting down the street; he is, I believe, the champion runner of his class. He came back presently, silent, breathless, a starry shining in his eyes.

"Wh-ew!" said Jack.

But I knew that he meant what Homer meant when he sang of Helen, and the Greek sculptor meant when he was trying to speak in marble of the glory of Diana.

"Who is she?" asked the boy.

"I've no idea," I told him, "unless she is the daughter of your local millionaire."

"He has two daughters, I believe," said Jack thoughtfully, "but I have never seen them. We are new here, you know."

July 23.

It has its troublesome moments, but I am free to say that I enjoy my cobbling. Tap, tap, and the air comes in freshly through my window, sometimes full of the fragrance of roses from old Mrs. Blake's bush around the corner; sometimes of the breath of lemon lilies that grow not far away; sometimes of the fresh earth with rain falling on it; sometimes of the sting of the sea.

I like the smell of leather, of the shoemaker's wax, of the sunshine hot on the shingles.

I am *doing* something. The morning hours have a long sweetness of toil; I draw my waxed thread in and out, pulling it tightly, making my stitches firm. I can see with my eyes what my hands have done.

It helps me to forget, at times, the roar of artillery, the flaming gas, the mud and stench of the trenches, the cries of captured women, all the suffering of the war, of which I am, perforce, the wretched spectator, the *mère* passive observer. It helps me to forget, at moments when I sadly need it, those other problems of rule and government in regard to which I am trying to do some constructive thinking; I am reading widely, along the line of new political creeds, socialistic and other, to see whether any man or group of men has a finer solution of the human problem to offer than that embodied in our Constitution. In the deeper struggle underlying this clash of war, our democratic beliefs, our democratic institutions are at stake. All my power of thought and all my observation are bent toward making a dispassionate estimate of their worth to-day.

In all this swirl of thought my cobbler's bench is

something solid, tangible. I can not, it is true, see from it over the horizon; I can not see the end or the full meaning of this great world war, still less of the far-reaching struggle that will follow; daily intercourse with these people has not, as yet, revealed to me the ultimate secrets of harmonious government. But my bench is real, and it is there; there was nothing so solid in that doctrinaire world from which I came. There were only theories, discussions, heated talk; solution of the deepest practical problems of the country by people who had never done a practical thing in their lives.

Now, when my mind is puzzled beyond the power of human endurance, I remember that I can still make stitches, and I come back to my bench.

Which needle shall I use?

July 25.

Sweet peas grow larger and more beautiful near the shore than anywhere else. Next year I must have a row of my own, under my shop window.

July 26.

I do not know how Jack managed it, for I did not ask him, but he has evidently contrived to get himself properly introduced to my lady of the high-stepping horses and the questioning gray eyes. Certainly I did not perform the ceremony on the day when they happened to be in my shop at the same time; of the *convenances* as they touch one of my humble calling I am well aware. But I saw them greeting each other on the street to-day as if they were old friends.

It was my turn to ask who she is. Jack informed

me that my surmise was correct; she is Miss Katharine Brown, but he seemed disinclined to say anything more about her.

Jack is so much with me during these days that I have a feeling as of something wrong when he is away from me, a feeling of his belonging to me. I am sorry that I did not know him when he was six; when he was ten, fourteen; I have, idly, I suppose, spent much time pondering the boy he was. A strong affection has grown up between us, though we do not speak of it.

In accordance with his mother's request I am still silent in regard to the war; I do not even express to him my own feeling as to our great duty undone here. Nor am I saying much about those deeper problems that I am confronting; the duties of a citizen in a free country in the matter of constantly endeavoring by word and deed to make his country still more free. Yet I have an idea that it was when I stopped talking with Jack about these things that my influence began to tell. Really, the old oracles showed profound knowledge of the way in which to play upon human nature, either by keeping still, or by expressing themselves in unintelligible terms! Perhaps I can best further my cause by silence; nobody had ever had quite so much reputation for wisdom as the Sphinx.

Jack invited me to-day to go out with him in his runabout, and, as my thumb is still troubling me, because of that unfortunate prick with the awl, I shut my shop door and went. I fancy that he wanted, in his young chivalry, to be seen in public with me, because of unkind suspicions that are afloat concerning my previous career.

We had a fine long drive by the sea, and my almost oppressive sense of responsibility in regard to my new citizenship lifted. We chattered like two boys.

On our way home we passed the Brown estate, Round Towers, a huge and rocky pile, where a medieval baron might defend himself for weeks against a rival. With the great main house, the vast servants' quarters, the spreading greenhouses, and the encompassing grounds, it out-Englished the English, out-Frenched the French, out-Italianated the Italians. All history was in that jumble of house architecture and landscape architecture, — not forgetting Greece and Babylon.

I saw Miss Brown, going out to ride on a fine Kentucky mare, with a groom in attendance, and then I caught a glimpse of Jack's face. So that is what has happened! My first feeling was one of dismay, for it seemed improbable that recognition could be given by this prince's domain to Sands' Emporium, or anybody connected therewith.

As the girl rode away, between the massive stone piles of the entrance, I could not help feeling that she did not belong to this place. It was too new, too ostentatious, not in good enough taste for her. She looks a thoroughbred, and as if she ought to be in some plain, fine, ancestral home, suggesting generations of the best and choicest American life. I wondered what had made her so different in look and manner from all that surrounded her, and decided that it was perhaps the finishing school, though this explanation did not seem wholly satisfactory.

July 27.

My shop is in more disorder than ever, one side having been thrown open for the building of a chimney and an open fireplace. Here is a call back to practical reality from my romancing in regard to Miss Katharine Brown and Jack.

There are plenty of other calls, for, in and out of Mataquoit, in and out of my range of vision, drift people of many types who show me what freedom has done for her sons and daughters, what freedom has not done.

It is the daughters of freedom who trouble me most keenly. A woman drove in from the country to-day to ask if I could mend the yawning holes in a pair of rubbers, an impossible task. Thin as a broken reed, with scrawny neck and arms, face, eyes, hair all the faded brown of dried grass, she went dejectedly back to her lean horse and skeleton wagon. The little girl, whose pipestem legs dangled from the wagon seat, sat awaiting a destiny akin to her mother's. I watched them as they went—woman, child, and horse—back to the sorrows of their several kinds.

Loneliness; an utter isolation; one could not mistake in the woman's face the haunted look of those who do not share their thoughts. What democracy gone wrong shows in the lives of thousands upon thousands of American women! Marooned in isolated houses, with only fields and woods stretching about them, they miss the warm, human, half-disputatious life of Italian country folk; they have small chance for neighborly intercourse, still less for civic duties and responsibilities. In that life of almost unbroken silences, poverty with all its hard-

ships is taken for granted as are sun and wind and lightning. Why should a woman like this, who has obviously done her part in giving a child to the republic, have no feeling of a part to play in its large life and no strength to play it?

The many investigators who are studying the problems of the immigrant population with a view to bettering conditions have apparently given little thought to these victims of our alleged civilization.

We cry out against the war-outraged women of France and Belgium; who will cry into our ears shame upon us for the outraged souls of thousands of American women, mostly farmers' wives, whose lives are one long, grinding monotony of unremitting toil, who face life, childbirth, child-rearing, death in loneliness under an unanswering sky?

Can a democracy which sanctions such conditions as bring Miss Katharine Brown to a pass where she is all but smothered with luxury, and which leaves this other woman to her rag of calico, her fate of baking sun and gnawing cold, be indeed a true democracy? Are such cruel contrasts indeed the people's will? What is wrong with our system? Have we lost our way?

Verily, my mind is filled with questions, even as my shop is filled with boots, shoes, and scraps of leather. With each person who unlatches my door some new problem enters; there are moments when I wish that my customers would stay away.

X

July 28.

Even before any words were uttered I knew that upon my threshold stood a very angry man. No such person of importance had stood there before in my day. He was tall, gray-haired and gray-bearded, and over-correctly costumed in all that most exclusive tailordom could devise for an elderly gentleman. I wondered why he looked oddly familiar; perhaps it was only his prosperous type.

His speech was not as elegant as his attire; there was a brusque directness about it that betokened the successful man's power to come to the point at once. He had heard that I was bringing influence to bear upon his daughter; what did I mean by it? What had I been giving her to read?

The storm of wrath was at full height when he stopped, open-mouthed, staring.

"You, Masters?" he gasped. "What in the name of the living Jupiter are you doing here?"

It was Billions Brown.

"You see," I answered, holding up a child's shoe on which I was working; "cobbling."

"But, man, what's happened to you? Have you lost your money?"

To this I made no answer; Billions had never been noted for his good manners.

Old Billions Brown; I knew him when he was

nineteen, at college. He waited on table; did gardening; mowed lawns. He had pluck, resource; brains, also, but these he did not waste in college work. He did not need to, and Billions was never one to make any unnecessary expenditure whatever. College education was for him an investment that meant ultimate gain; he intended to get, at the lowest terms possible, the degree of a university with an old and honored name. He had just crawled through. Luckily for him, an elective system made it possible for him to graduate on a negligible amount of work.

I had never heard from him or about him since those days. This was not strange, for I had not known him well. He was not in my set; we had not the same tastes or traditions. The fact that he was working his way through had nothing to do with this; I had for bosom friend a man as poor. But Billions' kind of game was not my kind of game.

I remember Billions at college, — rough, a bit unkempt, and scrawny, sometimes in overalls, gardening for Prexy, sometimes in ready-made suit in class, hastily trying to master the assignment for the day, while some fellow student recited; never was there any one who could make a few scraps of information go as far as could Billions. Billions was making quarters hand over hand; scrupulously honest, of course. Everything he touched turned to silver. Already the stamp of success was upon him; you read his future in his shrewd and shining eyes; in the set of his jaw; in his eager, unflagging alertness. He was never tired. He had not a penny except what he earned; he often, I think, went hungry, saving for the days to come, but we called him

Billions Brown, for we foresaw the future. And apparently we had foreseen it correctly; I smiled, realizing how nearly our jesting prophecies had come true.

"Well, you have come down in the world," he was saying.

"I am not so sure of that," I told him, but I let him think that it was an economic, not a spiritual necessity which impelled me, for the latter he would never understand. I could almost read what was going on in his mind; there was sympathy there, mingled with satisfaction. He had thought of me doubtless in college days as a bit of a snob, as I had been. He had thought of me as overweeningly proud of my family, as I had been. He had thought of me as merely "lit'ry," as I had been. But what was I now?

I could have laughed out as I sat there with the shoemaker's wax on my roughened fingers, for I saw Billions falling back into something of the old attitude of being a bit afraid of me.

"But to come back to your daughter," I suggested. His face grew dark, but he spoke hesitatingly. He had been told that his daughter had been coming to my shop; that she had been seen to meet young Sands there.

"A shop," I told him meekly, "is public ground. I can not turn people out, so long as they are well-behaved."

He snorted; the snort of the successful man.

"The young are active," I suggested. "Their shoes will wear out."

"My daughter," he thundered, "has no need to wear a pair of shoes a second time, if she does not

want to. She could throw them away every day; there are plenty more where they came from."

"Your daughter," I told him, "wouldn't — unless I am greatly mistaken in her — while so many go shoeless."

"Shoeless! Let them work, then, and get themselves shoes. I began with nothing, didn't I?"

"Billions," I answered, "whatever you began with, it looks to me as if you were going to end with less than nothing."

"What kind of ideas have you been putting into my girl's head?" he demanded.

"I have simply been telling her a few facts."

We talked for half an hour and shook hands at parting. Tim was greatly puzzled during this interview; he could not tell whether to bark or to wag his tail. It was the first time I had ever seen him at a loss.

July 30.

The last few days have brought me a realization that I must turn my thought resolutely back from certain individuals in whom I find myself becoming personally interested to the larger purpose for which I came. My task is with the rank and file of my fellow men, not with my friends alone.

There is much chance here for observation; underneath all question and answer and weather comment a difficult problem makes itself incessantly felt: how to learn to reverence human nature in its varied manifestations, for the divinity that is in it. Not its culture; not its gifts; not merely those who have the great insights, the great passions, those who make the great achievements. What is needed is

respect for any human soul, if not in its actualities, in its possibilities, the hidden greatness that is there.

With philosopher and poet, I can reverence men when I sit alone, thinking; the breath of the sea, the fragrance of my pine tree mingle in my finer mood. But when my shop door creaks, and my neighbor enters, — my fine abstract love for man often flies out of the window. It is difficult to reverence certain people in Mataquoit.

Noah Price, the grocer, who manipulates the scales a bit when he weighs sugar, and gives you light weight.

Widow Frayne, my landlady, who sits alert at her window, looking for one more person about whom she can say unkind things.

If I make in my ledger a list of all the people in Mataquoit toward whom I have a feeling of religious respect, and, in another column, state my philosophic belief in the essential sacredness of the human soul, how will my long page balance? It is a troublesome problem: often it keeps me awake till the outgoing tide perhaps puts me to sleep. My religion has been reverence for certain chosen souls through whom I have known the divine.

But these people —

Men stand with bared heads in the presence of the dead, — of whatsoever lives; we do not ask then what a man's past has been. Why not in presence of the living?

How can we build stable governments, resting upon the will of men, unless we have, man to man, a deeper insight and a deeper faith, a knowledge of the "common soul?"

July 31.

It is a great sight to see Billions Brown driving in state through the village or along the country roads, whether in his speeding Mercedes, with the French chauffeur, or with his highbred horses driven by his experienced British coachman. He has no outriders, though it seems as if he should have; but coachman and footmen are properly uniformed, and there is something of medieval state about his coming and going.

Villagers and country folk are greatly impressed; now and then a rural nag stands on his hind legs to do homage to the lord of the manor in his swift car, yet I fancy that Billions does not get full satisfaction out of this state progress. After all, the occupations of the medieval lord have vanished; here is no hunting, no hawking, no fighting, no border foray, no dash upon a castle to carry off — Heaven forbid — a bride.

Only the habits of the desk, the office, the refinement; not a taste, or a habit, or an aptitude to carry into the sporting world of idleness into which his wealth has projected him. His life must lack those roots from which all things that make life worth while grow.

August 1.

Though I still read much regarding the war I hardly allow myself to think of loss and gain on the battlefronts; my fighting line is elsewhere. Yet, as the second year of the war draws to a close, it is impossible to ignore the successive disasters to Allied arms, or to keep from asking the question whether they who are waging the greatest war for

the right since the dawn of time fight a losing battle. The tense anxiety of the Allied powers is reflected in all the tidings that reach us, especially in what is not said.

Here in America is peace; harvest fields of plenty; smiling and untroubled faces; luxury unchecked, if all reports be true, in our cities and our towns. I find that I resent the comfort of my townspeople; I resent my own. Haunting pictures of that well-known and beloved land of tall poplars and wide fields in its tragedy disturb my dreams, coming in swift and terrible glimpses.

I sit on my doorstep in the sunshine; Andrew Martin, the grain merchant of the town, stands comfortably in his shop doorway, while over there, mayor and devoted priest are stood up against a wall and shot.

Mrs. Sands comes daintily down the street, picking her way to keep from stepping in the little pools of water from a recent rain; over there are sister women who walk through pools of blood.

Shouting, uproarious children are playing games in the field beyond my shop, bareheaded, barefooted, gay; over there are the white children of Belgium, of France, of Serbia, dying of hunger, and murdered children lying in meadow, on hillside.

How long, O Lord, before we rise to help?

One knows, of course, that it has not been the way of nation to help nation, save in self-interest. Even our England did not save Persia. None have lifted a hand in the matter of the Armenian massacre. But may not our country have a higher vision, a fairer aim, than has come to any country heretofore? When has America belonged to the

world that has been? Rather, she rightly belongs to the world to be.

To give our aid now, if need be, our all, disinterestedly, would be a stepping-stone to a higher destiny than any nation has ever had.

But nations are made up of individuals, and my share is establishing the *entente cordiale* here in Mataquoit between myself and Noah Price and his like. To my task!

XI

August 2.

Again I must remind myself that perhaps I have as yet seen only surfaces and have not dug down into the bed rock of civic character here. It is time for me to begin my sensational article about the noble citizens of Mataquoit, my virtue-raking article which will use the method of the muck-raking article, but to much finer ends.

I have been making inquiries to see whether I could begin with Billions and have discovered that he gave the town the little park about the library. So far so good, but in all my investigation I cannot find that he has given any citizen's service that has cost him time and effort, blood and tears. It is the old feudal attitude; *largesse* for the village folk who live at the foot of his feudal castle; and Billions is off and away on his fiery steed, High Finance.

There is one man here, named Melton, a hardware merchant, who is working hard on a scheme for improvement of the water front, better wharves and a better street back of them; I must try to find out whether this is disinterested or even partly disinterested, or whether, after the fashion of most large enterprises in this country, some vast personal gain is the real objective. Rumors come to my ears of one inhabitant of the town, Alexander Wallace, a lawyer, about whom every one, even Widow Frayne, has a good word to say; he is away now, in Canada,

on the first real vacation he has ever had, people tell me, since he came to Mataquoit some twenty years ago.

With the thought of the future development of democracy in our country constantly in mind, it is impossible to keep from thinking much about the young men, especially Jack.

Every one likes him; he is one of humanity's instinctive comrades, born to understand his fellows; born a friend of all and sundry with whom he comes in contact.

I sometimes think that he is a distinctive product and the best, he and his kind, of a democracy. No older order of society could have produced a man of this class, so approachable, so much a hail-fellow-well-met, so much a man among men, and yet so exclusive, selecting, rejecting, carrying his caste within himself and preserving it with a steady individual sense of values. There is about him a fine wholesomeness of body and of mind; he holds his inner standard high; even in looking at him one is aware that he would not do or say anything touched with taint of evil.

Often I wonder how he came to be, with his generousities, his rightness of attitude toward his fellows. I think of his father with that narrow and selfish belief in the paramount importance of his own business; of his mother, with her bourgeois sense of social importance, her determination to impress herself on all who come in contact with her, to take a foremost part, a shallow, "viewy" woman, one of the kind who cannot hear anything stated in her presence without saying that she has always known it.

He is unpretentious, simple and fine in his direct approach to life and to human beings: "Gentleman born before his father," as Shakespeare says.

Then I realize that it is because of the one greatness in those two people that he is what he is. The love of parents is a wonderful thing; it is, I think, the one and only spot of unselfishness in these two, and it is unselfishness absolute.

All their gain has gone to his bettering; they have lavished upon him everything that they possessed, material and spiritual. They have sent him from them when they wanted him near; all that their own childhood and youth lacked he has had. He will take his place among men and serve his kind as they could never do. So, through individual love and willingness to sacrifice for love, the great national growth comes, the race mounts upward to a finer type. If parental love is a wellspring at which higher citizenship may be fed, our hope is great, for there is no possibility of the supply being exhausted in our country.

August 5.

I had to-day an unpleasant encounter with a sub-citizen whose name I will not give. He was a farmer from the Green Hill region, delivering ten pounds of butter, and his goods were under weight. He little thought as he stood there in his butternut brown coat, with a look of silly triumph on his face, that the Widow Frayne was in her pantry, weighing his commodity upon those awful scales, tested, and as accurate as those that will be used upon the day of judgment. Many a time, in divers places, have I seen an expression like this upon many a face, a

reflection of our American conviction that the one thing to do is to arrive, to "put it over." Such tribute we pay to our national Moloch, Success!

When the facts were reported to me I told the farmer my opinion of him in language which was, perhaps, overweight.

I find democracy a hard creed; the actual practice is strikingly different from the printed formula. Sometimes the difficulties in the way of arriving at any satisfactory basis of dealing with human kind appall me. It is well nigh impossible to make my instinctive feeling keep pace with my higher thought; the idealist and the human being in me are unequally yoked together.

And so to bed, with my unachieved democracy.

August 7.

I strolled far on the rocks to-night to escape noise and heat. There are times when the multitudinous sounds and sights and odors of a democracy obscure my thought of what a democracy should be. At such times I find nothing so efficacious as the horizon line of the sea in restoring my vision.

There was a breeze; there was an incoming tide, and my spirit freshened. Tim made joyous dashes over the rocks, starting up the gulls, then began barking furiously, and I knew that, behind the rock, was either a human being or a weasel. I really must teach him to distinguish! He has his moments of boorishness, of which I find it hard to cure him; I am trying hard to teach him to be a gentleman.

As I feared, it was a human being, and my rebuke to him was all the more severe because it proved to be none other than Miss Katharine Brown.

Here was a dilemma! Should I obey the mandate of Ami K. Brown, the magnate, not to hold communication with his daughter, or should I greet the daughter of my old college classmate, Billions Brown, as one greets the daughter of a friend? In all my life no social question so perplexing had been presented to me.

The matter was taken out of my hands, for Miss Brown, after giving me a friendly greeting, detained me with an imperious little gesture, as one who is accustomed to be obeyed. How swiftly, in America, these reigning houses learn to rule!

She had, it seemed, several questions to ask. So we took up the discussion begun the other day in my shop at the precise point where we had dropped it. I found myself saying more than I had meant to about the great issue; about the part every one of us could play in helping on the crusade of crusades; about our wakening sense of the responsibility of man to man, which should make the days of peace following this struggle greater than the days which preceded it.

At first she stood listening, with her intelligent, gray, asking eyes upon me, the pupils slowly dilating, a light coming and going in her face like flame. When she spoke, it was with a passionate intensity that belied the quiet repose of her bearing. The smile that played now and then about her lips bore no relation to her real feeling, but was rather, in its conventional sweetness, a social mask which she had been taught to wear.

In my turn, I became the listener, or rather the watcher, for her swift sentences were as a sudden flashlight upon the troubled soul of a girl. It was

not that she said much; her training forbade that in this chance meeting with an humble personage who was almost a stranger, but she made me aware of an eagerness to find her working place among mankind, and I found myself saying over, concerning her, words that had come to my mind in seeing the faded, sun-baked countrywoman but a few days ago: *loneliness, and utter isolation*. It were hard to tell whether the daughter of extreme poverty or the daughter of extreme wealth, exiled among material possessions, was the more wretched.

There should be no such loneliness in a common-wealth, no such separation of interests between high and low.

Our interview terminated rather abruptly; possibly Miss Brown realized that she had said more than she intended. She thanked me with a wistful sweetness as I lifted my hat and started to move on. Two splendid, red-brown Irish setters came leaping to escort her on her farther walk, and I watched her as she mounted the rocks and paused for a minute on the highest, with the breeze playing about her.

As she stood on the headland, all in white, with the wind in her fluttering white draperies, she brought again a suggestion of Greek reliefs, of the freely moving feet and limbs of Greek maidens in sacrificial procession; and I reflected that the feet of womankind never move with utmost joyousness until they find the way of sacrifice.

After she disappeared, I went on my way with my plebeian Tim, thinking.

It is strange how much you can tell about some people by merely looking at them. I knew that this

young creature was a bit headstrong and determined, yet sweet and fine; I knew that, if the flame of faith, conviction, were but once lighted in those gray eyes, it would burn steadfastly through life to death, — and after.

I pitied now the little questioning flickers there, youth, trying to find out, uncertain of its place. Men talk of these early years as the happiest time; how often it is the hardest, because of the tangled paths, the difficulty in finding the way!

The possibilities that were in this girl that would never be wakened by the present conditions of her life were clearly apparent to me, as was an elemental impetuosity under her finished manner; God has given me eyes for a certain understanding of my kind. She is capable of staunchest adherence to a belief, to a line of action, as well as, if fate will but grant the right one, to an individual; capable of passion for a man, for a faith.

And I know that, when Billions Brown's daughter does find her way, things present or things absent or things to come, nor height nor depth nor any other creature, not even Billions himself, can stop her.

August 10.

Alas! The overwhelming magnitude, the complexity of experience at this moment is too much for individual consciousness to grasp. No man, no group of men, no nation really understands. This midsummer air, apparently still, is quivering with the tensivity of the moment in which humanity is being weighed in the balance as never before.

It is not the war only that makes a crisis in our

race development. For a period of a few years preceding the war many of us were conscious of a tenseness, an immense unrest. There was an unwonted quarrelsomeness among people, even in the world of ideas and ideals, a clash of tendencies, and with it a something sensational in life and in art, of which the outré, the bizarre in poetry and in picture are illustrations. There was wide-spread irritability, a spiritual querulousness, a sense of things falling apart.

Doubtless many shared the conviction which the pre-war period brought to me that the race has gone too swiftly, with headlong speed that threatens to carry us over the precipice. There has been more invention, more discovery of material fact than we can assimilate. How slowly the wounded and deserted soul of man limps after the over-triumphant body, speeding in automobiles and in aeroplanes, unconscious of its loss, unaware that it has thrown overboard that eternal passenger for whom the journey of existence was undertaken!

Is it often the case, I wonder, that the end of a period, the beginning of another, makes itself so clearly manifest? Those pre-war days, full of the dry sultriness that precedes a storm, the air empty and waiting; and this appalling tempest which deafens our ears with its crashes, will give place, we hope, to fairer weather, to a long day in which the young of to-day may mature, may see their way clearly, may do their work.

The creaking of the wheels of change is loud within my ears in this still air of Mataquoit.

XII

August 12.

Yesterday I saw Jack and Miss Katharine Brown playing tennis together; to-day, as he and I were sitting on the bench by my shop door, she was driven past, and I watched his face as he greeted her. Not a word was said, but the look in his eyes made me aware that never, in all my many years, have I come so close to vital forces, to life in the making. He never speaks of her to me; his silence tells more than words could do.

I have been tempted to ask of Mrs. Sands release from my promise to keep from giving him any admonition in regard to the world struggle and our duties therein, but I have not done so. Yet there is, and has been from the first, a curious understanding between us, and my enforced silence deepens it. Even if I say no word, he is increasingly aware of my inner conviction that, not to have understood, not to have taken sides, not to have helped, will be to have failed utterly in the greatest crisis since the dawn of time. Better never to have been born than to have failed to make a decision, to have ranged oneself on the side of the right.

Here is Jack, with the splendid young strength of him, and the splendid young heart of him, waiting to be roused, waiting for a chance to spend his force in the battle of humanity. The great struggle is

here; it has to be fought. How can he face himself in later years if he takes no part in it?

But my lips are sealed.

I am shocked, startled by the intensity of my feeling in regard to this boy; it is more disinterested than any I have ever known, for it asks nothing in return, yet at the same time it is more elemental, more savage than any emotion I have ever felt. The thought of any evil influence coming near him before his nature flowers fills me with potential rage. The fear that he may fail to fulfil his highest destiny brings me at times a poignant suffering. It is at once the most passionate and the most spiritual emotion that I have ever had.

Whence comes this resurgence of primitive man in me, this hand clenched to ward off a blow which nobody threatens? It is as if, in putting off all the artificial things of my life for a disinterested intellectual purpose, I had come unexpectedly upon the primal human emotions.

How ironic is this effort to understand my kind! I do not understand even myself.

August 13.

A flying drift of talk comes in through my open windows; a little foam and spray break constantly on corner and curbstone as people stand or stroll. Within how small a space, in how inconsiderable a village, may one see reflected the ways of thought of an entire people! One could gauge public opinion in regard to the war the country over by chance comments that one hears in Mataquoit.

I cannot help feeling that an individual's awareness of the present struggle and of its significance

is, in a way, a measure of his fitness to become a citizen in the democracy that is to be. Surely we are all facing an issue that is a supreme test of our sense of others' need.

Here, as elsewhere, growth toward understanding is uneven; all stages are represented. Doubtless human progress is always something jagged and irregular; the differing strata are curiously imbedded, one with another, and variously interwrought. Different people in the village have come to symbolize for me different phases of the awakening throughout the entire land.

Old Madam Strong, in the big house on the hill, with the stone gateway crowned with balls, has not yet heard of the war, I am told. At least, when her maid mentioned it to her in August, 1914, she was forbidden to speak of it again, and she has obeyed. Unpleasant recent occurrences are allowed no place in her ancestral world. Whatever reading matter Madam Strong needs is drawn from her large library of eighteenth-century works, bound in calf; newspapers and all other periodicals she disdains.

The Honorable Hiram Banks, our Congressman, who lives near Madam Strong, son of an old and honored family here, says that the war is no concern of ours; let them fight it out; it is England's job, and that of France. That we are benefiting in our continued safety by their anguish he is aware, but a good American, he thinks, should take all he can get honestly. He has an idea that no disaster could ever reach him inside his iron-wrought fence.

John Sands thinks of it only in connection with his chain of department stores in Maine towns; he

is afraid that it is going to hurt his business. So, the country over, many men.

Mrs. Sands is still in her state of stupid superiority to the whole tragedy; there are many of her kind. But you cannot rest content with striking a moral attitude in the face of an appalling calamity like this; you have got to help. It is no time to stop, in the midst of a great conflagration, to say that you do not believe in fires.

Billions, undoubtedly, dislikes the war because it interferes with the service at his house, drawing away some of his trained domestics; and because it has somewhat disorganized his vast oil enterprises, as experts have gone back to fight under their respective flags.

A certain provincialism enfolds Mataquoit, a sense of being an individual entity, set off by itself, with no share in the larger world, no need of the larger world. This village feeling of the isolation of the village and of its supreme importance, as, in a way, the center of a universe, is doubtless reflected more or less clearly in every town and every community from Canada to Mexico, from sea to sea.

Yet all these people whose attitudes I have been studying are older folk; it is the young who really matter. As yet, those I have observed show too little concern; they are busy with the mere plays and games of life; yet they shall not escape the greater destiny that is coming irresistibly toward them, to sweep them from the ball field, the soda fountain, the moving-picture theater, out to the edge of the world, to stand face to face with death.

The most hopeful sign of the times is given by the war charities which flourish up and down the

land. War work is everywhere; women are sewing, knitting, and rolling bandages; and men and women are giving generously of their substance in response to every plea. Even though we are not as yet in the struggle, the soul of America is awakening; we can not all reach the marching line at the same time. . . . I have not seen Jack for four days.

August 16.

Miss Katharine Brown walked down the village street to-day in her white freshness, *and behind her, in pallid, spectral procession, those martyred girls of France and Belgium who had suffered worse than death and still were living. I saw their eyes, with youth dead in them.*

The vision of these comes often, with the deepest arraignment of any of our alleged civilization. One grows a bit fanciful living alone, unaware, at times, of the difference between what one actually sees and what the memory of printed words brings to mind.

I wince a bit now at seeing young girls, thinking of those others whom the manhood of the world has failed to protect. Men have had the ruling of the world since the dawn of time; to all men comes a special shame at the thought of these things, nor shall we men of America hold up our heads in future days if we pass by on the other side of the wounded and the suffering.

Perhaps I write over-vehemently; I could not have written thus in my youth. If I had, my English teachers would not have permitted me to leave such expressions on paper, my English teachers who tried to teach raw lads to analyze human nature in the cool and unconcerned fashion of Henry James.

I am not writing, however, as vehemently as I feel; the sting to my manhood of the knowledge of unspeakable cruelties that demand swift punishment, the consciousness that these things be and that I may not go to help, keeps pain alive and quick within me through all my quiet nights and days. To know this hour and not to be matched with it; to get the full anguish of observing, of waiting; to see the strong and beautiful young of other lands go out, singing, to meet it — ah, there are many ways of being crucified for one's kind!

August 18. ,

The village, as I have said before, has its library, small, stone, Carnegie. Fortunately the vines are growing over it, so that it does not look wholly an alien and extraneous thing, but begins to blend with the mellower tones of the old town. I never cross the green spaces of Billions Brown's little park, or pass under the inscription over the entrance of the building to the liberality of the donor, without wondering what joy there could have been for these two philanthropists in standing in the crowded ways of human life and picking one pocket in order to thrust its contents into another. Conscience tells me that I am overstating; doubtless all the business enterprises of both kings of finance have been strictly within the letter of the law; but do the faces of the thousands of lads who, thanks to Carnegie's beneficence, need never go without an education, make up for the starved faces, intellectually and spiritually starved, of the lads who worked under the iron hand in Homestead long ago? However, this is no way for me to talk, who go, many an afternoon, to read

in the Carnegie Library, conscious that in so doing I am sharing a bit of the spoil of souls.

When I went in this afternoon both Jack and Katharine Brown were there, reading, at the same table, and I wondered if Billions Brown knew that his daughter was using common books in a common library. It amused me to think of some of the great steel baron's loot being thrust into the delicate pocket, or hand bag, or whatever it was, of this child of luxury. But, if she wanted books, she doubtless had to come here; there would be everything except books in the huge house on the cliff.

From my position in the stacks I watched them. I saw Jack rise from his seat and go over to place the book he was reading before Katharine, pointing to an item; it was the Bryce report on the Belgian atrocities. She read, — and read again; their eyes met, and the same flame was in them both: passion to serve; passion to atone, — flame kindling flame.

In no eyes of youth of my generation, or in the years between my own youth and to-day, have I seen such an outgoing of life, such a forgetting of self as in the eyes of these two. Perhaps because the library rules enjoined stillness they said no word, but I hardly think they would have spoken had they been under the open sky, with no one near.

I thought of Paolo and Francesca, with their heads bent over a book whose words enchained the two together for all eternity: "that day they read no further"; but here was no kiss, no mere personal passion.

They shook hands. The young of to-day are oddly businesslike and matter of fact in their demeanor! No one but myself saw in this anything

but an ordinary handshake, I fancy; after a few minutes the two went their different ways. But I saw in it a pledge to act, to be of service, to help undo the wrong. Not for revenge; those two young faces showed but the divine impulse of youth to atone, to wipe out the wrong-doing of their predecessors, to make all things fair and new.

As I limped down the village street I felt like one from whose shoulders a great burden has been rolled.

August 22.

A foggy morning; Mataquoit is wet and cheerless. Water condenses and drips from ears, hair, from the straw hats of my neighbors.

The air is heavy in my shop, even as my mind is heavy; for the first time I almost regret my coming. Who am I that I should thrust my hands into other lives? Has my own life been so worthy and so successful that I should try to influence others? Who am I that I should come to Mataquoit to set the fathers against the children and the children against the fathers? Or to try to fathom even a little that impenetrable mystery, the human soul?

What the devil is democracy, anyway?

Billions is angry with me; doubtless his daughter is proving rebellious, and he has discovered that she has had further talk with me. No medieval lord could have given sterner greeting to a disobedient vassal than Billions gave me to-day; I wonder if he will exercise his feudal privilege and have me dropped into boiling oil.

Mrs. Sands is evidently also displeased; she wears an anxious and foreboding look upon her face. Yet these two should not hold me to too great an extent

responsible: did I create youth or the heart of youth?

And the war goes wrong; with it the whole world goes wrong. It has been a sorry second year of fighting, with loss on every side except that inner, indestructible front, "man's unconquerable mind."

These idlers in the streets, about the grocery, shambling past my windows, calling out impertinences to one another — what have I to do with all this commonness? Why not stand far away and be clean of it all?

Ah, my faltering love for humanity, how can it be made strong?

About eleven o'clock the fog lifted; a breath of life came on the rising breeze; there was a bit more stirring on the street.

Then I saw a curious sight; one of Brown's finest equipages was driving past, with coachman, footman, and superb horses, polished and shining. In the trap, erect, unbending, sat a tiny little old lady, plain, severe, with snow-white hair under an old-fashioned bonnet. She wore simple, antiquated clothes, all black, save for a white frill in her bonnet.

In front of her was an ancestral rocker, of the Governor Bradford type, wedged in tight, for there was barely room for it.

The postman, who was at my door, burst out laughing and told me that it was Billions' mother. Every year she visits him for a month or two and whenever she comes she brings her own little sewing chair with her, because, she says, there is nothing in her son's house comfortable to sit on. What arrangements are made for bringing it on the train with her, nobody knows.

"A spicy little old lady, all right," said the postman; "it's easy to see where Brown got his brains and his stick-to-it-ive-ness."

I think of Miss Katharine Brown and wonder whether Heaven has sent her an ally.

XIII

August 25.

Strolled along a bypath at the edge of the marshes out to the bridge that spans the tidal river. I go there now and then of an evening to sit on the parapet and smoke my pipe, Tim at my heels, as always. Now and then a passer-by nods to me, and a neighbor has been known to sit down beside me and talk of town affairs, — the last appropriation made at town meeting, or the church debt. From the far-stretching green of the marsh grasses to the gulls that float and fly with sunset on their wings it is a world of incredible peace and beauty. These young lads who pass, in their best clothes, intent on calling and on courting, betray no shadow of the menace of these hours, no look of apprehension in regard to the days to be; may life grant them some tithe at least of the hopes they wear upon their faces!

Sometimes, as I sit or stroll here alone at twilight, my mind turns back to its old habit of speculative thought, the old inquiries as to the why and wherefore of existence. I sternly recall it, however; there is no time in this world of war for such questioning. It is strange that the days of deepest stress, of most overwhelming disaster are the ones in which we cling most resolutely to a conviction that there is meaning somewhere in life. It is in the most awful

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moments that we know most clearly that we must not let go.

At these times I often wonder at the anxious days of my youth spent in intellectual doubt and questioning, in trying to work out my thought of Christianity. There was with me a troubled feeling of being outcast, because of formal tenets, theological assertions that I could accept, as did those dear to me. I could not conform without accepting them, nor say I believed without believing them. How far away and unimportant now seems all anxious thought about shades of assent to mere doctrine! It is no longer a question as to how we shall receive Christianity; the supremely important thing is that we shall receive it. No, that is too passive a word. — that we shall reach out and hold it, with passionate strength of purpose. The anguish of the moment compels a deeper faith than I had ever dreamed; the issue is no longer between different intellectual aspects of belief, but between Christianity and a horrible paganism, potent through modern science as paganism has never before been, conscienceless through Christianity cast off as paganism has never before been; for the finer standard, known, and repudiated, works havoc as ignorance of the standard never could have done. Whatever happens, those who hold the faith in any form must band together to fight shoulder to shoulder against the monster something that comes creeping up out of primeval darkness, bringing hate and force and lust in its train. There is, fundamentally, but one thought in the world to-day, consuming all other thoughts, Christianity.

Never, in all the intervening centuries, has the

significance of Christianity shone out so clearly, not as a mere creed, but as a life; never has its one deep meaning of love, great even to sacrifice, been so clear or so compelling; never before has the world understood as it understands now the full import of the herald message: "Peace on earth." Many of us have thought of that as a sweet and melodious greeting, and, interpreted for us by many an art, it comes to us in a thousand ways, on the wings of music, on the wings of poetry, on the wings, — and none are quite so beautiful (the gulls just reminded me) as early Italian art. Perhaps none of us have ever realized that the herald angels were making, in the name of the future, in behalf of the powers of Heaven, the one promise through which a higher life could become possible, pointing out the one way through which hates and grudges could die, and love could come to mankind for its salvation and its healing. And it is for us to make that promise good: Peace on earth.

How is it, then, that I find the pastors of the two rival churches here, the Congregationalist and the Unitarian, preaching at each other, trying to mend and strengthen the fence between their respective freeholds in the kingdom of heaven instead of trying to tear it down? These two men are much in my mind as I attempt to carry out my task of ascertaining how my fellow townsmen are fulfilling their high duties of citizenship in a democracy. I have listened to much reasoned demonstration from each of them; they are both trying to advance legal proof of the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen, and this in a world crying out for assurance of things divine.

August 26.

Jack and Katharine Brown are much in my mind, and I often take refuge from my many troublesome lines of thought in my growing affectionate interest in them. Humanity sometimes has to stand and wait while I ponder on these two young people. How many times they have met, or what they may have said, what chance word or look has drifted from one to another I do not know. There has doubtless been a certain amount of social intercourse presided over by the conscript matrons of Mataquoit; there are circles which a cobbler may not penetrate. Ami K. Brown, I am told, graciously condescends to the social activities and is much praised therefor; both his elder daughter and her younger sister Clare are seen at gatherings of people of their years. Of the two in whom my interest deepens day by day I know only what I have seen and heard, which is little, and what I see in the two faces, which is much. Lonely people sometimes learn to read faces. They stopped to chat for a moment on the street corner the other day, then went smiling their different ways. Jack's state of mind is clearer than the handwriting on the wall; that which has been inevitable from the first moment of their meeting has happened, but I have no way of knowing whether Miss Brown's feeling toward him is more than a friendly liking.

Only, I tremble in my boots, in all my boots on floor and wall, at the thought of the two when I see Billions driving past. Judging not only by what he said to me, but by all his baronial ways and appurtenances, there is trouble ahead. Is there any place in all his massive pile — it is indeed a pile —

where he will wall his daughter up alive, if he finds that she is not only thinking thoughts that are not his, but is setting her affection on the son of a man less wealthy than he?

Jack is as friendly as ever, but he talks only of surface things, automobiles, golf balls, the autumn sporting events at college. Yet, under all this, I am aware of a deepening and enlarging something in him. When he is not chaffing, his face takes on a seriousness that I have never seen there, though he immediately begins to whistle if I catch his eye.

The thought of the two brings me a feeling of freshness, of exhilaration, and casts a little ray of hope across the future.

August 29.

I was greatly surprised this morning by a visit from the mother of Billions Brown. If my calls increase at this rate I shall soon believe that my shop is the social center of Mataquoit. She was just as erect, just as detached from her surroundings as when I had seen her in the trap. She walked; I did not ask her why, but I decided that she did not care to trust, oftener than need be, the bones of an earlier generation to the perilous equipages of this.

Her errand was a curious one, and it took one back a generation. She had worked for her son a pair of old-fashioned, flowered carpet slippers, and had brought them to me to have them soled. Her keen old eyes twinkled as she gave them to me; I could not help thinking, in the light of what I had been told of her, that she had made them partly to tease Ami, by bringing a reminder of his old and homely surroundings into his new world of splendor.

Her business done, she hesitated a minute, and then, saying that there was something she would like to talk over with me, she introduced herself. I hastily assured her that this was unnecessary and begged her to be seated in my armchair.

Her granddaughter had told her about her talks with me and about her father's vexation that she had made friends with the cobbler. Billions, it would seem, had informed her of his old acquaintance with me, but had said nothing of this to his daughter.

"Katharine was afraid she had done something wrong," said the old lady, looking at me in friendly fashion from a pair of shrewd dark eyes: "I wanted to see for myself."

Then, like a general, she went straight to her objective point. She would like to know something of this young man of whom her son had been speaking. Who was he? What did I think of him?

I told her at some length.

"Then you think it is all right?"

I assured her that, from my point of view, the undefined "it" was all right. She nodded.

"I thought from what my son said about you that I could trust your judgment, though he does not himself, in this case. He used to talk about you when you were boys; he had a great idea of your opinion in those days."

Then she changed the subject; no society woman could have done better. She was glad of the books I had lent her granddaughter; her son's attitude in regard to the war troubled her. She herself had knit more than a hundred pairs of stockings for the Allied soldiers; somebody in the family had to do something to help, she said sternly.

Nodding under her old-fashioned bonnet, she told me to go on; to do whatever I could for the girl. All the time she was with me, I felt as if some one were writing a character sketch of Katharine; the keen directness of look, the way of speaking, the fine simplicity recalled her granddaughter and largely solved the problem of the young girl's personality. Looking at her I felt assured that the girl would find her way out of her mental puzzles into a straight, clear-cut path.

As she went, she honored me by a handshake; her hand, in its black silk mitt, was in itself a monument, and a noble one, of American democracy. The somewhat bent fingers, the marks of toil, the unwearied motherhood of the hand touched me deeply.

I thought of Billions and cried out to myself that it was not fair. She who had striven so heroically to create should have been permitted to create something more in her own likeness, for the stamp of those who hold ideals, principles above all else, was upon her. That which is finest in our American tradition was clearly visible in her, but I could not see it in her son.

August 30.

Dog day. Not Tim's kind of dog, but some tired and discouraged dog. Dog-tired. Bad weather, and but little good news. A damp, warm, stagnant air that in some way changes the leathery smell of my shop to a disagreeable odor. Shoes are hard to mend, lives are harder, and governments harder still.

All my finer thought in regard to the relation of man to man, both that which is my own, and that which has come from many days and nights of read-

ing of the great idealistic theories concerning human betterment, breaks down. Excellent on paper, they fail to make connection with man as he is. . . . My sojourn in this backwater of American democracy, a stagnant New England town, has undone me. . . . As yet I fail to see how the vision of the thinker in his study can be made to square with the facts of human life and human temperament.

I confess to days of utter revolt against democracy and its results, against the commonness of people, their lying down upon freedom as if it were a feather bed where one may take one's ease endlessly. At times my awl refuses to go straight, because it longs to be off pricking and waking up Mataquoit, slippered, lazy Mataquoit, gossiping over fences, leaning on hoes, rocking on front porches or back, standing on street corners with hands in pockets, and hats set sideways on the back of the head. The easy chairs in this country are too comfortably hollowed for a government by the people; freedom, for many, has become a mere individual indulgence; no other form of government could have produced a people at once so prosperous and so down at heel. Humanity, perhaps, needs a prod or goad of misery to make it keep on wanting to progress.

I have moments of almost intolerable longing for my own world of caste, of special privilege, of interest in things of the mind, of asceticisms, denials, simplicities, unworldliness, if you will, of hard fine work of mind and brain. Tim, divining something of my thought, reminds me, by a cold nose on my hand, that in that case, I should never have found him.

Then I realize that this world of my past is as

hard to relate to the needs of modern democracy as is unlovely Mataquoit. We were of those who received all and gave nothing. There was in that narrow and sheltered life no perception of the values of democracy, no real admission of its existence. We thought and spoke in terms of the aristocracies — social, intellectual, and artistic — of the world. Democracy occupied the position of a poor relation, not mentioned, standing outside the gates.

Will this unrecognized democracy come with a storm and a rush, sweeping all before her, with the fury of one scorned? How can we tame her and make her wise?

September 1.

A month of the third year of the war has gone; Allied drives are under way in the East, the West, the Alps. The relief I feel in the fact that our side has thus taken the initiative is wholly out of proportion to any success as yet won; no too sanguine hope must be permitted after the long months of defeat, yet there is a new freshness, an exhilaration in the air. I cannot help venturing a hope that the tide may be turning, may be coming our way.

It is not, however, any good fortune on the field of battle that should strengthen our resolve; rather, the many disasters of the past year should bring an increasing sense of necessity that we gather up the loins of the spirit, fighting with mind and soul for that hope of a fairer working order which we have chosen to call democracy. I must brace myself in more determined fashion for that spiritual battle in which I have enlisted, conquering the distaste which at times I feel for my task. The problem

is, in many ways, overwhelmingly discouraging to the looker-on; it is for the actor to replace the looker-on and so change the face of the spectacle. We must ourselves create this democracy which we wish to find. Too little, perhaps, have I realized that I am here not merely to receive impressions, but to make them. Not only among my present acquaintances, who grow in number, but in such public meetings as are open must my voice be heard. Ever since I came I have been digging a bit into the theory and the practice of the local and the State government, and I have made progress.

I will start an offensive of my own on the front of Mataquoit.

XIV

September 3.

Went to town meeting last night and for the first time heard my fellow citizens in public debate. The subject of the water front was up for consideration, and discussion grew heated as those who had property to sell for the proposed improvement and the town officers wrangled over plans and terms.

When the dispute was at its height a man whom I have not seen heretofore rose and in a brief speech, a bit whimsical, keen and friendly, set forth the issue so clearly, suggested so definitely the right course, that the would-be profiteers looked a bit shame-faced and intimated a willingness to modify their terms. It was one of the deftest bits of generalship that I have ever seen, the unknown speaker striking a higher civic note than had been struck, waking, through sympathy and through humor, a new, disinterested sense of the common good.

I say "unknown," but I found out after the meeting that I am the only person in Mataquoit to whom he is unknown. This is our missing fellow townsman, Alexander Wallace, back from his vacation in Canada, a fine-looking, genial personage of advancing middle age, erect in bearing, a something soldierly lingering there, for his boyhood saw service in the Civil War. There is a charm in his manner,

coming largely from a sympathy one feels in him, sounding in his voice, irradiating his whole personality. Withal, there is a twinkle in his eye.

I must make the acquaintance of Mr. Alexander Wallace as soon as may be.

September 5.

Billions, at — I am sure — the instigation of his mother, invited me to come to his house. He showed me the whole of his princely estate, from the highest Gothic tower, looking over miles of sea, to the electric refrigerating plant in the basement where cool air is manufactured for the preservation of his food. A great staff of men was at work on the grounds; another great staff inside. Lawns, conservatories, corridors, drawing-rooms, — and old grandmother Brown wanders as one lost about this costly wilderness with her knitting, a little, old-fashioned shawl folded across her flat chest.

Her younger granddaughter, Clare, a fair-haired, long-legged girl, was hovering about her with affectionate care, but Billions and his mother seemed to be bodies separated by a vast distance, moving in wholly different orbits. Looking at the two, I read a sad page in our national history. The swift development of vast material resource in our country has wrought tragedy in many families, creating a gap between parents and children, as suddenly acquired wealth has thrust itself between. Something is snapped off; the laws of normal growth are broken.

The irony of Billions' success! He has succeeded only in separating himself from the human being whom he probably cares most for, with the excep-

tion of his daughters — and I am not entirely sure about the exception — in all the world.

The memory of this call upon my old classmate resolves itself into a panorama of polished wood and gleaming satins and shining marble. Against this background Billions stands out, with his many servants, of whom he is greatly in awe, grouped about him. There is Billions with his butler, his English butler, who tells him what to do; Billions and his gardeners; Billions and his coachman and his footmen. There is also Billions with his French chauffeur, who speeds; I fancy that Billions is afraid to tell him to stop. Billions draws the line at a valet.

After we had inspected all possible aspects of my lord's magnificence, a beverage reminiscent of college days was served on a verandah which extends to the edge of the rocks. Under its mellowing influence, we talked of old days and new.

I could see that he thought that, through my own Quixotic folly, I was in hard straits, and he made fumbling suggestions about helping me. This touched me, and I found it hard to resist the temptation to let him think I was really in need. I had never liked Billions so well; so unexpected was his sympathy that I was inclined to prey upon it.

As we talked of past changes and impending changes I marvelled that a man whose life in material ways had so greatly broadened could keep a mind so narrow. He is puzzled by all suggestion of altered conditions; he considers those under which he made his fortune the best possible; wealth for him represents brains and character. His political ideal is that of the late eighteenth century, liberty of the individual to forge ahead and do everything

that means gain for himself at whatever cost to others; the thought of possibility of growth in that ideal would seem to him sacrilege. A man's country is a something that protects him from attacking powers; Billions' country has protected him, hence he takes a certain pride in it. America, in his thought, has certain responsibilities toward him; he, few or none toward it.

Like many another wealthy potentate in this country, he has his generosities and, in leisure moments, gives some thought to the relief of the necessities of the poor; but the higher generosity of helping on some change of conditions that may lessen his own profits while giving his needy neighbor a chance has never occurred to him.

Is the illumination of this darkened mind also my job? Would that fate had sent me as a missionary to the Hottentots rather than as a prophet of a higher civic law to Billions Brown!

September 7.

Of what is happening in the romance which I have seen begun I know but little; the story moves on, but I am no teller of stories and could not describe, even if I were a witness, the meetings between Jack and Katharine Brown. Perhaps, for courtesy, I should write her name first, but his name takes precedence of all others, I find, in my thought.

With an evident growing seriousness of thought Jack's boyish charm deepens. The gleam in his blue eyes has as much of humor as ever, but the mouth has a new look of determination. Once or twice, after watching me in silence for a time, he has started to speak, flushed, and said nothing; confi-

dence is waiting me, I am sure, but I must not force it. It is more than the thought of Katharine that fills his mind; there is something beyond.

A reflection of the new look of Jack's face is on Katharine's, both the softer look in the eyes and the sterner expression about the mouth. Whether there is trouble at the great house in the matter of their friendship I do not know, but I judge, partly from a half-apprehensive shadow flitting across Katharine's face at the mention of Jack's name on the day of my call, that this is the case.

What supreme folly! Of all the foolish social pretensions that I have ever seen, and I have seen many, the most foolish is the pretence of social exclusiveness on the part of Billions Brown.

I know from the tilt of old Grandmother Brown's bonnet that she is on the side of the angels, and that she is having difficulty. I saw her to-day out in Jack's runabout, defiantly chaperoning her granddaughter on a drive. And I know full well what terror must have possessed her, for automobiles must be fearsome things to her, and Jack will speed.

Meanwhile, I have my unshared moments and my lonely hours. Jack's early sympathetic curiosity in regard to me, his interest in my work, have vanished. The wakening affection he had for me is still there, I think, but is in abeyance. He is completely absorbed in the thought of this young girl, watching for a glimpse of her, sitting absent-mindedly by the window, waiting for her to drive past.

I am beginning to realize dimly the challenge of the years. It comes now when, at moments, I feel a bit old and tired and wistful for the voices that used to speak my first name. As all that draws in

outward ways, the affection of others dims and lessens; as one learns not to ask the love once poured out so plentifully, one realizes more fully the stern opportunity of life, the chance to give all, asking nothing. The supreme test comes at the moment when you begin to know that all you cling to slips — things, people, experiences, work, achievements — at that moment which says: "You must let go." Surely, as one moves down these later years, striving more and more to "love without the help of anything on earth," one more and more believes in the greater Love, giving all, demanding nothing. Perhaps one is even able to fashion one's small remnant of life in the light of it.

Now to my unfinished boots, and my forever unfinished task of loving my neighbor as myself.

September 8.

No customer to-day. I shut my door and cobbled shoes, somewhat diminishing the row against the wall, waiting for the stitches that will enable them to walk away and start again upon the human high-road. I had much troubled thinking, as well as difficult cobbling to do; the country is shaken from end to end by a great impending railway strike, which comes, cutting like an ugly threat, across my slow-growing hope for a more unified Americanism in this country.

My day was spent in the heart of this long and wearying labor and capital struggle, old lines of thought and earlier investigations converging here, with present apprehension. This is a problem toward which I have directed much mental energy in the past, but in a remote, theoretical way, as one

casually interested in economic questions. I am conscious in myself of a new attitude, of deep personal concern, a fresh sense of the individual responsibility of every citizen to work toward harmonious adjustment of troubles here. This thunder of battle which shakes the earth has stirred within many of us depths of human feeling of which we were unaware.

No less, this threatened civil war at a moment of great crisis is thrown into high relief by the conflagration which is consuming the world. I have keen sympathy with real sufferers in the world of workers, but I admit that suffering labor is not the labor that is most in evidence to-day. It is a cruel thing that a vast number of American citizens are choosing to be less than citizens, are willing, apparently, in cold blood, to tie up transportation the country over, inevitably bringing distress and death to many of their fellow citizens; this modern slogan of money and still more money for oneself is alarmingly replacing the old victory or death, for one's country. There was no cry of time and a half for over-time in '76! Where is the earlier sense of common citizenship, the sense of loyalty to the land of one's birth and all who dwell within it? Equally cruel has been the selfish following of individual interest in great enterprises, with no thought of civic responsibility, which is largely responsible for the present lamentable state of things; the dragon's teeth have been thickly sown and are springing up in abundant harvest. Where have we fallen short, we, whose ancestors started out with so fair a hope of justice, of equality, of opportunity for all? Of the fact that we have failed, the present crisis is

abundant proof; we have indeed split up into the masses and the classes. What other result could have followed from the attitude that I and mine have taken, from the exploiting of the people that Billions Brown and his kind have done? Those who, having power to guide, have failed to guide, intellectually and spiritually, are guilty, even as those who have shown practical greed, and should be arrested, if not by the United States government, at least by their own consciences, as fomenters of strikes.

It is distasteful to me to agree with Billions in regard to any economic matter, yet I find myself in accord with him in condemning this strike. My reasons, however, are different from his; he is in a high financier's fury about it because of the jolt it gives to commerce; I am thinking of two things:

First: The waning of the old sense of the sacredness of agreements. Surely this is the most alarming symptom of our national disgrace, this lack of grasp of abiding principles, set high above the thought of gain or loss, to be held through evil fortune and through good. Is it not true that, in a recent struggle, the railway men accepted arbitration as a principle to rule in disputes between management and men? Now, arbitration is refused because of a chance for greater gain. The basic foundations of all abiding government are threatened by such opportunism.

Second: This placing of money wage above all other considerations; this new ethics of holding man largely excused for stealing, or working girl for losing her honor, because the purse is thin, of excusing labor for exercising its strangle hold upon the human

throat, is a mark of decadence, of a loss of distinctions fundamental to the moral well-being of a people. Honor and coin are not interchangeable barter.

It is small consolation that thinking men say in regard to labor's cry of wage and yet more wage at any cost: "What can you expect? The money-getting of the old order naturally repeats itself here." Yet I question, letting my mind turn back through what is known of progress in ages past, and forward, through what it hopes, to future years. There is hardly a doubt that a momentous change is coming and is very near, — the triumph of the workers the world over. It is sad that they have not set their hopes above those of their predecessors; the hard years of denial and of discipline should have borne better spiritual fruit. If the financiers of the past have kept their eyes upon their money bags, should these same money bags limit the vision of the men of the future? Growth, the new order, should mean something finer and higher, dispossessing the old by its beauty, if it dispossesses it at all. Unless this be true, unless change means fundamentally a far greater inner beauty, it means decadence.

The crying need of American life, especially the crying need of labor, coming into power, is a higher motive.

September 9.

This afternoon I had the honor of a second visit from Billions Brown. I fancy he came partly because he likes to hear his old college nickname, and that not because of its prophetic suggestion, but be-

cause it belonged to his youth. For, in gaining the whole world, he has lost his youth.

His manner to me is an odd combination of a half-fearful admiration and a half-respectful contempt. His old feeling in regard to me, reënforced by Grandmother Brown's approval, struggles with the disdain of an over-successful man for a man whom he considers a failure.

Our talk about our boyhood led to the consideration of the present generation of youth, and Billions, with some hesitation, perhaps remembering in what unsparing terms he had ordered me not to talk with his daughter, confided to me that he is greatly puzzled about Katharine. With an astonishment that left him breathless he told of his recent discovery that she rebelled against the present conditions of her luxurious life and envied girls who had to earn their own living. Talking with him to-day, she had actually cried about it, he said, though he had hardly seen her shed a tear since she had grown up. She envied his stenographer her busy hours and her independence; she envied the farmer's daughter who supplied the village store with strawberries; she is ashamed to be rich.

Billions' mind was all in a maze when he told me this, sitting in my armchair and keeping his questioning eyes upon me as I worked. You would think that Katharine would be as happy as the day is long, he said wistfully, with nothing to do, and nothing left that she could ask for. When he said this I could not help wondering at what point in the dizzying ascent of his career the country boy had dropped his common sense. Any one should see, I reflected, that the strength, the practical

power of her forbears was chafing within her, with nothing to exercise itself upon. The cumulative energy of generations of hard-working folk was brought to a sudden standstill; what wonder that the dammed-up powers fretted behind the barriers, trying to beat a way out?

Billions went sadly away when he had told me his dilemma; Katharine's discontent was his failure. I could see that she had been, since her babyhood, the chief treasure of his heart, partly, doubtless, because of her likeness in look and in character to his mother. If she did not find satisfaction in his castle, his wide demesne, his army of servants and all his splendor, of what avail was his success?

After he had gone I thought long about our American habit, at least in the wealthier homes, and certainly also in the homes of some of the less wealthy, of bringing up the daughters of democracy as if they were daughters of princely houses in Europe. Our system is even worse than that of the old countries where something of feudal custom still lingers. For there, in the houses of the great and titled, daughters are taught to serve, to feel a responsibility for those beneath them, privilege conferring duty as if it were an order. *Noblesse oblige*, but there is no *oblige* about middle-class American ideals in regard to daughters.

I was greatly relieved that Billions had nothing to say about Jack.

XV

September 10.

There is a softness in the air to-day, a gentleness such as one meets only at the shore; the golden light of early fall is in the air and on all growing things. Perhaps the look of sky and earth and sea has something to do with the feeling I have that this is indeed the spot for which I was looking in order to exercise my craft. In spite of all perplexities, of the many difficulties in thinking out human problems in the light of actual human personalities, I am glad that I came to Mataquoit. Much that I have read and studied in the past of social and political theory takes on concrete form, gains new interest in the light of my present deepening knowledge of human beings.

The human comradeship which I have found here more than compensates me for all my toil. Children greet me shyly on the street; my friend, the policeman, forecasts the weather; Jack puts his head through the door to chaff me:

"Now, Socrates, shall we have a little set-to about the duties of a citizen in a republic."

My growing absorption in Jack and Katharine makes me wonder sometimes how I can keep my interest toward my fellow creatures in general, how keep my impersonal quest? I find deep satisfaction in watching these two, and in sharing, through an understanding that is almost startling to myself,

their new life. A look on Jack's face, his step — I am interested in seeing how expressive people's feet have become to me since I made them my profession — his whistle, a glance that passes between the two, a glance withheld, tells more than I have any right to know. This growing older has its compensations; one is, as it were, disembodied bit by bit; the wall of flesh breaks down; one becomes more keenly aware of other souls and what goes on in them.

I have seen Jack and Katharine several times walking together; once I caught sight of them out on the bridge over the tidal river; once on the green head of the gray granite cliff, looking out over the sea. It seems to me that the faces of both wear the look that the twigs wear in early spring.

At each glimpse I get of them together, my grumbling in regard to the upbringing of this generation subsides. One can but marvel at the imperishable stuff of which youth is made that they, whose parents have done their best to spoil them, are still unspoiled. I glory in these two who have so flowered in this free air of liberty; fresh winds seem to follow them wherever they go; they move like young gods in pure air. Yet they are but two young human beings, practical, clean-cut, white-shod.

The white feet of the young go shining through these days, and on the endless way. It is but a case of canvas shoes, but they are a symbol.

September 12.

I have had a call from Alexander Wallace, who not only came but spent an evening with me before the fire in my shop, for the sea air was chilly. Twice

lately I have encountered him, once at the hut of old Mrs. Mooney, to whom I had gone to take a much-needed gift of shoes, and once at the palace of Billions Brown. I fancy he is the only inhabitant of Mataquoit who has both these places on his visiting list.

He came in with a half-smiling seriousness, saying that he had wanted to look me up; that he was the busybody of the town, who always took care of newcomers. As he talked of Mataquoit and its inhabitants, the town came alive for me as it had not been before. Much of its civic history, during the days that he had known it, became as real as a drama played before my eyes. Its struggles, disputes, town meetings, its selectmen's discussions, its New England way of half accepting and half shirking its responsibilities were set forth with a graphic touch that made me feel as if I had taken part therein.

As my guest talked on I became aware in him of a new attitude, something which I have never encountered in the world in which I have lived heretofore, nor, as yet, in Mataquoit, a sense of citizenship as a first concern; he is on guard, always waiting; no government automatically releases him from his individual responsibility. He gives disciplined, instant obedience when ordered into action, and the order comes always from within.

Listening, I said to myself, "God has sent me a citizen for my encouragement." The thought came warmly into my mind, and Tim wagged his tail in response to it, as is often the case. He has a way of wagging an accompaniment to any especially friendly thought of mine toward any one.

My guest spoke of himself laughingly, stretching out his feet toward the fire, as the man who had no slippers. There was never an evening, or rarely one, when he could sit by the fire and toast his toes, for there was always something going on, in church, town hall, or neighbor's house in which he had to help, or some lonely person on whom he had to call.

I watched him by the light of the leaping flame. That winning, whimsical, sympathetic smile; the keen, yet tender eyes, that miss no shade of human peculiarity, that subordination of all thought of self and of individual concern, letting every man's interests come before his own, — I had to rub my eyes a bit to see if I was making him up, for it seemed almost as if he might be a figment of the imagination, created to meet the need of Mataquoit or of America. If, peradventure, I said to myself, out of one hundred and ten millions, one in ten thousand could be like this man, the country would be saved.

Matters seem looking up in the world, with better news from the western front, with Jack, and Wallace, and Grandmother Brown in Mataquoit.

September 15.

I have dined with Billions and his family. Doubtless he invited me because he did not dare to do otherwise with his mother there; it was plain that she had insisted.

I doubt if any social occasion was ever more perplexing. Billions was sulky and wore, under his acquired, great financier manner, an amusing air of a big boy being made to do something he does not want to do. In a way I think he was glad to see

me, but the hopeless confusion in regard to social relations which my coming would rouse in the minds of his servants staggered him. There are evidently no rules in his book of etiquette for a situation so complex. And I, when I fathomed my state of mind to the bottom, found remnants of my old feeling of a slight condescension on my part in dining with Billions.

The butler was a study; to him the presence of the village cobbler was an outrage. He was used to Billions and his monstrous ways — such were American millionaires — but the cobbler! He might have mutinied but for the commanding eye of old Mrs. Brown; there was never an instant's departure from respectful obedience when that was upon him.

The old lady was absolutely unafraid of Billions in all his glory, and his entire staff, the collected inmates of the huge servants' quarters, could not daunt her. Her rebuke to the butler because he failed to produce the baked potato and creamed beef which were her very sensible substitute for the over-luxurious dinner that was served furnished comedy refreshment of a high type. Evidently the *chef* was put through his paces to suit her; his bread was never light enough, she told me, nor could he make raised biscuit to meet her standards.

The butler received his discipline with a meekness which surprised me, and which he did not show to any one else, for he was a bit haughty with Billions. Perhaps he remembered another white kerchief, somewhere in England, folded this way.

In a quite surprising way Mrs. Brown dominated the conversation, to the evident amusement of the two girls, Katharine and Clare, who twinkled at

each other now and then over their grandmother's reminiscences. She told us about Billions' joy in his first pair of "boughten" shoes; about the ready-made suit which was purchased for him when he was fifteen, the first suit not made over from his father's clothing; it was a fine shepherd's plaid.

I could almost swear that the butler winked at Grandmother Brown when she told how Billions did three days' hard work in the hay field to get money enough to go to Barnum's circus. She was fond and proud of Billions, but apparently realized that he needed "taking down," and, though she did her task over-thoroughly, making him wince now and then, she showed fundamental good taste in not wanting the humble origin concealed. I am sure that the butler, whose good taste was impeccable, recognized this; he showed her greater deference that he showed any one else.

Billions' energetic face had become a mask, out of which looked the same bright eyes which I remembered from long ago. They were hopeful and determined then; now, somewhat different in expression, wary, watching to see if he were doing things right. He kept his eye on the butler as if alert for signals; the butler has evidently given much time and thought to the education of his master.

Doubtless we were all glad when the last course was over. As Billions ushered me to a far corner of the verandah and offered me the choicest cigar I had seen for many a month, I saw the slender young girl Clare, in her filmy, spangled blue gown and dainty slippers, grasp Mrs. Brown's hands and dance about her, crying out: "Granny, you are a darling!" Katharine smiled demurely, and I forthwith con-

cluded that the old lady's conversation had given pleasure to her granddaughters.

That evening gave me a new insight into my host's life and its difficulties. Poor Billions! His days and nights are one long study of how to spend more money. When he plans some pleasure, a yachting trip or a long motor journey, he has to stop to consider how to make it more expensive. Even in going on a simple journey to Washington or Philadelphia, for instance, he has to put his whole mind on the problem of a maximum of outfit for a minimum of result; so with his furnishings and his landscape gardening; nothing else would befit his dignity.

He ponders over schemes for excessive philanthropies and is evidently giving away his money in large and abstract fashion, yet he finds himself no nearer his kind for all his huge checks. His generosity springs largely from his realization that the tide has turned against multimillionaires and toward those who are working for human welfare; Billions wishes, above all things, to do what is being done.

As he talked of his past activities and of his plans for the future, I realized afresh his power. If he could have given his ability, his genius for organization, to the making of his country, what vast results there might have been! Here is another of the many instances of the best mental energy of the land, during the last decades, being drawn into material production, when it should have been drawn, at least a large share of it, into intellectual and spiritual production, into study of civic need, into statesmanship. There has been vast business expansion, but alas! what needs expansion is America's

mind, America's character, America's institutions. The solving of the problems of human adjustment, of the reconciliation of will to will, is vastly more important than working out the best way to treat pig iron, or to refine crude oil.

Grandmother Brown had gone to bed before I came away, but Katharine was waiting, a slender maiden athlete, at the top of the stone steps leading to the driveway to give me a firm handclasp, and to tell me, with evident sincerity, that it had been a pleasure to her to see me in her home. Her eyes, which, when I first saw her, were too patient for the eyes of a girl, were kindled and alive with leaping flame.

September 17.

I met Mrs. Sands on the street to-day, a suave and cordial Mrs. Sands, with a changed face. It was most surprising to see her outstretched hand and to listen to a gracious inquiry about my health and about my business. Jack had grown so attached to me, she said, that she could not help feeling deeply interested in me, and then, with becoming feminine deference, she asked if I could tell her where to find information about strikes in America during the last four or five years.

She left me wholly bewildered by this change of front, until it dawned upon me that she is aware of Jack's feeling in regard to Katharine Brown and has heard that, incredible as it may seem, the Cobbler is a friend of the Browns and has even dined with them. The realization of this brought me one of my old attacks of disbelief in humanity; what can be achieved in a country honeycombed by this kind

of vulgar and snobbish ambition? There is Billions, hovering on the edge of the great world, and Mrs. Sands, hovering on the edge of Billions, his greater wealth the only barrier between them. The thought of what was in Mrs. Sands' mind as she went on down the street, her heels higher than ever, so that she seemed to be walking on tiptoe with hope, almost tarnished the thought which is often in my mind concerning Jack and Katharine.

Her sense of false values in regard to this matter recalled to me vividly her sense of false values in the matter of training her son for the struggle of life, and this, with bad news from the front and a chance encounter with my two young friends on the beach, threw me into a state of mind in which I forgot my promise to Mrs. Sands not to try to influence her son with reference to present issues. I regret that I broke my promise, but here were my two, full of strength and hope and promise, both, thank God, incomparably better than their training, discussing the question of neutrality in the war. Hiram Banks, our Congressman, had declared himself a neutral and had counseled Jack, who had spoken out hotly for the Allies, to follow in his footsteps.

Then I forgot myself and told my young friends with some vehemence that, in ethical questions, there can be no neutrality. Belgium, or the *Lusitania* alone, sufficed as ground for decision, as did many another German deed. Or, if I had but the one fact to guide me, that the English and the French are led by their officers, that the Germans are driven forward by officers with drawn revolvers, I should know on which side to range myself. The

whole story is in this: one must join that party in the long warfare which shows the most essential respect for human beings, for in such respect lies the key to the future.

Life is a battle, I told them, bound to be, from first to last, a fight. We are happy when we can fight only evil tendencies in ourselves and things that all men would recognize as wrong. When a great moment comes, and the world has arrayed itself in fighting camps, make your decision, fight on the side which has more of right, for you have got to fight with one or the other. Fighting, fighting, fighting, leave your body by the wall, if necessary.

Then, after I had left them, I had a strong reaction. Why should I harangue the young? Why not myself, for shunting off the burden of life upon them? Because I have failed shall I make them live in my place?

Yes.

As they walked on, with the blue sea for a background, the sense was fresh within me of this flower of human love, springing eternally on the edge of that awful chasm,—the enormous tragedy of human life, made more apparent for the moment by the war, but always tragedy.

My feeling toward both of them is strong. I have grown fond of Katharine too, and I admire her greatly, but with her I have no such sense of nearness as I have with Jack. I and he,—there is a kind of identity there. Sometimes it seems as if in him I met my youth walking, fresh and unspoiled, and could in him live my life again and live it aright; sometimes he seems my old prayers made visible.

Katharine is ardent, vehement, almost over-ener-

getic, her nature, I can see, a complement to Jack's. He is slower, sunnier, less impassioned, and possibly steadier when roused. He has not been repressed by a conventional system of training, as she has; there is in him less pent-up electric force, waiting for its outlet. The best that is in him will be stung to life by her, and together —

They became mere specks, far down the yellow sand; I watched them as long as the eye could see, thinking, with a sense of hope for the future, for I could not forget the glimpse I had had of the two on that day in the library, that there was here something greater than in most romances, a burning with one pure flame of patriotism, of desire for service, a something that makes them greater than themselves.

XVI

September 20.

My business flourishes, perhaps at the expense of my constructive thought in regard to democracy, though I must not let this be. This week I have patched a pair of calfskin boots for a farmer who lives half a mile out; I have resoled two pairs of boys' shoes and mended rips in three pairs of girls' shoes. The latter I like least of all; there is something flimsy and unsubstantial in the footwear of womankind in this region, and I dislike the symbolism. I have mended a pair of infants' slippers, but very badly. Did they think that I had Cinderella's fingers when they brought me those? Most interesting of all, I have put stitches in the soles of a pair of prunella gaiters, yes, prunella gaiters, belonging to old lady Simms, who lives in the tiny colonial house on the hill with the great horse-chestnut trees around it. She had darned the holes in the sides herself with black linen. Into what awful era have these reminders of far-distant, sunny days of peace lived on!

September 24.

My insight into the predicament of Billions in all his glory grows with each visit I make to the great house, each conversation I have with any of its inmates.

In his desire to do himself well he has overdone the

matter in every way possible. He purchased so much of the Maine coast for his summer estate that he has no near neighbors; he is a solitary sphere, revolving all alone in a vast and empty universe. I am no astronomer, but I know that this cannot be done; all Billions' magnificent isolation is a contradiction of cosmic law.

It would be an interesting idea for a novel in the earlier manner of Mr. H. G. Wells, the story of a piece of matter that had broken from all laws of attraction and gravitation and was running wild in the universe; Billions we must look upon as an unruly comet, hoping that he will eventually be brought out of his individual orbit and drawn into obedience to the common law.

Loneliness strikes me as the note of every individual existence in that house. Katharine has part in the life of a fashionable shore colony a few miles farther on, but I doubt if she cares for it. The younger sister Clare evidently shares some of the sports of the same set. But none of this comes to Billions. From hints that he drops I gather that, lost among the rich of the city, he had rather relied on the summers for social recognition and intercourse, and the summers have failed him. There are none here who speak his language or think his thoughts. He is as solitary, almost, within his high walls as a convict; there he is, immured in his riches, sentenced for life, without even the relief of hard labor.

Nowhere else in this country, to so great an extent, except in an occasional glimpse of the city slums, have I felt the irony of present developments in American life as I do here, in the presence of

this unachieved democracy of Billions' establishment, this wealth that means more ostentation and expenditure, bringing only cramping fetters, instead of a real enrichment of life. In the raw and shining crudeness here one finds far less justification of great possessions than in cases where hereditary tastes and standards dominate, making dollars serve the higher purpose of feeding mind and soul.

Thinking of this last night, I went to sleep in a mood that, I fear, bordered on complacency, but wakened this morning in bright October sunshine with a sharp realization that some of my criticism would better be directed nearer home. My recognition of the fact that I myself am not, as yet, in any real sense, a citizen of America, have not earned that right by virtue of helping make and keep others free, has, at times, an unpleasant poignancy. Perhaps it was the sting of conscience, or possibly it was the pleasant frosty, nipping air that drove me forth; for some reason I found it well-nigh impossible to work, so I closed my shop door and walked away from Mataquoit and cobblerdom. I spent the entire day — I had a sandwich with me — walking along the shore to remote spots that I had not seen, past marsh and headland already wearing the first flush of autumn coloring. It was hard scrambling part of the way, and of this I was glad; there are some mental predicaments from which only your legs can deliver you.

In thinking of duty undone, I find it impossible to keep from including others in the arraignment; how many are the paths for our straying! I went astray through the dilettante spirit and became the critic, the amused spectator of my kind. My uni-

versity training did little but foster this refined and exclusive selfishness. Billions has gone astray from the simplicity of true American life through his yearning for wealth and his love of ostentation. But how much were we in college, with our youthful snobbishness, our sense of caste and class, responsible for the direction that his ambition took? I can see him now, mowing old Professor Thomas' yard, while we leaned on the fence, yelling derisive directions to him that were meant to be humorous but were, doubtless, only cruel. We accepted him good-naturedly enough in all the situations of college life where we were inevitably thrown together, but of our ancestral culture, our inherited finer standards, how much did we share with Billions?

Jack's father has gone astray through a selfish practical instinct. He is unpretentious; he is honest; he does his duty by his business, and, in a way, by the town. But he is narrow; he has failed to be an American citizen of full stature in that the welfare of the department store is to him of paramount importance by the side of the welfare of the country. He has little sense of the nation and less than no sense of international duties, responsibilities, privileges. These business men who are too absorbed for any civic duty and are color blind as regards those higher standards that are beginning to wave before the eyes of men, — what shall we do with them?

Jack's mother has gone astray through fashion and surface culture. Yet we cannot blame women for not being citizens until we make them citizens; I hold her and her sex absolved for the present from all civic responsibilities.

Old Joshua Ridgeway in his great stone house on

the outskirts of the town has gone astray through forgetting that he is not his own grandfather. An interesting type of failure is old Joshua; with wealth enough for comfort, and to spare, he has shut himself up in his ancestral walls, sharing with no one, saving for the sake of saving; there is no going in or out of life in all that great desolate house.

It is odd, indeed, to fail to live, just because your grandfather happened to live before you! Was there ever another spot on earth where people lived so much in the past as they do here, so brooded over its achievements, rested so supine in what their ancestors have done, even though their ancestors have done but little? Old ancestor Ridgeway's highest achievement was, evidently, receiving a grant of land from the Crown.

But I must not throw stones; also upon my family tree creeps this deadly rust.

Yet all this kind of thought is futile. I am far better still, alas! in telling how we went wrong than in showing what we must do in order to go right. Some days I have not shoes enough to mend, and critics flourish best in times of idleness. This old, critical, analytical habit of thought, how I wish I could get rid of it! Creature of a period which taught us how to pull apart, rather than how to put together, I must try to forget the chief teaching given me in my youth, and, at this date, train my mind to habits of constructive thought.

If the Creator had paused on that first day to analyze the component parts of chaos, instead of beginning to shape the firmament, the universe would still be uncreated.

September 26.

"I'm having serious trouble with my daughter," Billions Brown confided to me yesterday.

My expression was, doubtless, both congratulatory and sympathetic; I would give a great deal to have a daughter like that to have trouble with.

"I don't know what has come over her," he went on; "I'd wring your neck, Masters, if I thought you were influencing her —"

"No, no," I told him, but a bit guiltily; "it's the other way about; nowadays the old learn of the young; haven't you found that out yet?"

"She's gone on strike," said Billions. "It's not merely a question of being dissatisfied with her lot; she's acting. She won't wear the clothes I give her nor eat the food my *chef* provides, except the simplest. I see her morning and afternoon in plain linen frocks, as plain as my sisters used to wear. And she is behaving exactly like her grandmother at table, asking for an egg or something of the kind, and passing most of the courses by. If you will believe it, she is questioning the right of possession; says she doesn't want to own anything for herself; wants to give everything away. How can she be trusted with the fortune that will come to her some day?"

There was a deep frown on Billions' forehead; evidently the problems of refining crude oil had never presented anything so difficult as these processes whereby his daughter's spirit, through influences beyond his ken, was being refined. He was almost paralyzed by the shock of what he was watching, without understanding.

Through what he told me, the impression that I

already had of his daughter is deepened. She is high-spirited, mettlesome, doubtless hard-bitted at times; yet through all the years of her childhood and girlhood she would have found it difficult to discover an occasion when she could disobey her father, as it was she who gave commands, and Billions Brown delighted to obey. Talk of the abolition of slavery in America, and then regard the American parent in the hands of the American child! Perhaps this state of things is inevitable in a democracy where the child's opportunity is greater than that of the parent. There is often tragedy in this, but not here; this was comedy. Regard Billions Brown. His daughter is affectionate; she is devoted to him, but she rules him absolutely. Probably since the time when she, like other babes of a year, had desired to put her shoes and the flowers on her hat into her mouth, no wish of hers had been denied. If I feel in her less humor than Jack has, I know that she has more keenness of insight, more sense of irony, and more impetuous passion. She has derived much from her old grandmother, much from her father.

"Katharine," Billions said to me, "is obstinate."

"Strange, isn't it?" I answered, "considering her parentage."

Strong, delicate, fine, proud, she is a good example of the swift flowering of fresh and delicate blossoms on sturdy old stock. When I see her and her father together, I think of an apple blossom on a gnarled and ancient bough.

I got further light on the dilemma to-day, for we had a picnic on the rocks, Jack, Katharine and I. It may have shocked Mrs. Grundy of Mataquoit, if

she were aware of it; I do not know; but Katharine now, in the light of her father's friendship with me and her grandmother's approval, openly claims me as a friend. When, this afternoon, she stopped at my shop with a message from her grandmother, and, in response to my suggestion that she looked pale, said that she was actually hungry, there was nothing to do but to provide her with food.

"You see," she said, "there is so much unnecessary expenditure at the house, such quantities of food wasted, that I cannot endure it. I have tried and tried to have it cut down, but nobody will listen. I simply will not eat what others may not have; it is sinful to buy those rich things when many people are starving.

"The *chef*, when he is asked to cook simpler things, says he will leave if we do not need him. Anybody can cook common foodstuffs, he says; he cannot prepare any but elaborate dishes. I really think that Father is afraid of him; at any rate he refuses to do a thing. He says he has earned the money for all this lavishness and earned it honestly. He says that I ought to like it.

"I have mutinied. I will not eat anything but plain food that anybody may have, — and it is only at breakfast that this kind of food is to be had at home!"

So we picnicked on the rocks by Simmons Cove: a loaf of graham bread; butter in waxed paper; potted tongue; bananas; ginger ale, and the horizon line of the blue sea. I doubt if Katharine Brown had ever relished food so keenly; she ate ravenously and said that it all tasted like ambrosia. Obviously she had never before come into contact with paper

napkins; an adventure in democracy for both of us, and we enjoyed it hugely.

As I sat and smoked on the rock which I had chosen for myself I watched the two chatting gaily, Jack entirely happy except for the thought of his approaching return to college, and Katharine forgetting for the moment the struggle of her soul with its clogging environment. My mind went back to the puzzling problems presented by the railroad strike, to the social revolution threatened in constantly increasing industrial discontent, and then to Katharine's rebellion against her father. If the social revolution can only take, east, west, north, south, the form it is taking in the household of Billions Brown, there is hope for the country.

September 28.

A brisk west wind this morning and a customer who revived my faith in humanity, after my recent disillusionizing sojourn in the tents of the idle rich, my self-castigation, and my disheartening recognition of the egotism, the selfishness of the vast army of working men threatening to tie up the business of the country.

My visitor was one who seemed unaware of the money motive as the supreme force in existence; it was a mother from a far-away, barren farm, who brought me her boy's boots to see if I could in any way make them last another winter. Both mother and son, I learned, endure extreme physical hardship for the sake of an intellectual ideal concerning the boy's future. She rises at five, every morning on cold winter days, to get breakfast by candlelight; he does the farm "chores," then walks five miles to

high school, where he is stubbornly preparing for college. Next year he plans to go, without a cent, to Bowdoin; I have been busy all day with plans for helping him without interfering with his independence and his self-respect.

No country can be anything but strong which is fed at such pure springs of aspiration as that of this mother and son; those morning griddle cakes of which I have heard have something of sacramental quality as the two partake, the stars shining through the window. For the boy, a few moments' warmth and comfort, then the high trail! It is a relief to come across, as I do now and then, these education-inspired country folk, still holding the high aims of those who founded our country as a spiritual aristocracy, still uncorrupted by passion for wealth and for pleasure.

This is but one of a number of incidents that are making me realize more keenly the fundamental bases of power in our democracy; and, in the face of the heroisms of some of these unpretending people, I begin to regret for my youth the lack of hardship that might have made me a stronger man, with deeper understanding than I have of my fellow citizens, their difficulties, their privations, their aspirations, with deeper understanding of the real forces of life. Nothing can take the place of the fight with circumstance that has made strong men and women out of past generations. Realizing that our leaders have, for the most part, come out of humble homes, farms, parsonages, plain habitations of plain men, my mind goes puzzling along the ways of abstract systems that would equalize wealth and banish differences of condition. I find in none

of them, however, any substitute for the challenge to the individual that we find in our present — granted, very faulty — system.

Yet Billions Brown and all his ilk of multimillionaires are wholly wrong; no man should be permitted to heap up stores upon stores of useless wealth; wholly wrong is the unabashed luxury, the riotous spending in useless ways of wealth, the country over. God grant us insight to find our way out of our dilemma!

XVII

September 30.

Jack has gone back to college, after a farewell visit to me, in which, at first, he assumed a jollity which he was far from feeling. Then he grew shy and silent, fingering the pieces of leather hanging on my wall and behaving as if he wanted to consult me, but he did not. A new Jack this, for, in the earlier days of our acquaintance, he used to blurt out everything that came into his head. This lack of surface confidence does not trouble me, for it betokens something deeper; there is no need of words between Jack and me. He flushed a bit as he shook my hand:

"You will look after things and people up there, won't you, Socrates?" he asked, nodding in the direction of the Brown estate.

I promised to do my best. Now I am trying, not quite successfully, to turn my attention to shoes. My new friend, Alexander Wallace, drops in occasionally for an hour's discussion of men and things. I envy him, and I admire him, this man who has no slippers, as the one genuine citizen I have ever known; and he admires Billions!

Because he, an honest lawyer, has not acquired wealth, he looks upon himself as a failure; and he pays homage to this oil magnate who has so gloriously succeeded. He talks of himself at times wistfully, seeking, as he gives, sympathy, and I often

listen in amazement. One of the oddest bits of human psychology that I have ever known is this great man's estimate of Billions' achievement as above his own. He is sensitive, a lover of beauty and of fineness, human, lovable, with enough of imperfection to enable him to understand his fellows. It pleases me to find in him some foibles and limitations, for his praise is so much in all men's mouths, that I had begun to fear that he might prove a monster of perfection. He is quickly touched, too quickly hurt, and one has to watch one's words with him; yet he is incapable of cherishing a grudge. He is at once over-sanguine in regard to measures of public benefit, and a bit over-easily discouraged when things go wrong. Perhaps this last characteristic is one of the reasons why we get on so well together.

Meanwhile, I do not quite know how it is, — perhaps my old classmate's loneliness; perhaps my regret for earlier days when I rather looked down on him; perhaps it is the influence of Grandmother Brown; perhaps it is Katharine; but I am much at Billions' house. And he is much at my shop. He shuts his eyes to a great deal, but so do I.

I like him better than I did in the college years, though I wish he could get rid of his false standards, — that hankering for the world in which I was brought up, and which I have found so futile!

Billions is sorry for me, I can see, because of my degradation through work, work even humbler than he used to do. . . . Last night, awkward and much embarrassed, he bluntly offered me money; he has often hinted a willingness to help. When I refused, he suggested that he set me up in a business more

appropriate. How would a book shop do? he queried. It would not do at all, I said, in thanking him. Henceforth books shall take a subordinate, not a principal place in my life.

But I was touched and was also a bit remorseful, as one who is sailing under false colors, in that he should think me in need.

As he and I talked on his verandah, or in my shop, in the evening, I realize more keenly than I have ever done how life is dominated by what we want in the days of youth.

Billions wanted to be a multimillionaire.

He is.

I wanted to be a calm, superior critic and connoisseur.

I am.

And I curse the day when, because of false conditions, the idea first came into my head. I should prefer to be a ploughboy, doing my bit; achieving; turning up the honest furrow in the soil.

How shall an older generation, which has greatly failed, find the way to shape the desire of the young toward the best and simplest? How waken in them that sense of civic responsibility which we have so greatly lacked?

Billions, with his great palace on the shore, and his stables, and his servants' hall, his wide acres, has achieved everything that, as a boy, he had determined to achieve. He had set out to be a great trust magnate; he had never set out to be a citizen of his country, bearing his responsibility; doing his part.

I wondered how he liked it, Billions with his three-hundred-acre orchard of Dead Sea fruit.

"Look here, Billions," I said one day, when we were sitting on his magnificent verandah, "you are not an American citizen at all."

"You are a thundering idiot to say that," said Billions. "Don't I pay huge taxes?"

"Not as large as you are going to pay," I said firmly. This was rude. It is strange how one's undergraduate manners come back at times in the presence of men who were boys with you. Or perhaps it was the influence of Tim; it was like one of Tim's short, sharp, decisive barks.

"But don't I — don't I —"

"Don't you what?" I asked suavely, for he could not think of one civic duty that he had been in the habit of rendering his country.

"I spend my money here, don't I?"

"That's something," I admitted.

"I vote," but he was thinking.

"Billions," I said, "you have a great deal to say about the country's going wrong; but what part have you ever played in trying to make it go right? What duties of citizenship have you ever taken up? Have you had any share in sound politics, in trying to get the right men into the right places? Our multimillionaires have the reputation of standing completely aside, except for slipping something now and then into the pocket of a senator or congressman to speed things up for business —"

This was a chance shot, but it struck home; I was surprised to see Billions turn white, but he was not angry. Curiously, the more we lash each other with our tongues, the nearer we come to an understanding intimacy.

Soon after this I went home. Perhaps I was afraid

that Billions might turn to ask me what I had done for my country; my response would have injured the cause in which I was enlisted. It is significant that the Hebrew prophets always talked about other people's pasts, never about their own; other people's present sins, never their own. I doubt if it was good taste that kept them from talking about themselves; it was better for the cause for them to be reticent.

But I am astonished, now that the bonds of my old dilettantism are broken, to find how many convictions I have; how strong they are; how much of my grandfather there is in them. The same in principle, in kind, even if different in form and in application, as those of the stern old gentleman whose portrait hangs on my library wall. They have outlived my long years of silence; of reserve; even my college education.

October 8.

A tang in the air and a swift sea wind; marshes and hills beyond royal in red and brown and gold; both sea and sky intensely blue; a great cawing of crows in the pine woods back of us, and solemn crow processions to the rocks in search of food.

Through Grandmother Brown's flattering approval of me, and through the girl's evident wish, I am permitted to talk freely with Katharine Brown. Her controlled reserve, the conventionality that is but a mask placed upon her by the finishing school have vanished for the most part, and I am discovering how sweet and unspoiled she is. Sometimes I see in her a little merry, gray-eyed girl of sunny roadsides on her way to school, and she laughs at

times as if she were but ten years old. What would Billions say if he saw my mental picture of Katharine trudging along the daisied roadsides with a dinner pail?

For all her correctness of manner and her more than unimpeachable attire, she does not fit into this world which Billions has created for her, and her restlessness increases daily. She and her grandmother wear the alien look of two wild, bright-eyed birds shut in a gilded cage. Katharine has much of the older woman's essential simplicity, but is not as yet so sure of herself; she is a bit bewildered by her surroundings, alert, watching for a way of escape. There is trouble ahead for Billions, spite of his daughter's evident affection for him; meanwhile, it is charming to see her try to take the place of two daughters, now that Clare is away at school.

My respect for her deepens with each glimpse I have of her. Here is a woman, fine, practical, strong, of great potential power. That power is wakening; here is but youth, stumbling, trying to find the path. I watch her, understanding; day by day registers something of her struggle: there are some aspects of life, thank God, with which one can sympathize without effort.

When she questions me I answer her, but I try not to preach, yet much of my new-found philosophy about the interdependence of human beings she has extracted from me. I feel humble in her presence; perhaps nature intended us to feel so in the presence of womankind. She, who is practical, as Billions' daughter would needs be, will make good, where I only theorize, for when I think of myself, my mind is still full of an ironic sense of failure.

The feminine will is swifter and truer in its action than ours.

We talk of Jack, and she speaks of him frankly and freely, as she would of a girl-friend. Her eyes are fixed on something beyond Jack; whether he is included as an essential part of the picture I have yet to learn; I am not so sure of this as I was. I wish that I could read her dream.

October 10.

I was greatly pleased this afternoon, when I went to the post office before supper, to see that the little group of men gathered on the street corner discussing confidentially the news in the evening papers, instead of ceasing to speak when I passed them, looked in a half friendly fashion toward me and even gave me welcome.

"Here's Masters," said Phil Landers, the expressman: "let's ask him."

They were talking about the offensive on the Western Front, and my opinion was of no value whatever; but our remarks regarding the present situation led to a discussion of the principles at stake, and, by common consent, we adjourned to Noah Price's grocery. To be invited to sit on a barrel head by men who have previously rather shunned your acquaintance is no small honor; so might one feel upon entering an exclusive club. There was a certain thrill of satisfaction as I accepted; perhaps I have never before felt so much at one with my kind.

Joe Hincks, the policeman, guarded the doorway, one eye on the street, one on the group inside; my tow-headed friend, Phil Landers, stood checking

entries in his order book as he listened; the proprietor of the shop lolled over the counter, his fat face displaying a sleepy interest in what was going on; perhaps a dozen others were grouped about, on chairs, or counter, boxes and barrel heads.

Ever since I came I have looked enviously at the gatherings of men at the post office, or on some street corner, and I was vastly delighted to find myself within the charmed circle. Tim wagged his tail with an energy of friendliness that betrayed on his part the fulfilment of a long-deferred hope. I took care not to say too much, but listened with much satisfaction to a rough but unanimous condemnation of might as right. Here, I kept saying to myself, are the men behind the lines; here are those who represent that for which the nations are fighting. Here is a chance to sum up for or against democracy as represented by the rank and file. Do these men make good? And I admitted that, fundamentally, so far as opinion went, they made good.

I came home vastly pleased, feeling that I am making progress; I have learned to say "hello" to quite a number of people; I am a man among men. I find more hope in the fact that these neighbors of mine ask me to join them than I should find in possession of power to answer all their questions. Many of these represent problems for which I have no solution, yet I feel that they are as good as solved if we can go puzzling our way along together, in friendliness, toward a finer citizenship, and thus to a fairer government.

October 12.

A letter from Jack, the first I have received. I have been waiting for this with tense expectancy; whether this is because of desire for gratification of my affection, or because I am watching for the growth of a man in him I am unable to say. He is to me as the very soul of my youth, a finer and stronger self; and my whole present life is wrapped up in the hope that he may waken to a sense of a man's duty at this crisis, may make the great choice. The letter ran:

Dear Socrates:

You must have seen that we came out on top in last week's football scrimmage.

It was great.

Fine times here; I go to as many as a third of my lectures, which is something new for me. Got to get wise, you see, if I am going to talk to you.

How's boots? Hope to see you within ten days.

JACK

P. S. Three of our class enlisted with the Canadians. I may.

So men as well as women, I reflected, write letters for the postscript. This is the first intimation he has ever given of serious purpose to join the crusade.

I sat with this letter in my hand through the entire evening, and I thought of Abraham and Isaac. I am trying to build my altar whereon to offer up that which has become most precious to me of all living things. I know that this kind of love is a feeling that will not waken for any other human being; there is, in a life-time, one and one only vibration upon these chords. It seemed to me last

night, as I sat watching the street lamps flicker and go out, that perhaps my contribution to this great struggle for fairer dealing among men will come in the sacrifice I must offer in getting the boy to go. All night under my patchwork quilt, all day at my bench, and later, alone with the surf on the rocks, I have fought my fight. I am stung by the intensity of my desire that he should rise to the challenge, should make good; I am appalled by the immensity of my personal loss if he does indeed go.

XVIII

October 15.

A clash has come between father and daughter. I do not know all the steps in Katharine's patriotic and personal rebellion, but I know that the war for independence is on.

It was Billions himself who told me; his splendid, over-splendid equipage stopped at my shop yesterday; coachman and horses champed and chafed as the master bent his head to enter my humble doorway. Billions prefers horses and carriages to motors, though he has the latter, because they are what all men want. But in his youth, dreaming of his future, he dreamed of horses and carriages, and horses and carriages are now his. Alas for a country whose youth dream only in terms of things!

He came in muttering about the serpent's tooth, and it was some time before he could tell me what was wrong. At last I gathered that his daughter, his pampered daughter, had broken to him the fact that she intended to enter a nurses' training school in the hope of going to France to care for wounded soldiers.

Billions was furious at the thought of Katharine's doing something useful. "Can't they hire people to do these things?" he stormed.

He looked years older than when I had seen him last; his face had lost its sleekness. She, for whom all the efforts of his life had been spent in heaping high

his wealth, was nullifying all that effort in a moment. He had taken her up into a high mountain and shown her all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof, and she would have none of them. Would I try to bring her to her senses? I had influence with her.

What irony of life was this? Here was the man who accounted me partly responsible for his misfortunes turning in helpless appeal to have me undo what he thought was my own work!

"I shall do nothing of the kind, Billions," I said, taking up my needle. "You ought to be very proud of her."

He went out, slamming my door.

To-day I met Katharine on the street; she half stopped, as if to speak, then merely nodded and went on. The girl's eyes were bewildered; doubtless the absolute slave has turned into the stern parent, and, practically for the first time in his life, is issuing orders. I thought that I could read in her face successive phases of her struggle, — anger, defiance, sorrow at making her father suffer, and absolute determination to disobey, if need be, and live her life in the light of a higher ideal.

October 17.

Jack has been home for the two days, quite as vigorous and as jolly as ever, yet in some way changed. There are faint lines of thought on his forehead, and his whole face, a bit thinner than when I first saw him, is being shaped and molded. How far has he gone, I wonder, toward taking up the holy quest? In spite of his recent letter, we did not speak of this. I have the feeling of standing,

waiting by the roadside, watching for one who, I know, will come this way.

We met for a few minutes in the Browns' garden, for Billions dare not forbid the boy to come to the house while his old mother is there. I left him with Katharine by the huge yellow chrysanthemums and came back to my shoes.

That mysterious inner reason why I must share Jack's life with him explains, though it itself is forever inexplicable, a curious excitement which I have from the first felt in Katharine Brown's presence when he was there. There have been times when I have watched with tense anxiety; times in which I have held my breath; times in which utterly unaccountable joy has come to me, and I have wondered, I whose life has been rather barren of swift heart-beats, why; times in which, in great suspense, I seemed to be waiting for I know not what. Knowing the strange bond between us, I should have understood sooner.

It is curious that, when I am alone with Katharine, I am aware only of the waiting mind and the beautiful soul of her; when Jack is near, to this is added an almost too poignant sense of her loveliness of face and hair, her grace of motion, the fine strength and slenderness of her. I do not really know whether she is outwardly beautiful or not, for I never actually see her with my own eyes.

"Did Katharine tell you her plans?" I asked Jack when he said good-by.

"Yes," said Jack solemnly; "she did," and was silent; he did not need to say more.

Through the growth of these two I became aware of growth in choicer spirits, the country over, in un-

derstanding of the present crisis and in determination to help.

October 20.

It is difficult these days to sit and cobble; I prick my fingers more than is my wont. Perhaps it is restlessness, perhaps it is increasing regard for people; something, at any rate, has driven me out to see more of my kind. It never occurred to me before that people, plain people, could be so interesting; doubtless Alexander Wallace is partly responsible for opening my eyes, with his character sketches, full of imaginative insight, of the inhabitant of Mataquoit, his stories, tragic or otherwise, of their past lives. I have been trying, in a quiet way, to find out if there are any actual sufferers in town; hence my acquaintance with the interior of the hut of old Mrs. Mooney, and with that lesser chaos, the kitchen of Sam Hicks, the odd-job man. I made poor work in mending a boot which he brought me a few days ago; when he took it away this afternoon I saw disappointment in his face. Outside he met the postman, and I heard him say, though I am sure I was not intended to hear:

"He's a damn bad cobbler, but he is a white man, all right."

I feel inordinately proud.

October 21.

The crisis at the great house deepens, for Katharine persists in her purpose, as any one who knew her would expect. Billions, for the first time in his life, scowls at her; her sister Clare, home for a week-end, looks at her with adoring eyes.

Billions has cut short his daughter's allowance, refusing to sanction her plan in any way; meanwhile, old Grandmother Brown is flinging her brave person into the breach. She said to Billions a few days ago:

"Let your daughter do as she wants; you have minded me all your life: you are not going to begin at nigh sixty to disobey me, are you?"

It was Billions himself who told me this; my appreciation of his mother is one of the things that make him like me, for I can see that he does like me.

Billions wears a puzzled face. When the abject slave of more than twenty years starts out to be the cruel, tyrannical parent, he has naturally some difficulty in establishing his position.

I was sorry for Billions. To have tried merely to spoil her; to have missed his chance to be a father of that girl! Billions Brown, the most successful man on the Atlantic seaboard, is a complete failure in life.

His face was a study when he came upon Grandmother Brown and me conspiring together to-day in the smallest room we could find at Round Towers. She has, it seems, something more than a thousand dollars in a savings bank, not the gift of Billions; it was left her by her husband. This she proposes to give to Katharine to defray the expenses of her training, and she was listening with some astonishment to my counter proposal.

I waited patiently until my host had finished, but seized on the first opportunity to speak.

"Billions," I said, "you must do as you choose; you are wrong, however, in thinking I have incited

your daughter to disobey you. I knew her decision after it was made, not in the making. If she chooses to risk her life in France, I can only admire her, and neither you nor I can admire her enough.

"And I will add this: if you cast her off, and she will permit me, I will advance whatever money is necessary to secure her training."

Billions grinned.

"You will support her, I suppose, on your two dollars and forty-seven cents a week?"

I told him that I should not need to; that I have plenty of money.

"Then what tomfoolery is this?" demanded Billions. "What are you masquerading here for?"

"It is the tomfoolery of trying to learn to be a human being," I answered. He looked genuinely concerned.

"Are you crazy?" he asked. "I thought you had lost everything you had."

"What I have lost," I retorted, "was lost where I meant to lose it, some in ambulances on the western front; some in Belgian food supplies. I fitted up a ship and sent it over." (I should never have made this admission to any one except Billions.)

"Like you, I had a great deal more money than any one human being has a right to have; there's enough left to lie heavy on my conscience. How about yours?"

Billions snorted and left us. After he had gone, Grandmother Brown accepted, with a twinkle, my offer of a loan to Katharine to defray her expenses in the training school; but the loan is to be made in her grandmother's name.

"It won't run long," said the old lady, taking up

her knitting. "My son always comes round after a little while."


October 26.

For several days I have not seen Katharine, but I know with what vigor she is going about her preparations, now that her decision is made. She is one who will ride straight and swiftly toward the goal, when once the goal is known. There are not generations enough of artificial life between her and the soil to stamp out a primitive strength of energy and will, and her slender body is all a-quiver with vitality, inherited from ancestors who toiled out of doors. Now, with the awakened soul active within her, she has become an irresistible force; this call of the great present, which is slowly but surely rousing Jack, is proving a restraint to Katharine, giving steadiness and direction to what might be over-impetuous action.

Billions' continued opposition is as obstinate as it is futile; he can do nothing with his daughter, and he does not pretend that he can do anything with her. He comes to me for consolation, and I am indeed sorry for him, but my pity is tinged with something that is not compassion; how completely this over-successful man, with all his business insight, has failed to see the point of life! Perhaps it is only through hurt as keen as this that his vision can be cleared.

October 28.

To-day Grandmother Brown sent for me to tell me that she is going home; her old face bore the look of an exile whose term of banishment has ended.



Her predicament at Round Towers has always filled me with a sense of pity and of admiration, for she bears her trials gallantly and is obviously willing to face them because of her love for Billions. Billions cannot visit her, or thinks he cannot, in her story-and-a-half cottage home; it was ridiculous, his mother said, that he felt himself too great to come to the place where he used to spade up the garden and mend the picket fence himself.

She would not leave before Katharine was fairly launched, she told me, except for the fact that her health was suffering; the food was not such as she needed, and at home she was accustomed to do a certain amount of work every day, thus getting needed exercise. I could see that she wanted her own stove, her teakettle, and the little mahogany table on which she has her tea.

Katharine she entrusted to my care during the remaining time of her stay here, she hoped that I would write her now and then during the winter, and she gave me the girl's address. It seems that a great physician in New York City, who was once a country boy helped by Grandmother Brown, has secured for Katharine a place in a hospital where she can secure training sufficient to send her to the front in much shorter time than the Red Cross demands.

Mrs. Brown thanked me for having helped her granddaughter discover her deeper self, though Grandmother Brown did not, of course, use these words.

"She's a good girl; I can see her grandfather in her. He never would have stood for anything that was sham, and I'm afraid that Ami —"

She looked about, with the air she always wore here of complete detachment from her surroundings. The oak panelling, the Japanese vases, the furnishings of the room were not in themselves sham, but I knew what she meant.

We had a long and confidential talk in which we came to a complete agreement in regard to Jack.

Then she went back to her knitting. There was about her as she sat there an expression seen sometimes in the fortunate old — too few, alas! — of having come into a bit of Golden Age, after the difficulties and endeavors of the fighting years, of having time to watch, enjoy, and understand.

It is such a look as a ship sometimes wears in a sunny harbor.

She has earned her days of rest. Of all the people I have encountered in Mataquoit, not even excepting Alexander Wallace, old Grandmother Brown seems the one who has most ably and devotedly fulfilled her duties as an American citizen, she who is not legally even a citizen.

She has faced unflinchingly every responsibility presented to her. Every demand of life upon her, physical, mental, moral, spiritual, she has met; all that has been entrusted to her by church or state, community or family, she has performed.

A gallant creature who — if the expression may be forgiven — has taken every hedge, however high.

XIX

November 15.

October has gone, and Indian Summer has set a seal of silence on our lips. I do not know why it is, but the season makes words seem futile; the hushed expectancy of nature imposes a mood that reaches beyond the confines of human experiences. Great inner harmonies become almost audible, and the listener feels that he may perchance in another moment hear a greater voice than our own.

The sea wears a subdued and hazy blue; the many colors of marsh and headland blend in dim loveliness near and far; the horizon line of ocean and land seems to enclose a world whose every path should be a path of beauty — alas! —

Billions Brown has taken his luxurious way to his distant city establishment; Katharine is in New York, beginning her training, — the look on her face when she said good-by was like that of frosted glass over incandescent flame. Jack I see now and then at week-ends, but Tim and I are much alone. It is impossible to keep from realizing that Tim is glad that everybody that counts has gone away, except himself.

Loneliness follows this sweeping of people from the stage; not one is left to connect the scenes, as in French fashion. With my friends away, and with daily fewer feet coming to be shod, I am more often than I like thrown back upon my old occupation of

thinking, and I realize that now comes the test of me and my steadfastness of purpose. With the novelty of my first days of experience here worn off, and my curiosity in regard to my fellow citizens somewhat satisfied; with the young folk gone, who have absorbed my interest and made life more vital to me than it has ever been before, so that I have frankly taken refuge in them from the troublesome lines of thought which I have started, — I am sheer against my task, facing it really for the first time, the hard task of knowing my neighbor; the harder task of wanting to know my neighbor; the hardest of all, — making my neighbor want to know me, so that I may share with him whatever the gods have granted me and gain from him whatever wisdom he has learned of life.

I went last night to a church sociable. . . . The net result of this human intercourse is not ready for record, for I am not sure where it belongs in my ledger. It's a long, long way to that land of understanding and of sympathy toward which we travel: I must hasten my pace.

Much comfort comes to me on chilly autumn evenings from the open fire in my rough fireplace, yet all this seems a thin and shaded existence, for I miss Jack increasingly. When I read, printed words no longer satisfy as they used to do, and my own life seems again to lack grip on reality, to be fading into a theory.

"The great spectacle of modern democracy deploying its forces is more moving than any pallid ideals of the past," I read last night, in a student's book; "it has the grandeur and breadth of the large phenomena of nature; it is wide as the sunrise; its

advance is as the onset of the sea and has like rumors of victory and defeat."

To-day I walk on the beach, pondering these words. They are great words. I find it easy to relate them to my thought, my hope for man; I find it hard, at times, to relate them to the Mataquoit town meeting; the Mataquoit election day; to many types of people with whom I share the streets of Mataquoit.

November 17.

Working in my shop, or lying under my patchwork counterpane at night, I hear constantly the sound of passing feet; doubtless my new profession makes me more aware of footsteps and of their significance than I used to be. There are swift running feet of children; slow feet; halting feet; sometimes the shuffling feet of the old; feet that know their goal, and feet that stray this way or that, uncertain of any aim. I listen most intently to the footsteps of the young, as a group of youths go past, a group of young girls, or two young lovers, learning to keep step.

Listening, I seem to hear the tread of the coming race, bringing in the democracy to be. Often I discern but confused and aimless tramping, but there are times when the sound of the sea blends all the varied footsteps into harmony, and then I hear, far off, the tread of an innumerable host, stepping to the music of a common ideal, marching toward a great goal, a government based upon an understanding sympathy, a generous and harmonious ruling of the people by the people, for the people, not for self interest.

Such moments come for the most part at night, when vexing sights and sounds are absent. It is easier to believe and to hope, in these quiet hours when the soul's eye has keener vision because the sight of the bodily eye is withdrawn. I wonder if great faiths, as well as great art inspirations have not been conceived at night. Certain it is that, if I am soothed to sleep by an imagined music, sweeter than the music of the spheres, I waken to hear the angry tread of men disputing, — perhaps John Wilkins wrangling over the axe which he loaned yesterday to old Joe Peters, and which came home dulled. How shall mankind learn to walk beyond its sense of private grievance? Voices here echo voices of men the country over; it is still the old slogan of men's rights, not men's duties, their civic responsibilities.

How can people live near the sea and learn so little of its vast harmony?

November 20.

With Jack away, and fewer people tramping the streets of Mataquoit to wear out their shoes, I find time to see much of my new friend, Alexander Wallace. Even to exchange a jest with him as he goes to his work in the morning has a heartening effect, and I find myself waiting with eagerness for his shrewd yet kindly comments upon people. He has an affectionate appreciation of the foibles of human kind; he could not serve his fellows half so well without this keenness of insight. It has become something of a duty to lure him out for extended walks, as his office hours are all too long, and his practice of humanity eats up his leisure time.

Upon nearer acquaintance, my admiration in-

creases; this man has a genius for living. I berate myself as I walk by his side, listening; I can find absorbing interest only in the few people for whom I deeply care; toward the others I merely try to do my duty. Here is one who really loves his kind, who did not have to learn sympathy. He listens to his neighbor's grievances and relieves them if he can. He lends an ear to human claims, and, if he finds them righteous, tries to satisfy them, — this in both the professional and the unprofessional sense. To me he says that he is an unsuccessful lawyer; from my neighbors I have learned the secret of whatever lack of prosperity there may be; they tell me that he always reconciles the disputants if he can, bringing together the husband and wife who sue for divorce, inducing farmers who quarrel over boundaries to shake hands and make up. He searches continually for channels down which human nature can run smoothly, trying to guide it through its proper beds. Thanks in lieu of fees hardly swell a bank account, yet I foresee that they will mount up heavily when I settle the long columns of my ledger. Even if I have to leave the final accounting to the Recording Angel, I have no fear of the result as regards this man.

Nothing human can fail to interest him. He lends the entire force of his manhood, officially and unofficially, to the community in which he lives, entering into it, not in one aspect only but in all, political, social, religious, taking part in every assembly that is endeavoring to govern, giving the whole strength of body and of soul to civic need, as he gives it to any individual in trouble, — man, woman, or child. He makes acquaintance with everybody, is re-

sponsible for everybody, from the washerwoman to Billions and to old lady Simms, who waits eagerly for his monthly call. I marvel at the power this one man's personality has to knit the town into unity; his very faults and weaknesses, which he confesses with utmost frankness, are a part of his power, strengthening his hold upon his neighbors, as they deepen his charm for his friends.

Young men of Mataquoit whom I have passed by as wholly uninteresting (alas! my old snobbish tradition, my old training!) he takes into a friendly intimacy, some even of those who have vexed me by standing idle at the curbstone, with their hands in their pockets, their hats on one side of their heads. Hats are set at a better angle, hands come out of pockets upon acquaintance with him, and I cannot help thinking that a straighter thinking accompanies the more erect posture that ensues. There is a loveliness in his relation to young men, in his way of making friends with them, sharing his standards with them, finding out their troubles and their temptations. It is not didacticism that he offers them, but friendship.

When we are together we talk endlessly about people, about institutions and the way in which they work, rarely about abstract themes. My new friend has a wistful way of speaking about Christianity not as a theology — he cannot conceive of it as an abstract theme — but as a life that has in some way missed being carried out by the inhabitants of the world. It is a continual, puzzling surprise to him that people in general do not try to live up to it, that in nineteen hundred years it has not come true.

When I am with him I hardly dare mention the

war. This failure between the nations is for him a tragedy so deep that he will not talk about it.

November 23.

I am feeling encouraged; Tim's tail, which moves so inevitably in accord with my inner feelings, is beginning to wag oftener; to-day it even recorded a stare of friendliness toward Melton, the hardware man, whom I have from the first somewhat disliked. In so far as I am a mere person I care little for him still, but in so far as I am a citizen I am evidently achieving a cordial feeling toward him.

I really miss this supreme means of self-expression, a tail, far less than I used to, now that I have Tim's. Besides setting me an example in displaying that ideal friendliness with human nature which is the basis of true democracy, he is a great help in practical ways, for he often recognizes people when I do not. At his first wag, I bow, whether or not I know to whom I am bowing.

November 25.

To-day I must do a bit of balancing in my ledger, to see if these months of troubled speculation and of baffled endeavors to help since the day of my arrival in Mataquoit have brought me anything to put on the asset side. At least they have stirred deeper thought within me than has ever been stirred before; they have made me dig down beneath this oppressive sense of war to things profounder, searching for fundamental bases upon which right relations between man and man may rest. That long tragedy in many acts, of human governments, the difficulty

of establishing right relations between nations and between individuals, is more real to me than before.

Thinking of the immemorial struggles, and of the brave hopes with which our forefathers started to build a new and better order, I can but recognize the fact that, in our one hundred and forty years of freedom, we are far from having made the progress that we should in the shaping and the right-ordering of our national house of life. The aspirations of which they builded its walls should have resulted in a nobler structure; the seeds planted about its doorways should have come to fairer flower long since.

A government *by* the people, — from the village loafer by the post office in this present world of mine, to the delicate-minded connoisseur among his choice buildings in that world which I have left behind me, how little we have realized the demands of this brief Article in our forefathers' creed! The present, in many ways shocking condition of things is wholly our own fault; we are all guilty alike of shirking civic duty; the thought of what we have left undone comes beating back upon my mind as the waves beat on the shore. Those heroic ancestors fought and bled to win liberty; we, their descendants, at least the great majority of us, thereupon lie down upon it, conceiving it a something secured once for all, a couch for our own rest.

It is far from that; it is a constant duty, an incessant achievement, calling for such effort, such sense of the relation of man to man as few of us have had. No mere form of government can make free those who do not daily and hourly struggle to make and keep themselves and others free. What care have we taken, we citizens of many privileges,

that our best should be winnowed out of our vast fields of men and sent to Washington, to Senate or to the House, to govern us? Amused, apart, and disdainful of politics, we have let many of our cities fall into the hands of rings, where the corrupt play the leading part; the citizen has made way, the country over, for the professional politician; and we smile in watching that turbulent race, which is notorious for being unable to govern itself, establishing themselves as Lords of Misrule among us. With our cultured folk washing their hands of civic duties and responsibilities; our artists, for the most part, evading the themes that would count the most in our national life; our writers failing to recognize their supreme duty, to guide the minds of their fellow citizens; with those best of citizens, the women, oppressed and counted out, — what government by the people have we achieved?

As for that next Article, — government *for* the people; we of America have not gone far in our divinely appointed task of bringing justice down from the heavens to dwell among men. We have let our industries swell unbelievably the criminally great fortunes of the ultra successful. We have let many a worker, in mine, sweatshop, or dye factory, where breath is poison, suffer martyrdom on the rack of our physical needs, of our vanities. We have let labor browbeat us, paralyzing our life, threatening women and children with cruel suffering, in order that wages should rise at once. Keenly sympathetic with many aspects of the struggle to stamp out injustice, I find labor in much of its endeavor as narrow, selfish, un-American, as capital, in placing its immediate profit before the welfare of the whole.

We have missed that unity of many in one which was our forefathers' hope. Late years have brought unmistakable evidence of decadence in our America, an emergence of an evil thing that our ancestors thought had been left behind, class struggle. Whether imported from abroad, or of native growth, it threatens the foundations of our democracy. How have we fallen apart! Class against class,—it is an unthinkable conflict. How can we be brought again to unity, to sense of a common aim?

XX

November 28.

My letters from Jack, though brief and sometimes so enigmatic in expression as to be almost unintelligible, are not infrequent. Disturbed by being robbed of complete understanding through this combination of slang and the technical phraseology of athletics, I am assiduously studying the sporting pages of the newspapers and am beginning to follow again the intercollegiate events on baseball and on football fields, and on the water, with some glimmerings of comprehension; the phraseology of sport has changed greatly since my day. Something of the growth of Jack's mind creeps in between the lines of the letters, as, in my more sanguine moments, I dare hope that something of intellectual life in the college creeps in between athletic happenings. The thought of the boy and of what he will do is never long absent from my mind as I go on cultivating the acquaintance of this neighbor and of that in Mataquoit, always, I dare say, with some unconscious reproach against him in my mind because he is not Jack. It is incredible to what extent I miss the lad.

A recent note says that a club has been formed by a small group, himself among them, for military training, presided over by a disabled French officer, but of his purpose in joining he gives no explanation.

November 30.

To-day my mind is severely businesslike; I have been sending out bills, and my mood is stern enough for me to come to grips with practical suggestions for settling the trouble in our national household.

Clearly, we need to get rid of two extremes; finding some plan of doing away with our two great sins of extreme wealth and extreme poverty, yet permitting individual responsibility and individual initiative. I am no politician or economist, but I can see a state, in which, through huge taxes on large possessions, through strict inheritance laws, forbidding any man to pass on more than a moderate sum to another, great fortunes would become impossible. One practical measure in which I have declared my faith by practice is a limitation of incomes. By the minimum wage, by careful legislation regarding conditions of work, poverty, and suffering in toil could be eliminated, the great mass of the people being left scope for energy, enterprise, originality, not stamped as by a factory with utter sameness of condition, bound down by unnecessary, arbitrary laws. We must have always some check on man by man; must have always emulation, desire to equal, to excel; competition is involved in the very constitution of human nature.

Still it is the old problem of finding how to leave man his individual opportunity, with the incentive to individual effort, and yet protect the other man. Of many things I am not sure, but I am sure that the greater amount of individual liberty that is compatible with righteous government the better. Abuses must be reformed, hardships of mine and of factory lessened, but no civilization of a formula,

no government-ordered uniform wealth and prosperity can ever discover the potential strength that struggle brings out. Struggle is the very heart and soul of life, rousing the energy, strengthening the fiber of soul and of body; it is by struggle that men are made men.

December 1.

A letter has come from Katharine, telling of the intellectual and the practical side of her training, which is well under way. As regards the former, she is full of wonder and of interest in learning something of the laws of life and of growth; elementary facts of biology and of physiology were doubtless ruled out of her boarding-school training as improper for a young lady to know. Billions, of course, chose for his daughter's schooling the most conservative, most elegant, most futile ancient establishment he could find. I am enormously pleased by my first missive from Katharine; there is not a note of self-consciousness in it; there is much of herself as a potential nurse, but nothing of herself as an important young person, only a touch of impatience in regard to the amount of theory that has to be learned, the number of practical things that must be known, before one may go to France. It is amusing to see how swiftly and directly her mind works; feminine intuition has kept her from all hesitation since she caught her first glimpse of the vastness of the task to be done; Jack, it is clear, is still a bit at sea in regard to the next step.

Katharine writes gleefully that she has learned how to put on bandages and that she has scrubbed a floor. Alas, poor Billions!

December 3.

Misgivings cut now and then across my increasing belief in people as fit to play their part in the great game of democracy. One thing impresses me here among the street-corner and the sugar-barrel orators, as it used to impress me at the club: the enormous number of critics our democracy has produced, as compared with the number of actors. Old Silas Todd, who is supported by that hard-working seamstress, his wife, and Sam Thatch, the village ne'er-do-well of seventy, can tell just how to run a republic and how to carry on the European war. From the counter of the village store I have heard Joffre, Hindenberg, and Haig out-generalled, and Lincoln outdone in statesmanship. These sidewalk talkers who prefer being leaders of modern thought to doing an honest day's work give pause for thought as regards self-government.

As I meditate upon various aspects of our faltering democracy I find that a great part of our failure is due to the fact that we all want to be critics instead of creators. Every man is, without lifting a finger, a peerless statesman in his own opinion; every man in office is a failure; all men know how it should be done, — this task which they make no attempt to do. Cranberries and critics were ever the New England crop!

This bitter New England tongue, bitter upon the street corners even as the east wind is bitter! Is there cause and effect here? Does the east wind blow in this special state of mind with the fog from the sea? One might think so, were not all parts of the country alike in this effortless superiority of "Words, words, words."

We have little thought, apparently, in denouncing our public officials and other active citizens, that the fact that the other man is hard at work in office or in public meeting, and most of us idle on porches, shows us failures. This smoky twilight omniscience of the street corners betrays our lack of constructive power, our failure to realize how much is asked of us, how great an effort we must make if we are to become citizens of a republic. The man we denounce is at least trying to do something, has done something. Even if he fails, he is better than we, for he has acted.

Our chief trouble is that every man among us thinks that the wrong is with the other man, not himself. In this great and searching creed of democracy he is unable to see the point that every man is responsible for all that happens. I must try to draw these men from their carping and pulling down and set them at building. . . . I must try to draw myself, for, among those who are omnisciently inactive, I am the chief of sinners.

December 8.

These cold winter days bring me, in spite of the thermometer, a certain warmth about the heart. Many of my neighbors have learned to stop and toast their fingers at my open fire; sitting here with them, I dream happily, in spite of harrowing tidings from the front, of a great human hearthstone where the nations may gather in friendliness. If the chasm between different social castes in this democratic country can be bridged, anything can be achieved in the way of overcoming social barriers.

It is impossible to keep from realizing that I have

become a privileged character in Mataquoit, despite my past, in regard to which there is still great uncertainty, despite my humble calling, despite the suggestion in regard to my being a German spy.

Much of this I owe to Jack, partly to his championship, partly to his companionship, for Mataquoit has a great liking for Jack and confidence in his judgment. Largely through him, I think, I have become friend and adviser of many people whose acquaintance I could never have won by myself. Not only in my shop, but in the library and on the village street, I am sought out by men who are beginning to think it worth while to ask what I think, what I would do.

Cyrus Weeks, the plumber, wanted to know what my next move would be if I were in command of the British on the Somme front.

I could not tell him.

Abraham Jencks, of the rural delivery, wanted to know what I would do with the headstall of his old gray horse.

I could tell him.

The hours that I especially enjoy are the hours when Leavitt, the postmaster, Joe Hincks, the policeman, Martin, the grain merchant, with a farmer who has come creaking in over the snow in an ancient cutter, or others like them, join me at my shop fireside and talk, less of the war than of the days to be. Among these men, these plain inhabitants of a plain town, I have a number of real friends; together we decide what our government should do; what institutions we should have, and how they should be managed. We establish our ideal State under the Stars and Stripes, for the con-

viction that America has a peculiar part to play in the future of the world is strong upon us all. If America cannot solve the problems that vex men's souls, carrying human hope to higher ground than it has reached before, what country can? Never did statesman, politician, or philosopher, evolve a fairer republic that we have evolved out of our minds and a little tobacco smoke.

Once or twice Jack has been with us; he sits and listens, and sometimes grins impertinently; I find that I can build the future better when he is here. Sometimes Alexander Wallace drops in, and perhaps makes a suggestion, or, with a twinkle, hints at possible limitations of humanity which I, in spite of my new schooling, am prone to forget.

The chief aim in all this discussion is to see if we cannot dig deeper into the soil of human nature than this demand for rights, down to those roots and sources of true citizenship which mean desire for service. In our new republic, it would be each man's first job, after governing himself, or while governing himself, to help govern his country. He should know that there can be no rule of justice among men unless each man does his bit and keeps on doing it. For government is a process, not a state; a life, an activity, not an established fact to be accepted as finished; there is no possibility of success if we merely work out a constitution and stop, congratulating ourselves on great achievement. A man must enlist in a democracy as he would enlist in an army, pledging his utmost service for the period of the war, which means his lifetime.

It is easy to see the glory of that for which our forefathers fought: freedom for the individual, the

open road, the chance for man to find his destiny with no man's shackles on arm or ankle; but the weak part, if not in this dream of liberty, equality, and fraternity, at least in our fulfilment of that dream, has been in the matter of fraternity. Over the ground of doing justice to one's neighbor in material things I have gone many times; while my neighbors discuss the problem, an undercurrent of thought runs on within me regarding a finer justice that should be added to the other. In a democracy, a man's inmost and uttermost ideal for himself he should insist on making good for his fellow men also. The human personality, taken by itself, is a *cul-de-sac*; non-civic virtues are questionable virtues; non-civic ideals are sterile ideals; every lofty aspiration unshared becomes a canker; as a repentant member of a privileged class I write these words. My indictment against myself is an indictment against most of the thinkers, the idealists I have known during my lifetime. I have buried myself heretofore in too prolonged contemplation of the principles of excellence, in art, in literature, in human conduct, with little or no thought of its application to the turmoil of human life. It is as if one had worshiped a pagan god in and for itself, with no consideration of the power of that duty to bless the people at large. The secret of successful idealism is a right adjustment between the passion for excellence and a recognition of human nature, its limitations, its possibilities, — a learning to share the passion for excellence with the common man. Ideals must not exist in the void, must not be cherished in and for themselves; they must make good in the stuff of human life.

Philosopher, scholar, artist, writer, in a democratic age, should remember himself always in the presence of the eternal verities, but also in the presence of the immediate verities of home and country. His form of expression should seek high service; not that he should treat always of political themes, but that he should so work as to make his vision clear to an increasing number of men. All, of whatsoever trades, professions, lines of business, should remember first of all that they are citizens, but especially all artists, keeping in mind those old days of the highest glory of Greece, of Renaissance Italy, when the great arts of sculpture and painting were a vital part of the life of the people. Perhaps upon the writer devolves the deepest responsibility of all. My conviction deepens that, unless those who have intellectual power, spiritual insight, artistic inspiration, bend their whole souls to sharing the best that is in them with the masses, civilization is lost, with all that is finer and higher in expression of the life of man swept down into oblivion, trampled under foot.

As I say these wise things I am put to shame by Alexander Wallace, who listens in the greatest admiration and tells me that he thinks my ideas wonderful, — he who has for a lifetime been living these ideas unconsciously. In my next extemporaneous lecture I am going to sketch his character as I read it, and am going to say that of such souls are built the walls of the perfect city. I warrant that he will express a wish that he might meet this man of whom I am talking; nor will the other people who listen, I fear, realize that I am merely describing one who sits among us.

XXI

December 10.

Jack home for a week-end, with more time at my disposal than is usual on these infrequent visits. Glorious December weather, with hoar frost sparkling in the mornings on every twig and every brown grass blade. I did not know that the boy was to be here until he tapped on my pane; then my awl went in one direction, my needle in another, — it is weeks since I have had a holiday.

We took a long walk together, Jack, Tim, and I, passing Round Towers, with its boarded windows, its muffled vines and shrubs, with the winter sea beating at the base of the desolate cliff.

My remark that a recent letter from Katharine stated that she hoped to sail next summer for France brought no response; and Jack took but an absent-minded part in the discussion that followed regarding athletics, ideal governments, and our hope of ever outgrowing war.

Suddenly he turned.

"Do you think I ought to enlist with the Canadians?"

"It is for you to decide, not me," I told him.

"You might just tell me what you think."

"I promised your mother not to influence you in any way."

"But how do you feel about it?"

"That, my young friend, is something which I shall never confide to you."

"You silly old Sphinx!" said Jack, slapping me on the shoulder; "as if I didn't know perfectly well what you think!"

I wonder if there was ever a man who said he was going to withhold his opinion, and then really concealed it? I certainly discoursed at some length in regard to a number of matters on the way home, but I am not very clear as to what I said. It is difficult for me to confide even to my journal-ledger the joy I feel in watching the swift unfolding of Jack's nature; it was a boy who sat in stockinged feet in my shop while I mended his shoe on the summer day when I first saw him; it was a man who walked with me to-day on the rock path by the shore. So right, so vital is his growth, that, as I look at him with the wakening sense of his share in the work of the world manifest in his eyes, he seems God's forgiveness to me for my past years, with their negligences, omissions, exemptions from service. I have kept the promise not to urge him to go, but from the first I have hoped that he would not make the great refusal.

What he said to me shows that he knows my mind perfectly, and I have had a bad hour debating the question as to whether I am right or wrong in standing, against his parents' will, by the new and finer desire which I can see is growing in Jack's soul. There is no doubt that his manhood would be dwarfed if this were stifled, but his parents are his parents; life is sadly entangled.

Tim lays his head upon my knee, as if wishing to help me in my predicament.

I envy Tim his decision of character; he never finds himself in a mental dilemma. He is a very positive and decided character; if he wishes to bark, he barks sharply, emphatically; there is no mistaking his meaning. If he wishes to be friendly, there is always a little, ingratiating whimper and caress from a swift, soft tongue. We have lost much in losing instinct and are as yet far from fully attaining reason.

Now, however much in this new life of mine I want to bark, angrily, defiantly, definitively, I can not. I have a wretched way of being polite, even when I do not want to be. I take foolish refuge in a gentle irony, very cutting indeed, but, nine cases out of ten, wholly uncomprehended by the person to whom it is addressed. My Damascus blade runs through and through the person who needs to be exterminated, and out again, without drawing blood. He never notices his demise.

There is one deep growl which I envy Tim, — an ominous, throaty ultimatum, of which he is as prodigal as was Germany of ultimatums in the early days of August, 1914. There are innumerable occasions when I could use an expression of this kind to admirable advantage if I could but command it.

Then there is his excited, yelping, tumbling-over-one-another series of barks, expressing extreme, excited joy, tumultuous joy. It is not that I wish that I could do just this; rather, that I regret that life with its varied experiences has never brought me a moment when I needed to bark like this, a moment so joyous that I needs must burst unless I express myself, choking, because there is not time enough to voice my joy. . . . If the course of

Jack's life runs as it should, perhaps such a moment will come.

December 15.

The stream of life in Mataquoit flows on through shop, and field, and roadway, through church, market, town meeting, elections, tea parties, sociables. As the weeks drift past, so much alike that I find little in them to chronicle, I am aware of a growing insight into the civic life of the place, into the activities, the indifferences of the citizens of Mataquoit, as well as of a growing acquaintanceship with individuals. With a deepening interest in people comes a deepening constructive idea of democracy, in spite of moments of discouragement.

And all the time, through gray days and through days of sun, the war rolls on, sweeping more and more of human life into its swift current. When will the two streams meet? For the handwriting on my wall at night from the bare branches of trees tells me that we are irresistibly, inevitably, being swept in. There is growing apprehension in regard to it; street corner and post-office discussions, the drift of chance remarks in my shop doubtless register faithfully the increasing concern of the whole country. Rankin of the drug store shakes his head over his bottles; Banks, our Congressman, looks mysteriously important; young men of Mataquoit begin to talk of the fighting as if it concerned them. Meanwhile here, as in the great social centers, if reports be true, there is excess of gayety, a feverish activity in the matter of organizing amusements.

Until further developments I hold myself sternly to my task of understanding my neighbor and of mending his shoes.

I have not forgotten the virtue raking article which I long ago resolved to write, but which I have had difficulty in beginning, because my list of virtuous citizens refused to grow sufficiently. Perhaps I lack eyes, or opportunity, to see the services rendered; perhaps the old inhabitants of the town, from whom I constantly seek information in regard to the history of Mataquoit, have better memories for people's delinquencies than for their achievements.

Alexander Wallace is helping me here; he was telling me last night of the long and distinguished service of Andrew Martin, the grain merchant, on the school board, a hard and thankless task, gallantly carried out through many years, with small recognition from any one, fighting corrupt local politics and keeping high the standard in the matter of teachers in the schools and of text books. My negligent friend, Abel Marks, the postman, once nearly lost his life, it seems, getting the mail across the marsh at flood time, when the bridge over the river was broken. I learned that Joe Hincks, the policeman, though he does accept free lunches at the restaurant, and "soft drinks" that are perhaps not over soft at the drug store, has shown great heroism on two occasions when there has been rioting in the town. Melton, the hardware man, whose heart I had thought as hard as his own tenpenny nails, failed half a dozen years ago because of financial assistance given to Noah Price, the grocer; Melton knew that others were involved with Price and tried to save the town.

These names I am jotting down on the asset side of my ledger, while I wait for others that I know will come, for the memory of Alexander Wallace is

a white list of citizens; no good deed is forgotten; no right attitude is unrecorded there. The unsuspected heroisms and loyalties of which I am hearing confirm my conviction that mankind takes a deal of knowing; that governments must find ways of reaching down for their basis to the ultimate sources of strength in the human heart.

December 23.

Many days drift without an entry in my ledger; they are all busy days. Still I go humbly, feeling my way along the tangled paths of human life, considering, weighing, learning. It seems odd for one of my training and tradition to sit at the feet of Tom Hanks, the ragman, but, metaphorically of course, I do, for I want to know how his mind works, what impulses quicken him to action, and I do not want to know by the modern psychology method. If these makers of new political theories would cease setting forth complete theories of social and political regeneration, worked out in the void; if they would study human motive in the concrete, perhaps they could find some programme that would work. They should scrutinize humanity with all the care of the poet, novelist, or dramatist, who study with imaginative understanding, that they may fashion their works of art after the very pattern of life. We have had, helping or hindering government, theorists of all kinds, scientists, economists, psychologists, — analysts all; God give us for civic guidance a race of artists, with divining insight, who see, feel, create in the light of human nature!

If the political economists of the late eighteenth century made the mistake of conceiving man as all

stomach, what mistake are contemporary theorists making? Our communist friends who conceive him as something of a bodiless automaton which will work with automatic correctness when once started, and who fancy that he will put forth for some abstract whole the effort that he will put forth for wife and home and family, are trying to write in a language whose very alphabet they have never learned. Life for the normal man spells wife and child and home, his own home, — not the state's, not the government's. For these sacred three he will offer up all that is in him. The only thing that will stir the ragman to any effort whatsoever is his "old woman's" hunger; the *commune* of Mataquoit has never succeeded in making him work. Nor do I see my friends, Abraham Jencks of the rural delivery, or Enoch Ames, the truckman, or even that official of the community, Joe Hincks, the policeman, delivering joyously at the town hall for common use, as they deliver at their own doorways, those garments and provisions which they have earned for their own, in obedience to the behest which nature has laid upon them.

Government must be built up on the whole of a man, recognizing all powers and all aspects of his nature, including the primal emotions, giving scope for all, challenging all. They reckon ill who, in devising systems of rule, leave out an understanding of human beings and of motives which actuate them. As I pass in review the most extreme of the new schemes which I have been studying, I wonder on what they have fixed their eyes, these theorists who evolved them; certainly not on men. I, for one, must think of governments in terms of human na-

ture, not of mathematical or pseudo-scientific abstractions. No social or political order can flourish which does not engage the deepest affection, the profoundest emotion, of human kind. If we ignore this, if we fail to capitalize the deepest and the best, what lasting foundation has the state?

God forbid that I should plead for a selfish order; my hope looks forward rather to a state of development in which unselfish action marks what a man wants to do, not what he is driven to do. Out of normal human lives and affections grow larger understandings; most men try to learn how to grow into friendliness with their neighbors; common experience should give us the key to the solution of the larger problem. To learn to tolerate my neighbor's creed, and perhaps half sympathize with it, at least to sympathize with him in holding it; to understand him as a man, — there is my citizen's task; there is the attitude that should be preserved in national and in international relations. Life should mean a constantly enlarging circle of sympathies, of voluntary disinterested action; man by man, nation by nation, we should creep into larger understanding.

Life *should* mean this; why doesn't it?

Christmas Day.

Enormously pleased by the gift of a pair of socks of her own knitting from Grandmother Brown, with a card bringing greeting, and the simple statement: "One hundred and thirty-first pair." Now what does she mean by this? She told me that she was knitting socks for soldiers; and I think she may intend a delicate suggestion — it would not be be-

yond her — that she counts me too a soldier in the war of service to humanity. I put them on, feeling like a knight of old with a lady's token of favor, and I am wearing them in celebration of the day, though I am not used to woolen socks, and they somewhat annoy my feet.

For the rest, I had a sunny note from Katharine and a half hour with Jack, enough to make any man's Christmas day.

Partaking of Christmas turkey, cranberry, and mince pie, and all the "fixin's" of an old-fashioned New England dinner, with the Widow Frayne and five of her relatives, I found genuine pleasure in coming into contact with the so-called plain people at a moment when heightened feeling perhaps reveals deeper aspects of personality than do the casual contacts of every day. Christmas is not a bad day on which to realize that it is growing harder and harder as time goes on to keep one's prejudices. I find myself outgrowing cherished dislikes; my slow-growing appreciations mark new discoveries in the El Dorado of human nature.

Yet this is a fighting Christmas, which brings no truce upon the battle field. We have heard much of the will to war; what might not be accomplished by a universal will to peace, a world-wide determination to get on with one's fellows, at any cost of effort?

XXII

December 29.

I have a curious realization in these days, as my thought clarifies somewhat in regard to matters social and political, that my instinctive desire to draw nearer my kind, to study men and women in order to do my work intelligently as a citizen, was a subconscious protest against that which I have come to recognize as the greatest menace of our day, the menace of collectivism. Feeling, perhaps half blindly, led me to a goal which my intellect has reached by slow and careful process through many hours of work with books, and many hours of hard thought by my bench, my fireside, or by the sea.

A something invaluable in our old civilization is passing; the most precious thing in all the universe is being crushed, individuality. From the mob, with its ugly throwing of personal accountability for crime upon the whole body, through strikes, where a multitude of men perform cruelties that no one of them would do alone, through many of the deeds of the proverbially soulless corporations, on to the world of thought and of much mistaken social idealism, the tendency is to shift responsibility from the individual to the mass. I fear the collectivism, both practical and theoretical, with its lessening sense of the weight of individual character in public and private affairs, and, in the world of thought, its increasing emphasis on externals, on government.

The "basic assumption," a friend tells me, of socialism is "that individual action is hopeless to remedy social wrongs. The point of all socialist ideas is that collective action must attack collective evils. Christianity, on the other hand, does lay primary stress on personal action."

This "basic assumption" is to me a negation of all history, all finer experience, a negation of Christianity itself, which, since its coming, has put the eternal obligation of individual act and choice upon every human soul. It condemns a doctrine toward which I have had many kindly thoughts; my socialist friend is the first who has fully revealed the weakness at its core. Not thus can we be absolved from our individual responsibility, or evade the task which the Lord our God has put upon us in calling us into life; not thus can we escape the high behest of Christianity, to develop to the utmost disinterested personality. This drawing nearer of humanity in recent days means great gain, yet something is being threatened which may outweigh the gain, — loss of a sense of personal accountability, both as regards a man's conduct in itself and as it affects his neighbor. For individual conscience there is no equivalent in the universe; the conscience of the state is no substitute for one's own.

January 15, 1917.

We are reading, my friends and I, in the leisure hours which grow more numerous in winter, and especially in our long evenings; the questions that these men ask are quickening once more my interest in books. Our Carnegie-library affords a not despicable shelf of volumes dealing with theories of gov-

ernment, new and old, — not only theories but dreams. For whatever else we need I send to my bookseller; the rough shelves which are gradually enroaching upon the wall space intended for shoe and leather are filled to overflowing. The racy comments of these men who read, or listen — for I drop my awl at times to read aloud — show that the intellectual freedom for which our forefathers fought has justified itself in independence of judgment.

As we plan for the future I confess to great difficulty in working out our Utopia; most dreams of this fail to satisfy; that of Sir Thomas More, in particular, has always filled me with horror, in spite of my entire sympathy with the author as regards contempt for wealth and jewels, and as regards a profound hope for justice for all men. That state-regulated existence where all men dress alike, marry at the same age as directed, live in houses exactly similar, in those towns as alike as peas in a pod, pursuing their uniform occupations just so many hours a day, suggests to me a monotony of horror that Dante might well have imagined as the innermost circle of hell. Later theories of justice for mankind coming through absolute uniformity of life are less extreme, but all tend toward this; the *Utopia* stands to me as a signpost of warning, saying: "Salvation does not lie this way." Nothing has ever been harder for mankind to imagine than an endurable millennium, and nobody has yet suggested one, though I must declare my preference for the older dream of the lion and the lamb lying down together over any of the communistic or socialistic millenniums pictured in any book of to-day. At least it was lion *and* lamb, not creatures compounded of

the two in unnatural identity, with all distinctive differences wiped out. Respect was paid to individuality in that dream of an ideal future.

The civilization of the narrow formula seems a contradiction of nature itself, of the very law of growth, which means, in every phase of life, constantly increasing differentiation, no crystal, no snowflake, no flower petal, no human finger print being exactly like another, the perfecting of the individual being the end toward which all natural life tends. Any alleged progressive scheme of government which leads to sameness of life and habit, reducing humanity to pattern, to one dull gray uniform of mental wear, threatens that development of individuality which is the supreme aim of human aspiration and the secret of human growth. It is the machine, not life, which produces an endless succession of similar products. If, in nature, all development means a more and more subtle defining of individuality, one might almost say of personality in things, along the infinite ways of endless differentiation, the higher hope for the human race would seem to me to point toward a world of beings perfected into utmost difference, living in a higher harmony than could come from blurring or blotting out distinctions.

Searching socialistic and communistic theories old and new, I find that these doctrines make the principle of American government shine out with peculiar glory, whatever our practice may have become. With all its defects, and with all our sins of omission and of commission, there is something here which does not appear in subsequent theories or in those organizations which bid fair to dominate

our future: realization of individuality as the point of existence; opportunity for man to be a free agent in his dealings with his neighbor. Certainly the labor unions show no conception of the meaning of this principle; certainly socialism bears no mark of it. These abstract schemes which give undue power to the state have nothing to offer in extent of freedom comparable with that of our government. They menace the vitality and the integrity of men's souls.

I am thus a more and more convinced American citizen, though I admit that our great experiment has been only partly successful, and I am often appalled by the extent to which we have failed. This my America is guilty of many shortcomings and lapses, yes, of innumerable disgraces, but her constitution, her possibilities of government to secure the welfare and the full development of the human race are far better than any of the theories and schemes, socialisms, anarchisms, collectivisms, that I have investigated. There is something here which I find in no other, at least, to so great an extent: not only opportunity for individual development, but challenge to individual disinterestedness.

Thus, while men are thinking in terms of collectivism, I, fully realizing that I may be an anachronism, think more and more in terms of individuality, raised to the highest power, its highest power of all being a profound sense of responsibility for other lives. Our forefathers were not wrong in conceiving the secret of government to be life's secret, the chance to develop individuality; did they fully understand that the secret of righteous government is the power to understand another's in-

dividuality and help bring it to fulfilment? I feel that they did not, and that they did not make sufficient provision for lifting the weights that crush humanity; it is for us to supplement and complete their plan. On the other hand our Constitution, which represents the finest thought of the period which produced it, is a magnificent declaration of faith in human nature, an assertion of belief that it will live up to its best; it is for us to justify this faith.

This side of the great creed needs prophets and priests to interpret it. As I study democracy in its pure theory, as here expressed, and then in its actual working in a typical town, like Mataquoit, that which strikes me most forcibly is the wealth of unused opportunity for high and disinterested citizenship. Observation here, recollection of the earlier days of my life, bring the same result: regret that character has not risen to the tremendous challenge, regret for privileges not utilized in this chance of all the ages to secure freedom and right development for all men, regret for the shirking of the finest opportunity, the greatest responsibility ever granted to men. The very conception of democracy is essentially a spiritual one, startlingly akin to loving your neighbor as yourself. All is lost, if the response to its opportunity here continues in future to be, as it has been largely in the past, a material one, if the privilege it gives is but privilege to make individual fortunes, to pad comfortable places for one's self and one's own. We want a social creed, as full of generosity, of sense of justice, as that of the socialists, yet full of challenge to the individual conscience, and faith in that conscience; we want

individualism, but not the old, selfish individualism — we must be purged of that, holding high our chance to serve, realizing that the only true freedom lies in the escape of self into beneficent force. The final development of individuality lies in supreme, voluntary service.

Doubtless Alexander Wallace is partly responsible for my new insight, making me realize what our country might be were all men even as he. I rather like the way in which the answer to some of my questioning has come concretely, through personality, for ours is, supremely, a civilization which must be built on individual character, the country over. Thinking of what we need, in public citizens and in private, I see that this man points the goal toward which my thought has been blindly striving. He is of more service to his kind than a round dozen of theorists who can work out and put down upon paper those apparently logical systems of government which are based, not upon human nature, but upon some abstract conception of man as he is not, systems as unworkable and as fragile as children's mechanical toys. In him I realize that the true ordering of a people's life is a matter of daily conscience of all citizens, not merely of articles in a constitution.

January 20.

Spent the morning over a pair of shoes belonging to Enoch Ames, the truckman, with yawning rents large enough to daunt the stoutest cobbler's heart since the days of St. Crispin. I was on my mettle, in a mood of determination that no wear and tear should prove beyond mending, and I made good,

though the original substance has largely disappeared under the repairs. My task was so complex that I should have given my whole mind to it, but I did not; all the time I was thinking, going back over the years. In those old days I never realized that the destiny of the world was my job, every man's job. Did it take so vast an upheaval, knowledge of such boundless suffering, to rouse us? Truly the shell of human nature must be hard to crack if such tremendous blows are necessary to usher the soul into life.

At noon I got a letter from Jack, a bit fuller in expression than most of his letters. The military training club takes an increasing amount of time; didn't I think that it looked more and more as if there might be need of its service, with the relations between our country and Germany growing more and more strained? For this reason it seems necessary to go into the matter rather thoroughly; there really is no end of things to be done. The college authorities are making great concessions in the matter of academic work so that the training may go on.

"And the joke of it is," wrote Jack, "that I am just beginning to wake up to the book side of things, now when I am too busy to read. I can't get half time enough for history; somehow it has come to life; and the same way with literature. I'm a regular bookworm now, or I would be if I didn't have so many stunts to do, getting up my muscle."

In and through all this I divined the struggle of a young soul wakening to its responsibilities, wrestling in the throes of the hardest decision that youth has had to make in all the ages. The harshness of

the teaching by means of which we are roused to new insights and new sympathies, as I have often thought in watching the ways of sorrow in this life, and now realize again in watching the world woe, would suggest that nature has no Montessori method, no kindergarten persuasions to offer her pupils, but loss, and anguish, and bitter sharing of another's grief. It is in our stronger moments only that we dare adventure the heroic faith that the great school mistress of us all is cruel only to be kind.

XXIII

January 25.

Some days, in this world of encompassing snows and sweeping winds, I have, in spite of my widening acquaintance with human beings, no one to talk to but Tim. The odds in the matter of conversation are not so great as you would think; Tim has a tail.

He came in to-day after furious barking, from which I had been unable to recall him; he had been disputing some matter of village management with a black and tan. He slunk under my rebuke into a corner and lay down with his head on his paws, his eyes fixed anxiously upon my face.

"Is it true then, Tim," I asked him, for I was at town meeting last night, "that in a democracy the loudest, most insistent voice dominates, and not the wisest?"

He gave a single, penitent half-bark of assent; the black and tan had gone away with his tail between his legs.

"For shame, Tim; you are a mere demagogue," I told him. "Look out, or you may find yourself in the Senate or the House," for I have my moments of discouragement, even in this time of increasing faith, and this was a day when the thought of *demos* weighed upon me with a sense of his deeds, instead of inspiring me with a thought of his opportunities.

"And what, Tim, do you think of the fickleness of youth?" I asked him, as the hours went on, and no

Jack came, for Jack was at home for the week-end, and I had as yet caught no glimpse of him. Tim listened, with ears pricked up. But there must be no impatience in my mood toward Jack, or Tim will fail to show his old affectionate cordiality, may even be rude. Often he distresses me, though he is civil to an increasing number of people, by beginning to bark disrespectfully — or shall I say critically? — at people whom I have not yet learned to like. Can not one have a dog without keeping one's soul in a state of improper exposure? I must mend my state of mind in regard to these people.

February 10.

Rocks, surf, and a freshening wind; this morning one old crow cawed so loud from a scrub pine near my shop window that he drove me out to see if I could find the world outside as interesting as he evidently found it. Made no new discoveries, but the walk did me good, and the tingling salt air made the blood run in my veins as it has not run since I was young.

These crows interest me endlessly. A band of seventeen live in the woods back of the town, and on sunny days they come in search for food, flying solemnly down to the shore in formation, following a leader who clears the air ahead and defines the pathway for their wings.

Where are we of Mataquoit, of all the towns and villages of America, going to get leadership? How are we to be made aware of our need of it? On the whole I have faith enough in nature to believe that it is not merely the crow with the loudest caw that leads the band, but the one with the wisest head.

It would seem well if human folk should follow nature's way; I had supposed, in looking back over the pages of history, that a craving for guidance was a fundamental human instinct, and a wise one, but our modern tendency is to eliminate that which even crows have, leadership; to be jealous of any superiority whatever; to call one who resolutely follows his ideal wise in his own conceit. I can never get over my surprise at the passion for mediocrity which dominates these days; the very schoolboy is ashamed of finer mental endowment in himself and intolerant of it in others; the college student who shows signs of interest in intellectual matters above that of the mass is branded as by the mark of Cain.

When the communists really come to power, wild ducks and geese, I presume, will have to fly in level line, no leadership permitted; wolf packs must give up their leader, and rule by a committee of the whole. And human beings? — but the "imagination boggles at" that which human beings will do. I fear the menace of the days when the great insight, that which might lead the race, will be destroyed, because it is beyond the common vision, above the common will.

February 12.

Through all my intercourse with my neighbors in Mataquoit runs a persistent questioning: how to rouse in them deeper desires, nobler dissatisfaction, how to break through this crust of complacency. Men should hunger and thirst, feeling forever some sense of lack, not rest content with their full larders and smug pews and houses empty of books; with their county fairs and moving pictures representing

the highest attainable ideal of human achievement and human diversion. We need prophets of the finer discontent.

Yet, even as I write, I am conscious that this air of exhortation is not for me to wear, — for me, who have chosen the barrel head rather than the platform as an approach to my fellow men. I must drop this "they" and "them"; did I not long ago choose to say "we?"

One great trouble with us in Mataquoit is that we are characterized by a species of vulgar mysticism, a rough, conceited certainty of direct inspiration, source unknown, an assurance on the part of the individual of being able to arrive at truth by what is called "gumption." This faculty is purely indigenous, as strictly American as is the Indian pipe or the turkey buzzard; no other country, no other race could attain it. It acts without knowledge or desire for knowledge; it is colossal guesswork, camouflaging abysmal ignorance; it is something against which reason shall not prevail. From street corner, shop, platform I hear the voice of the too-easily omniscient and watch with misgiving on the part of the listeners the content with mere assertion. Our country over, from the remotest fireside to the Senate and the House, we suffer from this cocksureness, individual and communal. It is, as a dry rot, checking growth, keeping us from asking things high enough or hard enough: who will seek knowledge when he knows all? Yet too easy self-satisfaction spells failure for individuals, communities, nations.

Our great danger is that this may prove an invincible foe to the more vital citizenship which we

are trying to establish, checking all higher effort of thought and of deed; we must not drop back to the average mood, the average aspiration of the average man. This great heritage of freedom that was bequeathed us was not given us that we might slip comfortably down to low levels, but that we might have opportunity to rise higher. How can democracy be kept from being a landslide of common desires and appetites, if the masses have their way; worse still — for at moments of this constantly menacing labor-struggle hidden apprehension will out — the satisfaction of old revenges, as the selfishness of the old reigning class gives way to the selfishness of the new, sweeping over everything and submerging the little already won for civilization? Will it not mean lack of proper valuation of the things of the spirit, emphasis on material satisfaction and indulgence long denied? One thing is overwhelmingly clear, clearer even than when I set out on this quest: we must have leadership, for democracy without high leadership is chaos. Plato was quite right in making his ideal republic an aristocracy of mind, for *demos* will never achieve his full rights or be able to live up to his finer privileges by his own unaided mental exertions. However desirable were that liberty and equality of our forefathers' creed, there can be no intellectual and spiritual equality among men, no equality of personality, — God forbid that there should be! Where were our aspirations, were there none better than ourselves? When every man is as good as his neighbor, none is very good.

All greatest things for the race have come through individual insight, through the divining power of

individual genius, through individual renunciation or individual achievement, pointing the way for the masses. The history of the world for me, all that can be counted to the good, is the history of the great leaders, Plato, Christ, St. Francis, Savonarola, Mazzini, Lincoln, and a choice other few, who have founded the great faiths, enunciated the eternal hopes, made the great decisions. No "committee of the whole," even if it be the whole human race, will ever work out the great imaginative conceptions that guide the multitudes, or take the place of those personalities which are set as beacons above life and time.

Great intellectual, aesthetic, and spiritual standards must be held high before us; every man must do his utmost as an individual to attain to his full mental and spiritual stature; yet every man must do his utmost to understand, sympathize, walk with all men. These two great, even staggering aims represent the central paradox of democratic faith. How can we learn to reverence individual man and still recognize his limitations, his need of guidance? How can we reverence man sufficiently without losing the deeper reverence for the beauty of the Lord our God?

February 17.

Of these winter days, when the sea lashes Mataquoit, and long lines of breakers turn to white foam; when the war news lashes mind and soul, with its record of fighting back and forth upon the Somme front, and the apparent beginning of a German retirement, I am making no record. Sometimes, to tell the truth, my fingers are too cold to write. My

days are so much alike that they pass imperceptibly: white days of snow, brown days of thaw, and gray days or blue of ocean.

For this deeper striving of the soul about the war, words are increasingly inadequate; nor can they in any way express this desire which day by day grows more intense to know more than I have yet known of life and its meaning, of democracy — that fairest chance for justice among men, and its possibilities — to hope more than I have yet dared hope, before the last days go, before my mental powers wane, and I understand nothing. Each day I realize more fully the difficulty of my task; each day I reaffirm my resolve to sell dearly in increasing effort my remaining years, lest I find myself left behind in this greater world which is in the making. With every gold-colored dawn or gray I set out afresh, under the sting of winter, to make good before it is too late, to help discover the real America, serve her, reveal her.

I have Tim, who now, to my great pleasure, gives friendly greeting to the majority of the inhabitants of Mataquoit, making me hopeful that I am outgrowing my old state of constant selection, preference, shutting out from my sympathy the less fine; I have my shop, my friends, my shelf of books, and many a neighbor, chief among whom, if it is legitimate to record a mere human preference, is Alexander Wallace. I have, sometimes in the body and constantly in thought, Jack, — and the possibilities of an awakened Jack, of all the fine young manhood of the country. A number of the lads about town drop in to talk with me now, some with a touch of respectful shyness, some with kindly con-

descension. The two armchairs which I purchased in October at Sands' Emporium, turning out much junk and the section of a tree to make room for them, are already hollowed from constant use; I have to lure my fellow citizens by methods that really appeal to them. So far has my intimacy gone that I am now and then invited to sup with them at their own firesides; it was with Abel Marks, the postman, and his family that I partook of fried oysters last night.

My lifelong literary study of man and his motives, my psychological investigations, have not given me as much insight into my fellow creatures as has this attempt to know a few individuals not of my own kind. I comprehend much regarding the motives and the actions of these people because I live their life; there is no moment of contact with my neighbors that fails to bring me some wisdom. The complexity of men's make-up astonishes me each day anew and brings afresh the knowledge that it is upon understanding of this complexity that governments must rest; statesmen should be required to pass an examination in human nature rather than in abstract theories of law and rule.

Through all these moments of human contact, pleasurable or otherwise, the old problems occupy me: how to secure right leadership; how to get every man to do his share; how to win again for American citizens our lost unity of aim. As for the first, the conviction within me deepens that we who have inherited high tradition, who have been intellectually and morally trained for leadership, but have made no effort to take up our duties, have been as guilty of treason as a band of officers would be in

this war, who, while the battle was on, were quietly disporting themselves in the Louvre in aesthetic enjoyment. My three points blend and merge; my present intensity of thought and of feeling, which makes me realize how little I have cared or understood, how selfishly I have taken freedom for granted, makes clear to me also that the one thing needful for the salvation of our country is a sense on the part of every human being of his individual responsibility, a greater sense of his individual opportunity. What moment, what crisis will come, great enough to make every citizen bend every fiber of energy that is in him to the achievement of a common aim?

February 28.

Icicles hang at my eaves in the cold February sunlight; it is a marvel that my roof can support so many and such huge ones. Their drip, drip at noon when the sunlight is warmest is as yet the only prophecy of spring.

Still I have little mind for writing, though my ledger lies upon my bench at all times and has grown to be something of a companion. To tell truth, one reason for my infrequent entries during the winter is the fact that, in my non-cobbling hours, I have been so busy with town affairs that there has been little leisure. At town meeting I have been put upon two committees, one to organize the library on a better intellectual basis; one to consider the question of a gymnasium for the youth of Mataquoit and to raise funds for it, if the measure passes.

My old Socratic dialogue between my past and my present self goes on now and then in the mo-

ments when no neighbor is occupying the chair at my fireside, but both this and our constructive plans for the bettering of government in Mataquoit and elsewhere are interrupted by a sense of present crisis. There is growing tension in the political situation, since Germany's announcement on February first of unrestricted submarine warfare; we are swept by the awful current of the time nearer and nearer the war. Nor are we mere driftwood, floating passively on the current; the will of the many throughout the country who have known from the first that we were recreant in not helping is beginning to make itself felt.

March —.

I do not know the day; I must get a calendar. Tim, in a moment of belated puppyhood, ate my old one.

There is a freshness, a sting in the air, a clarity and sharpness; the sea is of a deep, intense, and royal blue. There is no other color and sparkle akin to that of the sea in March; the glory of great waters rolls almost to our thresholds. It is doubtless pure imagination, but nature almost seems to be sharing the tension of the moment, the whole world, the frozen earth, waiting breathlessly while America debates the great question of finding her place in the world's struggle and sharing it. Since the dismissal of Count von Bernstoff, Belgium, France, England are turning toward us eyes in which there is something almost like hope. Our America is pausing, in surprise so great that a curious quiet reigns, on the verge of a great decision, so vast that it holds within it the future destinies

of a great part of mankind. God grant that we, challenged by a duty as glorious as it is hard, do not make the great refusal. In the awful light of a burning world our path lies clear, out of our self-centered, material greatness, up Calvary, where all truth treads.

I have a deep desire to see Jack.

XXIV.

April 6.

The sense of stigma is removed; we can now hold up our heads. Congress has declared that a state of war exists between us and Germany. An intolerable burden of shame rolls off our backs as we take up our legitimate load. For unnumbered thousands in the country, as for me, who have hardly admitted to myself how deep has been my conviction that we should go to the rescue, there is profound relief, after long anxiety. There is tragic irony in the situation: we, the most pacific of nations; we, whose ancestors sought a refuge apart from the contests and the fighting of Europe, are yet thankful with deep thankfulness that the great decision is made. We no longer stand apart, saying that we are not concerned with this struggle, wherein so great a part of human kind is at death grips with hell.


There is, so far as reports reach us, no jingoism throughout the country at this supreme moment; no glorification of war as war; there is little editorial waving of plumes and clanking of swords. From sea to sea a sober sadness reigns, an almost universal feeling that the moment has come for us to take up our responsibilities, to make the great sacrifice.

Looking back at the long way which we have traveled before reaching this point, I feel, I, whose soul has for many months been burning with a sense

of shame because we were not helping, that our critics, for whom our progress has been over-slow, must not treat us too harshly. The baser side of our hesitation I have recorded; there is a nobler aspect which must be recognized. In our very inability to believe it possible that Christian human beings could go back to the sorry barbarian ways of slaughter; in our horrified incredulity of August, 1914, was perhaps the best measure of our growth, of what democracy has wrought in the thought of man for man. Small wonder that it was hard for us to realize that, for the sake of the whole, it was our duty to go back too. Those who have tried to think that we stood above such conflict, by reason of some special privilege of circumstance, — geographic, because the seas are wide; historic, because of the peace tradition of a free country, — have slowly gained clearer vision as to the significance of the present hour. Only as it lifted itself out of the struggle between old enemies, and declared itself as aggression, threatening the liberties of the world, did the conflict become ours. And it became ours in a finer sense than has ever been the case in the drawing of a great nation into war; it has hardly touched our rights; we fight for a principle: "to make honor respected and right triumphant." How many are the mists that had to break away before the long white road lay clear before us, leading to the very heart of that tragic struggle, to those vast fields where the souls of men are fighting!

April 10.

A letter from Jack; he has enlisted. Went for a walk by the sea.



April 12.

My first feeling upon learning of Jack's decision was one of exultation, mingled with a bitter sense of loss: Jack had "made good."

Soon after came a thrill of triumph, as I thought of the parents, especially the mother, who had tried to keep small what was meant to be great.

"You have kept everything hard from him," I remarked, in imaginary conversation, as I tapped at the shoe I was mending; "you have done your best to make him a weakling; and you have failed! He has too much good, old-fashioned stuff in him to be ruined by any modern fad or fancy whatever, even in education."

But when I really saw Mrs. Sands, my congratulatory mood because of this fulfilment of the principle of excellence was, for the moment, wholly lost in human sympathy. She came to my shop this very afternoon; her nose was red; a strand of hair had escaped from the net and was dangling over her cheek, wet with tears. Her sailor hat was tipped rakishly over one ear, but never had she looked so well in my eyes. It was her one natural moment, though she did come tottering in on those ridiculous high-heeled shoes.

"My boy!" she said, half sobbing. "He has forgotten all the principles I ever taught him."

"Thank God for that, Madam," I said, paring off the sole I was adjusting. "You ought to be the proudest woman on God's earth; you have brought forth something finer than yourself."

Alas, these people with whom you keep up a constant sub-dialogue in thought of the things you cannot say! Of course I made none of these re-

marks to Mrs. Sands, but only did my poor human best to console her and make her understand.

April 19.

The air is chill, yet there is spring in the willows, and spring on the headlands in the first delicate ripple of the grass; spring in the notes of the early birds, — two or three robins, a grosbeak, a few song sparrows by the shore; spring in the deepening green of the long marsh grasses, in the swish and murmur of the tidal river.

Already I feel a difference in this our America, rising to the call of the war; she presents a strange face and unfamiliar, beginning to beat her ploughshares into swords for righteousness' sake. There is a new life and stir in Mataquoit and in the neighboring towns along the shore; it would almost seem as if there were a new tide in the sea, or as if it were constantly incoming tide, as, man by man, woman by woman, the nation rouses itself out of comfort, out of content, out of strife for wealth and power, to effort that may match this supreme moment.

With all the rustle and movement of unaccustomed activities, an awe, a silence lie over the land. In the eyes of people unanswered question; men talk busily about trivial things but look away. We are breathless all, as if standing on the edge of life and time.

April 25.

Jack was with me half an hour yesterday, an hour to-day; he goes to camp to-morrow. As he

sat in one of my arm-chairs, talking nonchalantly about his preparations — for he is ransacking Sands' Emporium to see what it can do in the way of supplying his outfit — I smiled, remembering my old fear that he, so easy-going, so much a hail-fellow-well-met with all men, might fritter away his energies, and be, at forty, still a boy, unless something came to sting him to action. Now the need of a great hour has roused him and is creating him anew, drawing out the resources of a richly human nature and bending them to one purpose, unifying the physical, mental, spiritual powers within him.

As I looked at him, thinking of the race to which he belongs, he seemed to me fairly representative of the Anglo-Saxon temperament at its best, with its conservatism, its steadiness, its instinctive need of securing fair play. For him, and for unnumbered others of his kind, war has revealed unsuspected depths of nature. As he goes whistling about his preparations, I can see that it is focussing all the strength, all the aspiration within him, making of petted son, half-successful student, mere athlete, a knight of a new and holy order of American democracy, arming himself to fight treachery, cruelty, lust.

There have been stormy moments in the last few days when contests have taken place between him and his parents as to his action in enlisting; I have seen in his eyes, perplexed at times, the old *laissez-faire* look struggling with his own resolution. I stand by him, of course, now that his decision is made, meeting his mother's objections, his father's objections, and, harder still, my own objections.

Of the last, nobody, not even Jack himself, is aware; nobody save Tim and me.

May 1.

If the way of the evil-doer is hard, how much harder is the way of the would-be well-doer! Now that the war has come to us, the suspicion of some of my neighbors that I am a German spy seems to have become a certainty. What have they to spy upon, I wonder? I came home to-day to find Michael Dunn, the local sleuth, searching my shop; he had my battered copy of the *Republic* in his hands, and, judging by his expression as he gazed at the Greek letters, he found the evidence against me wholly incriminating. Doubtless he thought it a code book; perhaps it is.

He grinned rather foolishly when he saw me and decided that honesty was best; some folks, he said, thought I had come to see what I could find out.

"So I did, so I did," I assured him, "but with wholly friendly purposes. And if we are going to have any country at all, Michael Dunn, the more we can find out about one another, and the more deeply we can understand one another, the better."

To Michael Dunn this was more Greek than Plato, but we sat on my bench for an hour or more and had a friendly talk. Try as I would, however, I could not make my idea of disinterested citizenship wholly clear to my Irish guest.

This megalomania of the small town shows itself in constantly fresh aspects; I might have known that, if we entered the conflict, Mataquoit would conceive itself as the strategic center of the world war! I daresay that the owners of eyes that look

out at me from behind curtains or through shop windows as I start for a walk with Tim think I spend my spare hours putting in concrete platforms on adjacent hills for the shelling of Mataquoit by the Germans.

May 8.

There is little time to write, with the war work that I have undertaken added to my old tasks; moreover it would take a greater than I to make apparent the greatness of these days: the surging emotion of the time and the quick, hurt thinking that accompanies the emotion as people set themselves to know the facts, now that the war has come home to us. They who have not known or cared to know are at last rousing themselves to learn, and everywhere, as here in Mataquoit, there are awakening eyes. There is horror in them, yet through the horror shines a longing to find something to do to help save mankind.

I was unprepared, after my slow, often discouraged study of the citizen as existed in Mataquoit, for the splendor and the energy of the country's response to the challenge. The changed feeling here, and, I doubt not, throughout the country, is a curious thing. Already the war has become a something of personal concern; my neighbors, even those who have been deaf and blind to European tragedy, now realize that this is our war. The word America must have magic in it if our entry into the struggle makes such a difference in understanding the situation. I had no idea that national sentiment was so strong among us; while I rejoice in its strength, I mourn its narrowness, for it is in reality no more

our war than it was before April 6. We were lag-gard in facing our duty; I would that we had sprung sooner to our task.

But we are roused, and the spirit of national unity is kindling to an extent no one would have dreamed possible. As the silent patrol boats begin to go up and down our coasts, and men in khaki appear here and there among civilians, war activities multiply; there is swift enlisting in the ranks of all who can help; nurses, Red Cross workers, and tillers of the soil are toiling to one purpose; the faces of the "knitters and spinsters in the sun" at the south windows in Mataquoit take on a new expression. As I think more deeply into the matter, I cannot count the emotion at the basis of all this a mistaken one, nor can I look upon this pride in our especial flag as a narrow limitation. We are all beginning to realize that our flag stands for something greater than the United States. Everywhere, if what I read be true, is a slow climbing upward to self-forgetfulness, as incredulity leads to tardy understanding, then to passionate espousal of a cause. Here is genuine crusading spirit; here is a feeling that, greater than any military glory, is the chance to serve, not only America, but the world.

All the visions of past days of peace go into this desire to vindicate the honor of the human race, to make peace possible for all men. A greater America, a more disinterested America arises, no longer standing apart from the hard destiny of the world.

XXV

May 10.

It has been a proud day in my life. In the liberty parade of Mataquoit, I, Wentworth Masters, idle son and grandson of the idle rich, was allowed to march as one of the company representing American industry. Two boot lasts were slung over my shoulders, and I had a necklace of awls, needles, and other small instruments. Beside me marched a young farmer, carrying a pitchfork; ahead, a mason, with trowel and hawk. Women, with garden tools and kitchen utensils marched with us; old men and children kept pace, carrying the colors; young men, with a look on their faces that I had never before seen there, walked abreast. It was a most successful parade, having but one drawback, — that, as all who could walk, marched, there were few to watch and cheer, save the aged rheumatic and infants under three.

These were rough-shod, not sandalled feet, and the garb in many cases was uncouth, yet something in the movement brought to my mind the joyousness and the restraint of a Greek procession. Here was a like simplicity, though the lines of beauty were not always there; here was that oneness of action, of many feet tramping onward to a common music; and I felt that they were moving onward, not without a goal.

May 13.

If I try to compare our national state of mind since April 6 with our earlier stages of thought and of feeling, shall I succeed?

Since August, 1914, and our excited interest, mingled with horror of war, our impatience that our smug and prosperous peacefulness should be thus interrupted, our indignation at being made to think of these things, since August, 1914, we have been at school, learning the essentials of human brotherhood. It is evident, and has long been evident, that we have for many months been outgrowing our early sense of immunity. From the height that we have gained we can perhaps look back and see the path by which we have come. What are the steps by which America has risen from her first shocked surprise and indignation to the point where she is willing to send the very choicest of her possessions, her youth, into this hell, for finer service? The country from end to end agrees, and the whole world agrees with us, that we have no thought of outer gain. "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks," aware beyond her own dreaming of spiritual issues, sacrificing her dearest that the faith wherein she was founded shall not die upon the earth.

The puzzles and perplexities were many, the difficulties innumerable, in working out a clear sense of the great issue. He who could write the whole story of the way in which the American people has been educated, and has educated itself into understanding, would write one of the greatest studies of the inner life ever made. He would picture the country

indifferent, apart, standing outside the tragedy, unaware of its obvious duty; then the slow awakening. The incredulity, the unbelief of the earliest days have made place for the slowcoming belief that this inconceivable horror, brought about by a people farther from us in ethical ideals than the separating seas, must come to us, or we must go forever shamed. The horror is no longer wholly horror; we are choosing to fight in the name of the spirit; the answer to the call for help has raised the struggle out of the plane of the physical; it is now not a question of blood and wounds and crushed bones; it is a question of "Greater love hath no man than this."

Wilson's successive messages have done much to educate the people to a break with this country toward whom our relation had grown to be one almost of mental subservience. So greatly had we been influenced by her in systems of education that it could have been truly said that no other nation save Germany bore so deep an impress of the German intellectual stamp as did America. The measure of that past influence upon our minds is the measure of the shock to our moral natures in beholding the deeds of Germany.

There were, of course, at the outset many who said that there were two sides to the question, German and Ally; most of these have grown to know that there are two sides to the war, wrong and right. From the moment Belgium was invaded the issue was clear to clear-thinking people: those who could condone, excuse, explain this have ways of thinking that are hard to follow. That we made no official protest about violated Belgium has been, for the best among us, through the intervening months and

years, a source of deep regret, and of a sense of shame. The stigma must forever rest upon us that America said no word. From the first our dispute has been a moral one, — I am happy to state that the attacks upon our shipping brought no such sense of outrage for national wrong as was brought to our souls by successive atrocities. The President's command of neutrality, while it represented to many at the outset a wise political attitude, never for a moment imposed inner neutrality upon our best. No neutrality of thought or of feeling is possible or desirable in great issues of right and wrong.

As regards the political aspect, there was, for the greater number of American citizens who thought at all, keen suspense and fear lest Paris fall, keen sympathy with France, less keen for England. Some, while sympathizing with France, condemned England for going in, a short-sighted view, for, if England had let France be beaten, what of the future of Europe? There were many of us who knew from the first that we ought to be at the side of England, never nobler than now, marching wearily but resolutely to the fighting line, all unprepared as she was, for the defense of heroic France and Belgium and for the liberties of mankind. More, vastly more, have been convinced of this since the deportations began, and since the sinking of the *Lusitania*; this was, among many false strokes, the falsest stroke the Germans made, converting many waverers to the Allied cause. East, west, north, and south was a great company of those ready to sympathize and to act when they understood.

There must have been, in every State and town and village, as here in Mataquoit, the unthinking

people, smug, comfortable, narrow folk who had not happened to notice the war. Doubtless most of these would call themselves, in favored phrase, one hundred per cent Americans, but what Americans! "The Stars and Stripes afford us protection; let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we go to the movies. Who is his brother's keeper?"

There were hosts of German-Americans, hot at first in defense of the *Vaterland*, sympathizing with German aims and rejoicing in the sickening triumphs, who slowly moved, as the facts of the beginning of the war became known, and the manner of its conduct, toward disillusionment with Prussia. Their passive renunciation of the principles of autocracy developed into a fine and positive Americanism when we declared war, April 6, 1917. It is said that in the middle west the sons of German-Americans are swiftest in enlistment of all America's sons.

There are, of a certainty, many German-Americans, and some others, who are disloyal. The spy record is written elsewhere.

There were, and are, many pacifists, exhorting, crying out, reproving those in whom the conviction is awake and stirring that America must rise and help or go forever shamed. These the pacifists treat as if they stood upon a lower plane and did not care for peace as the most precious of all earth's possessions, as if they were militarists and blood-thirsty from birth. I know of none — impassioned believers in the creed of helping at this crisis, sternly resolved that we shall not shirk — I know of none who fail to value peace as earth's supreme boon. But they know, and I know, that we had no

choice. One resents the facile superiority of these pacifists, their failure to grasp the nature of the crisis, their misty thinking. As for peace —

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

In this spring of 1917 the true citizens of America can breathe more freely. We are no longer standing back.

May 17.

To-day, with many of my fellow citizens, I went to the railway station to see off a little company of volunteers who are starting for a training camp. There were seven in all, among them Al Jenkins, a lawless youth who has been driving the grocery wagon and mercilessly overspeeding his tired horse; Jake Dennis, the prosperous young plumber, who has lately been assuming, in an unpleasant swagger, some of the characteristics of the *nouveau riche*, and with reason; and Frank Ames, a rakish young cashier in the bank. They wore their ordinary clothing and looked as they always look, except for their eyes, yet I could not help thinking that something of the village slouch had gone from their walk; and in spite of the foolish jests that passed between them and the bystanders about celebrating the Fourth of July in Berlin and bringing home the Kaiser's head, a mantle of dignity seemed to fall from them over the shoulders of all the rough youths in the crowd.

We said good-by with many cheers and Godspeeds done in slang. I joined in the laughter with which we sent them off, but there was a blur before my

eyes. To me they were all Jack; each, in spite of the absolute difference in mental and physical quality, seemed to wear Jack's face.

I was surprised when it was all over to find that Tim had any tail left; he nearly wagged it off. As is often the case, I felt grateful for his self-expression of me, for I am not one who can readily show emotion, especially when it cuts deep. Wallace, who was there, of course, made every lad who went feel as if he were his son; Wallace never had a son of his own. Perhaps if he had he could not have held such a finely protective, paternal relationship to all the lads of Mataquoit. I sometimes think that no man has known the depths of the experience of fatherhood except the man who has not had it.

May 20.

Still I fall asleep to the sound of footsteps of passing people, blending oftentimes with the sound of the sea. They are of all kinds, — old, slow, and staggering; youthful and brisk; firm, as of middle age. The feet of the old and of children keep their wonted pace, but I detect a change in the footsteps of the young, which grow more light, alert, and swift, straggling no longer, conscious of an aim.

As I listen, I lose my sense of the actual, for, with those that sound in the streets of Mataquoit, I hear the footsteps of all who go across the seas to fight for liberty; keeping step; going to help; the footsteps of a great army, moving toward great ends.

Among them I hear most clearly Jack's, though Jack is seldom here; it is odd, but there has always been something distinctive about his footstep. Since his second visit, I have known it as far as I could

hear it, for a certain energy and decision with which his foot touches the ground.

Then, though of course this may be but a reflection of my own mood, a difference comes in the tread of all and sundry, old and young. Though they are going about commonplace errands, giving orders at the grocery, looking after the kindling, there is a majesty in the sound; it becomes the tread of a vast people, an innumerable host, who have made a great, disinterested choice, taking on a new measure, beginning to step in unison, marching toward a goal.

XXVI

May 22.

The beauty of earth's most tragic May encircles the world, running here in swift grasses and in ripples of blossom over marsh and hill. Song sparrows and bluebirds are glad without reproof; to-day I heard a bob-o-link in a green meadow. God grant he learn nothing of the war!

That old sense of Mataquoit as an individual entity is wholly gone. If now it seems to itself the center of a universe, it is a universe bound together by close filaments, — so close that if one be broken, this universe will fall to pieces. Nearly every man is busy, weaving threads into this web; the daughters of Mataquoit are helping, learning to weave as never before, and what is true of Mataquoit is true of the whole country. However terrible the cause, I feel a nation about me growing into unity, coming nearer a common understanding in aim and in endeavor than it has ever been before, its varying nationalities, its interests heretofore straining this way and that, uniting in one service. Here is gain inestimable that must never be lost.

He who should write the story of America's response to the challenge must get into it something of the sweep and breadth of the country; the question, the response, everywhere, from the spicy air of Maine woods, to bland California, — in shop,

ploughed field, and Chinese laundry, in summer homes of the wealthy, in cabins of the poor. A great, powerful nation, organized for peace, turns its energy, its industries, its whole practical and theoretical purpose, into military activities, for an ideal. A sense of the immensity of the country, the great rolling prairie lands, the Oregon forests, the splendid, uplifted mountain ranges of east and west, must enter into an interpretation of the greatness and of the dignity of the task, as a step onward, a step upward. This moment marks a definite stage of progress, a complete forgetting, for the time at least, of our old sense of endless rights, of privilege, and an entering upon a finer and sadder conception of great responsibility. Civilization itself is at stake; democracy is at stake. With clean hands we go into the great war of the ages, perhaps the last great war anywhere; we have nothing personal to gain; we have much to lose.

It makes a great step on and up in international statesmanship. When the country which is, in a sense, the strongest, has the most in the way of material power and wealth, deliberately makes this finer choice, it seems written high, in letters of gold, for all the nations to read, that man is his brother's keeper, nation is nation's keeper.

May 28.

Billions Brown is back in Mataquoit, earlier than he has ever come before. The little army of men who take care of his estate is being mobilized, but there are wide gaps in it; he is in a state of indignation over the lack of consideration shown by the march of history for the convenience of financiers.

He sought me out on the day of his arrival, a week ago; evidently he thought that our going into the war was the result of my evil influence. War was out of date, he stormed; America had no business with wars. In what he said, with unnecessary vehemence, I detected that narrow-minded selfishness, that failure to understand, that am-I-my-brother's-keeper attitude that many, even in aroused America, still hold. I wrestled with him in regard to his convictions, but in vain. I was unkind enough to wonder, as he talked, what his attitude would be if there were immediate profit in it for him, if he dealt with wares of war.

Since that first meeting I have seen him nearly every day; he insists on taking me motoring, though I, who need exercise to keep myself sound in mind and limb, have no time to waste on automobiles. He is in great unrest of mind and of body, as usual, working harder at being idle than any one I have ever seen, and he is disturbed because no one shares his mood of wanting to play. Each day his resentment toward the war grows keener; he cannot interpret it save as something brought about by the politicians for gain; other motive than that of barter is inconceivable to him. His sense of America's isolation is profound and triumphant; the sundering seas are enough to keep us prosperous, apart. To hear him talk one would think that he conceived the width of the Atlantic as a virtue in himself.

Katharine will be home next week, he informed me gruffly, but only for a visit. He said nothing of Jack, and for this I was thankful.

June 1.

The sight of uniforms, the sailors' blue and the soldiers' khaki; on peaceful country roads or woodland paths, and in village squares, is something to which it is hard to become accustomed. The shy look of the American youth in uniform; their half-shamefaced pride, the squared shoulders, stiffly held; in some, a touch of sheepishness, show how new and strange is this unexpected call to duty. Even the brief training already given has changed the oftentimes shambling gait to a quick, steady, marching step; they are beginning to walk, the service boys of Mataquoit and the surrounding country, as if conscious of a goal.

Yesterday a great motor truck filled with soldiers and their belongings, kettles, brooms, a combination of military and camp accoutrements, speeding through the main street of Mataquoit, brought the war home to me as few things have done. To-day a group in khaki marched singing through the streets. Armed youths are guarding the railway bridges beyond the town.

Marching beside these rough-hewn young countrymen, in whose faces light is just beginning to glimmer, or pacing beside supply farm wagon or motor truck on armed steeds, I see the young crusaders of medieval days, — the souls of those long gone keeping step with the souls of those who are wakening to-day, moving, as of old, with their faces toward the east.

June 3.

Nothing in my life has surprised me more than the way in which this generation, which we had

thought pampered, spoiled by a life made too easy, is rising to meet its challenge; and the challenge is the greatest that has ever come to any generation. Its response will be one of the great wonders of all time. Many of us had feared that the fiber of the race was being weakened by modern systems of education; if so, the race is evidently incomparably better than its education.

Young men everywhere are making good; if the young girls have as yet hardly caught their stride, it is partly because they have lacked opportunity. These young men were more prepared than we had thought; out of athletics and summer sports they have made their own hardships, through games and physical feats, of walking, climbing, running. They have learned how to struggle, how to win fairly, how to lose generously and so, all unwitting, have made themselves ready in body for unexampled trial.

And in spirit?

Before us is a splendid spectacle of youth marching silently with steady eyes to the sacrifice, animated by some faith deeper than any theories, more fundamental than any array of words. We have been surprised, after the initial shock of 1914, to find that the spectacle, for all the awfulness, has more of beauty than of terror, because of the wonder of self-abnegation which it has revealed. In this lies the promise of the future peace of the world.

This will be for all time a shining generation, facing the hardest, making the supreme sacrifice, gladly, voluntarily, — many of them, at least. It is, I say it with all reverence, with keen realization of the unexampled hardships that are being faced, a chosen generation, in that its duty has been made

plain as by a pillar of fire by night. Remembering the uncertain voices about me in my youth, when none knew the way, nor whether there was a way, I could find it in my heart to envy those who now hear the one clear call.

June 4.

Fresh on the heels of a dispute between Adams Johnson and Joe Darnley over the ownership of three feet of land at the edge of a house lot comes Jack, back from the training camp, straight as a liberty pole, a bit leaner, perhaps, but with eyes even brighter than before, and more of color in his face. His uniform becomes wonderfully well both his body and his soul.

He comes home full of enthusiasm for the life that he is leading, Spartan though it be, after his over-coddled existence at home, and full of enthusiasm for his kind. The men, he tells me, are generous, unselfish, courageous. He is going into the life whole-heartedly, making friends with all and sundry, low and high, ignorant and otherwise. His conclusions up to this point are buoyantly optimistic; it is a pleasure to live and to work with men who are so good. He is glad that he has left college, because the present situation gives him far wider opportunity for acquaintance with his kind.

I say no word to disturb his mood, but I ponder over my stitches. Yes, men are good, in time of stress, of tension, when something calls to the deepest that is in them. But men in general, in time of peace, of prosperity, show no such degree of generosity, unselfishness, but are prone to be captious, self-centered, asking, not giving.

June 7.

One who sits, as I do, by the highway with half-open door, gleans many a remark, hears many a bit of anecdote that record the happenings of this moment far better than the historians of the future can do. Ripples of the least waves betray the sweep of the great tide; innumerable are the significant incidents that tell the story of how we go to war.

Yesterday I heard two passers-by talking about a Chinese laundryman in Bangor who would not claim exemption on the ground that he is not really a citizen, but insisted on going to war for Uncle Sam.

Silas Marks, the hotel keeper, who came corpulently in for repairs yesterday afternoon, told me of a young Idaho farmer who sold his farm, gave half the proceeds to the government, invested the rest in Liberty bonds and then enlisted. It was a tale that benefited both Silas and me, quickening my hopes for man in the future. "If peradventure —"

Another neighbor of mine, John Rankin of the drug store, who recently motored to Boston on business, told me that he volunteered to carry a large supply of books out to a soldiers' training camp. His motor broke down; a farmer, learning his errand, came to the rescue with a team of horses. Somewhat hesitatingly Mr. Rankin offered to pay him; the farmer looked at him — and swore . . . swore his patriotism, his feeling that had found no expression, his wrath at being offered compensation for such a task.

Old Mrs. Abel, a seaman's widow, begins to knit sweaters for the soldiers, now that "our boys" are

going; yet, probably, the men who will wear these sweaters will be far less related to her than the British who have been fighting and suffering so long.

Big John, the half-Indian fisherman on Hawk's Island, has pledged one day's catch each week to the Red Cross; old Joshua Ridgway, whose purse strings are hard to loosen, and who is indeed dissatisfied that this is not the American Revolution, has sent a substantial subscription to the same cause. Even Peter Breed, the village miser, has come tottering up with his mite.

This patriotism, this love of country, so quick, sensitive, ready to rise to emergency, so quiescent on ordinary days, how can we stabilize it? How make it permanent? I find my Americanism brave, confident, assured, in this growing unity and aspiration as we make ready for great service, yet questioning, oftentimes discouraged in time of quiet, when nothing calls to the greatest. My hope of what man can do for man is deepened by seeing what is offered in this time of great trial, for the response to the need of the hour seems, at times, an answer to many of the questions I have been asking as to how democracy can be made both successful and righteous. There is abroad in the land a sense of the larger issue, an impersonality, a subordination of the old demand for one's rights, a searching desire only to find one's duty and do it. Everybody is taking on some of the traits of the chosen few on whom I have based my faith, those people whose individual characteristics have become articles in the constitution of my ideal republic.

Watching these developments and sharing some of them, my thought, my hope, leap forward. If national feeling is so strong as it shows itself to be in this centralizing of our thought and purpose, the days to come can put it to great uses; here is a patriotism on which we can build in time of peace, if such time ever comes. What future can be too glorious for a country that can do this great, disinterested thing, do it not only by act of government, but by glad acquiescence and ready will of millions of its citizens, who offer their strength of mind and body to aid?

June 5.

All over the country to-day, hundreds of thousands, millions of young men go to enroll themselves in the army, which, under the Stars and Stripes, is to enter the great struggle for the freedom of mankind. I have a feeling of reverent surprise that in this vast America, pledged to the ways of peace, the conscription law could have gone through with hardly an audible objection. From sea to sea in this land whose immensity is hard to realize, even when one sees the swift miles flowing past in rolling hills and sweeping plains and climbing ranges, the people have risen with one voice of mighty assent to the great purpose.

XXVII

June 12.

As this cause in which I am enlisted becomes one for which our hosts are to fight in open field, I must examine again my new-found faith. My thought, my endeavor, which had seemed isolated, apart, are, in reality, a ripple of the great tide which is rising slowly along all shores and through all inlets the wide world over; the President's phrase, "safe for democracy," states with succinct brevity the thought toward which our minds have been groping, as the central issue of the war has more and more revealed itself. With the overthrow of despotism in Russia, and the struggle of the Russian people for self-controlled freedom, the war reveals itself more clearly in its true aspect as a battle for democracy. Dimly, from the very beginning, we have felt the clash between two antagonistic principles; now, history is defining in large terms the cause for which we serve. As, in 1848, republican fervor spread through Europe, now, partly by reason of this awful conflict, a sense of responsibility of man for man, a something from which finer government must grow, is spreading the world over. There is an universal enkindling; the great period of the French Revolution pales before the greatness of these days, in their manifold suggestions of the way in which human institutions must expand to make room for the expanding human spirit. National life

must grow greater; that old doctrine of liberty, equality, fraternity, applied to international relations, will bring unimagined opportunities, unimagined obligations. This may be like those geologic moments of quick development, when, scientists tell us, some vast, swift impetus carried growth farther forward in brief periods of time than unnumbered ages had done.

Thus democracy, in common use as a word, if not as a fact, since my boyhood and long before, takes on a wider significance, a deeper meaning; it is on all men's lips. With sudden sharpness the question comes: What is democracy? With all the world I must arise and define more clearly that for which we are fighting.

Though I have made great efforts during these last months to understand, I find myself only at the beginning of my lesson of democracy, as yet in the kindergarten. I find it hard, even as Christianity is hard, and not distinct from it; I find it more absorbing, more full of challenge day by day. The very conception is an essentially spiritual one, claiming one's entire devotion, and full surrender to its high claim. The cause is so great and so difficult of achievement that, as our armies move to battle, I tremble, not for success in the fields of France, but for the fields of the future. The patience that is necessary for any true living of the creed, the love of human kind, the disinterestedness, stagger me.

This true democracy, implying in each adherent an interest in his neighbor's destiny not unlike that in his own, demands a subordination of the unimportant to essentials, a willingness to waive one's

minor prejudices, to drop one's folly of preferences and exclusions, of restricted visiting lists and select clubs, of boarding schools where privileged young are shut away from their kind. Surely whatever high standards we have should be so high that they could be carried to mart and market place, among plain people, gaining strength wherever battle has to be done for them, benefiting all mankind. As genuine democracy calls for the surrender of all claim for special class or organization, it calls also for the checking of undue expenditure, of the display of wealth in rich food and clothing; it calls for self-abnegation, utmost service, work with one's fellows, full allegiance to that inner state, not outer, made of the alliance of human souls in high unity of aim. Embracing democracy is a supreme act of faith in humanity.

So runs my thought when I walk by the sea and only the horizon line bounds my vision; but what of democracy in its actual working, in the attitude of ordinary citizens toward their ordinary duties? What of democracy as practised in Mataquoit? There are moments when I want to go out like some ancient prophet, preaching in wilderness, street, and market, calling for repentance from transgression, crying out that men shall not fight and die for such a state of things as exists here. Then the wiser and more disciplined man within me reminds me that my ledger has an asset side, and advises search to see what finenesses, what generousities, what instances of good intent, what gallant carrying of responsibilities, I can set down here under the actual working of this order; advises, too, closer scrutiny of the other column, to discover

if any of these items can be turned into assets.
Am I equal to this task of spiritual mathematics?
From column II what can I carry over to column I?

I

Assets

Good nature, friendliness, hail-fellow-well-met tendency.

Desire to live and let live.

Quickly roused sympathy with suffering, when once this is known.

In general, business squareness and fairness.

Sense of binding nature of an agreement.

Hatred of force.

Love of country. Patriotism.

A deep consciousness of being free men.

Belief in fair play.

II

Liabilities

Lack of intellectual ideal, of desire or power to think.

Bucolic certainty, ignorance, conceiving itself as inspiration.

Selfishness; desire for gain at all costs.

Laziness, often of body, more often of mind and soul.

Passivity. Resignation plays too large a part in our democracy.

Men stand patient under wrong conditions, instead of creating better.

Feeling that all fault is the other man's. Tendency to be critics, to tell what is wrong, rather than to do what is right.

As I look I see little that could be transferred from II to I; and, seeing that I have left at the bottom of the page no room for balancing, I am glad to carry over the account; there are many items yet to be entered. All fastidiousness and minor distastes apart, I find much whereon to build enduring government. Chief among the factors is this sense of fair play, widespread, though not universal, and stopping usually short of generosity. It shows itself largely in a business sense of fairness in human dealings; and our hope for the future will depend largely on the extent to which we can make widespread a deeper knowledge of that which is unfair in man's relation to man.

If the attitude of citizens toward their ordinary responsibilities could be the same as their attitude toward the huge unprecedented war-task which has been thrust upon them in the name of the political faith they hold, there would be cause for great encouragement. War's obvious needs bespeak the subtler needs of peace.

June 15.

The name of Billions Brown was halfway down the list of those to whom I was directed to go, to ask money for war charities; I went to him to-day.

"I'll not give you a cent," he stormed. "I don't approve of war."

"Billions," said I, "old Mrs. Mooney, who takes in washing (which she cannot see to do) came to me the other day and brought me ten cents. She had been told that I was collecting for the war sufferers, and this was the price of her Sunday night's supper. You are a successful financier, but

Mrs. Mooney will be a far better financier in Kingdom Come than you are."

He scowled and gave me a check for a thousand dollars, which shows that he is in a disturbed state of mind. No wonder that he is bewildered, for he and all that he stands for of physical and material growth in the country have been brought to a standstill by the turn affairs have taken, have been brought to naught unless this eyes open to a sense of other values. I have hopes that he will yet squeeze his somewhat bulky figure through the eye of the needle.

Roses are blossoming everywhere, syringas are in bloom; unnumbered fragrances of grass and flower steal through the sea-scented air of Mataquoit. It is full summer, but a summer that seems indefinitely removed from the lonely center of consciousness where each one of us waits, trying to think out the world problem.

June 16.

Again we went to the station to say good-by to our recruits, this time a company of drafted men, thirty-four in all. Some of them I know; some were country boys whom I had never seen; a few of them were shabby to raggedness and a few elegant with all that was latest and most "exclusive" in Sands' Emporium. Their youth and callowness, their evident lack of realization of the magnitude of the task before them, were pathetic. The crude air of carrying it off, making nothing of it, slapping one another humorously on the shoulder, tilting hats to a rakish angle indicative of extreme self-assurance, was distinctively American, perhaps

lesser American. How much they have to learn, what need they have to grow, before they will be ready!

Yet there is a touching simplicity in their willingness; they go uncomplainingly, but some, at least, have fear in their eyes. . . . Something made one catch one's breath at the sight of them, even though both Jack and Tim were there, inspiring courage, bringing now and then a shout of merry laughter from the crowd. Jack has taught Tim to stand and salute the man in khaki; Tim would gladly enlist if he could, but Tim is a professional militarist and would not really count among crusaders.

It is superb and it is marvellous that, over all this vast country, there has been no riot; hardly have there been protests against conscription, only a quiet taking up of obvious duty. What is this power making itself manifest? Is it patriotism, deeper and more widespread than we have known? Is it Christianity, profounder than words or conscious thought? Doubtless for many, perhaps for the majority, it is yielding to authority; but that authority is deeper than mere power of government; there is in it the weight of public opinion throughout the country. So is freedom justified of her children. This one fact of the readiness with which men flock to the colors is more compelling evidence of our unity than we have ever had before; it brings the balance overwhelmingly on the asset side of my account in democracy.

Whatever the reasons for quick response to the mandate, these men can hardly fail to come out of this great service, if come they do, without a deepened sense of life and the aims of life. What sol-

diers they will make in the service of peace, they who so obediently answer call to war! They go to face a discipline that will make them men; to learn, tragically, a deeper lesson than all the untroubled years have brought. What promise is here for the future, if, in the days that follow the great war, we can but make the clarion call for service as clear as this which sounds to-day!

Coming home after the last boyish hand had waved out of the last car window, my thoughts ran back to the past as well as forward to the future. Of those who builded America it can be said that their accomplishment is greater than they dreamed. They did not know, those grave fathers of the young republic, how boundlessly far their deeds would go; how far the words that they were saying would be carried. They did not dream of their young descendants, going out, giving their youth, their fairness, their passion, their desire, to hand on the torch of liberty, to carry it round the world.

June 20.

One may tell the national story in terms of conscription, unprotested, sweeping the nation; one may tell it in terms of old Mrs. Markham, my widowed neighbor, unable to buy yarn to finish the tenth pair of stockings she has knit for the soldiers. It was my hostess, the Widow Frayne, who told me, and who carried out my commission to supply her present and future need.

Even Mrs. Frayne's sharp and inquisitive eye has become an asset for the government; she is mercilessly aware of what every one in Mataquoit has done or left undone. No sergeant in khaki could

be more indefatigable in searching out slackers and haling them before that bar of justice, her tongue.

Yet I marvel increasingly at the mysteries of human nature, as the war, like a searchlight, throws them into glaring relief, high light, and deep shadow. Widow Frayne herself sits ceaselessly knitting, wearing out her forefinger, and, at times, her temper, in making stockings for the soldiers. Something in her, hitherto untouched, is quivering into life, a submerged tenderness, a sympathy with her kind. She who has always spoken with utmost bitterness of her young neighbors in Mataquoit, deriding Phil Thompson for his fondness for flirting, and Alec Feeney for his recklessness in spending his father's money, will have no word spoken against Philip Thompson and Alexander Feeney, American soldiers. I quoted last night some old remarks of hers as if they were my own, and she flew at me, chastising me with the valor of her tongue for being uncharitable. Even Tom Hanks, the ragman, whom I have put down in my studies in democracy as incapable of being appealed to by any but personal motives, has brought tarnished pennies and nickels, tied up in a red bandana handkerchief, to contribute to the local Red Cross work. So, many of my neighbors, up and down the street, are wakening to a conception of something greater than their own firesides.

What is it? Undoubtedly the thought of youth facing death.

Why can not the tenderness be enlisted for the days of peace? Why may it not always be at the service of the young, who face a something more perplexing, more awful than death,—life? Many

and many a manifestation of folly Widow Frayne undoubtedly sees, as she sits, sharp-eyed and unrelenting, by the window: flirting, giggling, stolen kiss as the unchaperoned of the village walk up and down, or the unsteady steps of lads who have found something to fuddle their brains even in prohibitionist Maine. What she fails to see is that these young are shaken, driven this way and that by the mysterious, dimly understood forces of existence.

The beneficent power of human nature when it is stirred to its depths, — how can we keep it forever wakened, astir in the interests of life?

XXVIII

June 23.

Katharine is at home for a visit; she came to see me, bringing Clare with her. My thoughts about democracy and my duty to my fellow man flew swiftly out of the window, and it was with difficulty that I prevented the Congregational minister's boot, on which I was working from following, and landing in my violet bed. It is not easy to think about either abstract questions or boots when Katharine and Clare are in the room.

Katharine was simply dressed, but with no suggestion of a nurse's uniform; she is unchanged, except that her inner self shines out a bit more clearly. Her steady eyes met mine with less of question in them, and her mouth wore something of the firm, sweet, disciplined look of old Grandmother Brown's. They sat in my two armchairs which, throughout the winter, have held, in the forms of my neighbors, many of the hopes of the new democracy. Clare hung on her sister's lips as she told of her winter, treasuring every word.

Katharine has of course not received full nurse's training and is technically not ready to go, but the distinguished physician under whom she is working is equipping a unit for immediate service in France, and he has all but promised that Katharine shall go with him. What this means in recognition of her unusual ability and her character Katharine did

not, of course, say, but I know. If there is still any element of uncertainty in this eminent medical mind as to permitting so great an irregularity, I feel no doubt as to the result; I know my Katharine.

Billions humbly inquired, when I met him later in the afternoon, whether Katharine had confided to me anything about her future plans; he would not deign to ask her. When I told him he turned red, then white.

"I suppose," he said wrathfully, "that she has some romantic notion in her head. She thinks that young fool Sands will be wounded over there and she will be called upon to nurse him."

"She thinks nothing of the kind, Billions," I told him, "and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

June 28.

Even now sometimes, as I drive my nails, I reproach myself for the folly of this thing that I am doing in separating myself from old associations and old relationships. My experiment is a bit crude, perhaps, but it represents my plunge into reality. A man, before he goes out, should arrive at some understanding of the world in which he lives; had I not jolted myself out of my earlier surroundings I should never have taken sufficiently into account actual phenomena, events, happenings, the world and the people in it. Surely I have made some progress, outgrowing my complete absorption in books and mere ideas, that inward look, which failed to get true perspectives.

I am glad that I am going through this great national experience of war in my present surroundings. The homely, trivial detail, the homespun happen-

ings of common American life here in Mataquoit bring me nearer than my old world would have done to the great glory of understanding and of sharing the willing sacrifice of America to-day, as at last, we find our place among the nations.

Driving my pegs, I am haunted by imaginary pictures of our war vessels crossing the seas, bristling with guns, moving in swift, even flight across the waves. One of them will some day take Jack, another, Katharine; I pound my finger in impatience of longing to take that path with them. Like unnumbered others, I want to serve where the need is greatest and most obvious. Yet I remind myself, and with another little whack of my hammer, that there is a front trench here as well as in France and in Flanders. We must all be somewhere in this battle line for democracy, but perhaps the hardest part of the fighting will not come in the battle-fields; there is endless opportunity for those who stay at home. Now, when we are shocked, startled out of our petty absorptions, wakened to a deeper personality, lifted above ourselves, I, with others, must be learning how to carry the great faith, the great discipline, the great and disinterested service on into the coming democracy of the years of peace.

July 3.

Jack will be going soon; home on leave for a few days, he tells me that he is waiting orders that may come any moment now. I should be an unhappy man if he did not go and go voluntarily; I should have the feeling of having again failed in life.

I brace myself in my cobbler's chair and work more assiduously at my stitching than I have ever

done. Few days are left, and the moments that can be counted mine are fewer still. Their exceeding preciousness weighs upon me with such a sense of what must be said that I find myself inarticulate when Jack is here. After all, what do words count?

Whether Jack had managed to secure as his time of leave these days of Katharine's visit home I do not know, but I am sure they had not planned to meet in my shop. Yet here they met this morning, as on the first day of their acquaintance; Katharine had stopped to bring me a message from Grandmother Brown in regard to the right treatment of rheumatism. Knowing my place as a member of the older generation I kept silence and applied myself to my needle while they talked or tried to talk. They had singularly little to say to each other or to me, they who had chattered so freely, asked so many questions, demanded so many opinions a year ago. The significance of this I realize; they are going to act and have small need for words.

I have known little of outer event in their story, though I have gathered much from reading Jack's mind and moods, which are almost shamelessly transparent. From the first, his days of suspense have told upon me, his moments of joy I have shared, though he has said nothing of them. The glimpses they have had of each other have been few and far between, and now Billions has decreed that Jack shall not be received at Round Towers; he told me so himself. That the two love each other deeply I am aware; I would not stop it if I could, in spite of Billions' feeling; it could no more be checked than could sap mounting in a tree. But I can not put this down in words; I never wrote a love story

and would not write this even if I had the power; it would be sacrilege.

When they did find their tongues they talked gaily, comparing details of accouterment, one stoutly upholding the virtue of khaki, one of white linen. Through it all ran the glory and the poignancy of the thought that it was probably their last meeting before going their different ways in sailing to the other side. The young, if I may borrow one of Jack's expressions, are game; I doubt if anything so merry as their laughter had ever rung out in my little shop; yet Tim crept up and licked my hand.

They went away together, and my last glimpse of Jack showed white young lips trembling on the verge of speech. I thought that they were wholly gone as I turned my needle and my whole attention to confirming some stitches on a bit of Jack's soldier outfit, thinking proudly that never in my early life had I done anything so useful, — when I heard a murmur of voices, after a long silence, from the bench under the pine tree near my window.

"No," said Katharine's voice, ringing a bit more clearly, I fancy, than she had intended. "It might hinder, if I should want to work under the Red Cross over there; they won't let you, if you have father, or brother over there, or any other — entangling alliance."

"But Katharine," Jack was saying, in a voice that cracked a bit, "will you, if I come back?" I could not close my window and perforce heard Katharine's "Perhaps, if *I* come back."

They kept step as they went away down the street, as befitted two who have enlisted in the great battle for democracy. There was a splendor of life and of

strength about them as they walked together, stored-up energy, potential power, sheer force of nerve and of muscle, as if all the prosperous years had been accumulating in these and their like rich resources for the hour of need. Those two were symbols of my America, going to the help of the world.

They had much to give, their youth, their joy, their strength, their beauty, much to sacrifice; I envied them. I hope it was not because I am safe, am fifty-odd and lame, am kept by outer force from doing what they are doing so royally that I envy them; I think that my envy is real. Ah, these young, with their baptism of fire and flame and suffering! Was ever love so tragic or so great as love in this generation?

July 8.

As one recalls the changes wrought by the war, and the signs of change, nothing seems more significant than the look in the eyes of people,—the greatest change of all. The young men already in khaki, and the young men behind counters who know that they must go wear a wholly different expression from that to which we have been accustomed in young men. There is a depth in the eye, a something dim but very real back of the surface glance. Called suddenly from our bustling, external life to face the eternal verities, they wear a look of hushed awe and surprise.

Young Andy Johns in the real-estate office, silent; the Owen boy, drafted but not yet assigned, going about the streets with a waiting look in his face; the country lad I watched on a street corner on a day

of parade, with his head in relief as if carved by an idealist artist, such as St. Gaudens, — eyes far-seeing, young lips quivering into firm control, — all wear a look of surrender to some fine inward guidance, and a look of non-surrender forever to that external force which is trying to establish itself all over the world.

The eyes of the older men have altered too; there is in them something wistful, noncommittal, as if all life were at some deep pause. I asked Thomas Shaw, a local builder, how the war had affected his business; he said simply: "Killed it," but with a look as if it mattered little. Contractor Elting was talking with him, urging against some enterprise which the two were contemplating together; it was too great a risk; no one could foresee the end of this; what he said was commonplace — he is a commonplace man — but the common words seemed to echo far off, almost at the end of things. The faces of both were as the faces of men who have watched kingdoms fade and die; the inexorable greatness of life is thrusting itself upon them in years when one is slow to learn.

The women's eyes have changed less; they are nearer always the great issues of life and death. I see apprehension in many a mother's face, and great pride. The sorrowful exultation of my neighbor, Mrs. Lent, in the son who is now at the front in France, the son who was wild and a bit bad, is significant; she had never before been able to be proud of him. The eyes of mothers the world over must look much the same now, the one difference being the question as to whether their sons are going or have gone.

The eyes of the young girls are different; they have a kindled look of waiting that is not quite waiting. It is in many cases eagerness to help; in some, sympathetic understanding of the world tragedy and of individual tragedies that have come within their ken; in some, already, it is sorrow of those who have come within the shadow.

The eyes of older folk and young have become vistas, wherein one sees far-reaching paths, leading on and up, for the treading of human kind.

July 30.

Our war nurse has sailed away upon a liner which is to have a military escort. I went to see her off; her father would not go.

"I won't go near it," said Billions, speaking of the ship whose name he had just learned through his daughter, yet he looked sorry; the trouble with Billions is that he looked sorry for himself.

"Who's paying the girl's expenses?" he asked suddenly; I told him that she was earning her way to the front; an organization had been formed to defray the costs of the unit, headed by the physician who had once been Grandmother Brown's tow-headed protégé. I did not tell him that Katharine's personal outfit, or most of it, had been purchased with the old lady's money; this acceptance was a gracious thing on the part of the girl; Grandmother Brown had tried to enlist in all ways that are open to a woman of seventy-five.

She was at the dock when I reached it, waiting to see her granddaughter sail; she had driven down in a taxicab, showing a high degree of courage in

trusting herself to a machine which was known only to be abhorred. With her was Clare.

"Isn't she great?" said Clare. Clare uses freely the one adjective of her generation.

"Yes, she's a good girl," said Grandmother Brown.

The picture is clear in my mind of the vessel slipping out of its berth, with the green water churning at its sides; of the half-laughing, slightly defiant face, the head thrown a little back as she sailed away; her clear and sunny eyes wore no look of fear or of question.

A memory of a Greek grave relief came back to me, a sculptured relief of a maiden whose lifted finger seems about to raise a latch. In Katharine's eyes as in hers was a look of one for whom great doors are about to open; God grant these doors open upon further life, not death. There was that in my throat unbecoming a man and a cobbler.

Remembering the look upon her face I can say: "So much of her is mine," for she told me, in a note which I am keeping in my ledger, that but for me she would never have gone, never have known or cared.

Here is my decoration, my *croix-de-guerre*.

Jack has gone, too. When and how the transport with my boy slipped out of New York harbor I do not know; America has learned the hard lesson of silence, and in secrecy and silence her sons depart.

So they go, my two. They are not mine in any worldly sense, and yet I give them. Truly I have grown rich in this year in which I turned my back upon my worldly possessions; my seeming loss has meant great gain; for the whole world I would not barter what these months have brought.

Those two are symbols, of youth, of joy, and love, in willing sacrifice, symbols of what America is willing to do, — of this greater America, rising out of her wheat fields, her gold mines, her riches innumerable, to offer that which is more precious than all her boundless possessions, her young.

XXIX

August 4.

My young crusaders sail away to help in this cruel conflict.

This is a beginning.

I sit at home and drive pegs into John Morey's shoe.

This is also a beginning.

I talk with John Morey and discover his inmost mind, what he thinks regarding many matters, religious and political. Here is my crusade, well mapped out; sympathetic and intelligent understanding is the one thing needful. I tell him what I think, but absent-mindedly; I find it harder now to be interested in what John Morey thinks and to help shape his thought to fine issues.

In these vast empty spaces, for this small sea town seems to me now an immeasurable, dreary waste, I keep myself hard at work. Tim is unremitting in his devotion; he understands, as does no one else in Mataquoit, and he is trying to make of himself not only a four-footed friend, but a young girl with a sensitive, determined face, and a youth in khaki, with merry, affectionate eyes and a jolly laugh. He is not entirely successful, but he comes nearer success than any one else could.

My mind persistently strays from the problems of the days to come to the glory of these present days. It is in the faces of the young, and not of

Jack and Katharine alone, that I find an answer to the haunting question as to whether this is the ending of a great period; whether the world is falling to decay.

There can be no serious thought of resemblance between the character of our time and that of Rome's downward days, a parallel that, I confess, has often occurred to me. The conscript legions had no strength for life's renewing such as that offered by the youth of to-day. The world over the young have flocked to give all; their vigor, hope, passion go into the collective life of the world. It is not only the young men; the young women also find constantly new ways to serve. What power in their continued life, if this be granted, for life's renewing; what power in their death!

With their millions, the world over, living so greatly, dying so greatly, grasping already in youth the truth that comes hardly ever in later years, the essential truth that deepest living is deepest sacrifice, who can think that to-day can mean downfall, decadence, loss? Rather, there is immense impulsion, an immense gain, this world-experience in self-abnegation, carrying life to higher levels than it has ever known before. It may be that under the great challenge so grandly taken by youth, the race, through its very struggle and anguish, will develop with swiftness never known before, brief months doing the work of many hundred years.

Not in the days of Rome's decadence, but in the day of her power when the great attempt at world dominion was made, I find a certain parallel. The grasp at world power failed; but down all the broad highways of the Caesars, through all their vast

cities, triumphed a faith whose way they had unwittingly made straight, prepared.

As to-day, millions of the young flock, eager for the sacrifice, we can but say: What fruit has come from that spectacle of the pale Christ upon the Cross!

September 12.

Day by day I feel more deeply the difference in this, our America; this rising to the call of the war means, for the great majority of the nation, a renewal of the old pledges of democracy. There is increasingly, an awakening of the rich out of their old mood of feeling the world a grand place in which to disport one's self in special privilege, — freedom to do as one likes and utmost ability to do it; there is a partial rousing of the laboring class from a self-centered demand for their rights, yet many of the unions are still far from patriotism; there is a splendid response of the great middle class — east, west, north, south — offering brain, and muscle, and possessions. Professional and artist classes find common hope and aim with plain folk. There is continual growth of all through this stern struggle into a sense of unity of this vast nation, a feeling of oneness in a great hope. It is not a narrow race feeling, but union of a conglomerate people in a common ideal, fine, high, beyond anything this world has ever known.

It comes, the deeper concord for which we have longed.

We grow toward unselfishness, toward larger views, toward a greater conception than the statecraft of any large nation has ever yet recognized;

that man is his brother's keeper. The promise for the world lies in the fact that the young are learning it.

The voluntary service offered in this war is a step, and a great step, in a mighty progress. That which one has found in vision as the hope of the days of peace becomes actual in this new disinterestedness of war time; each day brings record of fresh activities that seem a prophecy of fulfilment of my aspirations for the civic relations of manhood. All classes are suddenly called out of themselves and above themselves, and so the world moves upward to fuller understanding, fuller sympathy, which holds within it the promise of future peace. Those who have served greatly will not forget.

September 20.

I am a proud man now as I walk the streets of Mataquoit, for Tim is wagging friendliness nearly all the time, and, as Tim's tail registers the state of my feeling more accurately than I can register it myself, I recognize within me a definite growth in the matter of entering into the lives of my kind. It is Tim who keeps me constantly aware that my interest, my concern ramify in all directions, revealing to me my subconscious self, which often is better than I, — the merely thinking I.

Yet my understanding of men, while it grows greater, does not display that constant and orderly progress which I had hoped. I have one day a feeling that I have gained new insight; then I find myself baffled, with an overwhelming sense of ignorance of how to go about my task; and at times I search even for my longing to understand. Possibly

I went about it with too much of scientific over-certainty of results if study were applied. It takes more than observation, more than mere intellectual questioning to understand your neighbor; your whole heart and mind and soul, as well as your attention, must be set on it. Personality retreats before you into fathomless recesses; all you have of individual concern and of affectionate interest must be used to lure it from its hiding place. Old Mrs. Mooney, whose deepest nature I divine, whose innermost motive I know on Tuesday, on Wednesday has become an impenetrable mystery.

A battered post card from Jack, a brief letter from Katharine, remind me that my endeavor to enter into the lives of my kind has worked out in ways sweet and unexpected. In coming, I went into voluntary isolation; I broke with my traditions, cutting myself off, I thought, from personal ties. And now has come the deepest relationship that I have ever known. It is ironic; I who set out to embrace all human kind, find human kind in general often eluding me, but find my affection going out unstintedly to these two, and bringing great reward.

Perhaps I can learn to love my neighbor as myself: no great task, — but I can not love him as I love Jack and Katharine Brown. Especially Jack.

September 30.

It is difficult to face the thought of the rain of fire on the western front, not only because of fear of danger to our own lads, but because of our sorrow that they must take weapons of destruction in their hands. God grant that the great purpose of this fight be held in the heart of each American boy who

goes into it, through all the bitter struggle. He who takes up the sword shall perish by the sword except it be to him less a weapon than a symbol of the right. This warfare must not be mere fighting; unless we keep faith with our higher hope that this war will end all wars and usher in a better order yet to be, we are but murderers.

Our dilemma is a strange and tragic one: war in itself must be condemned as savagery, to be put behind us as soon as may be in the striding onward of humanity. But the momentous crisis proved that, until all the world outgrow it, we must bear our sad part therein; the fact that we of America had long outgrown war is no reason for shirking our responsibility of helping save for mankind that liberty which we have won for ourselves. Growth is an uneven thing; progress is an uneven thing, yet the marching host must go together; we cannot leave behind those who have struggled and fallen from the line. They who retard, as Germany does now, retard the whole; they who drag down, drag down the whole, — for a time only, for certain months and days.

Thus with the leaders of this sorry enterprise we descend into hell. Every moment of this warfare drives home the profound truth that man is, of necessity, one with his fellow; go with him he must, be it to hell or to heaven; there is no falling, no rising alone. May every moment drive home to every man the truth that it is also his most sacred duty to block forever the gates of this particular hell; and to spend his utmost energy in finding paths whereby he and his fellow man may mount in harmony heavenwards.

November 15.

Winter comes on apace with windy days of driven leaves and quiet sunshiny mornings of hoar frost. Still our great national work goes on, in training and equipping soldiers; in making munitions; in gathering and distributing supplies. So great an effort, so swift and determined a girding-up of loins, we have never made in all our history, yet, if recent reports be true, unabashed luxury still shames us. Men surfeit here, while thousands starve over there. The life of unthinking plutocrats in our large cities, for there are still many, with their sybaritic quarters, their rich foods, their priceless jewelry and costly clothing; the waste of resources, such as the constant glare of electricity in city streets in foolish advertising, while London and Paris sit in darkness in order to economize light, betray us, or many of us, as something less than citizens of this our America in her new, finely heroic mood. A devoted worker in war relief, home for a rest, wrote recently that the difference was so great between those stricken capitals and ours, the heartless expenditure here made her so deeply ashamed of her country, that she longed to go back immediately to those lands where people live and suffer, away from this spot where people feed and flaunt.

There is another side here which she will see in time; meanwhile, we need to suffer. God grant that, through the suffering, wisdom may come.

This thought, intensified by the crisis of the moment, of needless expenditure, has been with me much during the past months, for I have been long on the track of a vanishing simplicity in our life, an earlier reality of democratic conditions, disappearing

now under the impact of wealth, with display on the part of those who have, and envy on the part of those who lack. There was in days gone by, in many a community, a something finer in actuality in the relations of man to man than the theoretic schemes, the machine socialisms of to-day, a something that we need to rediscover and redevelop, until it become manifest throughout the land, a friendly relationship in difference of condition, without patronage on the one hand or covetousness on the other. Men knew better in old days how little material things really mattered; it is great pity to have the thought of mere possessions exalted to be the central article of any social and political creed.

As I walk by frozen meadow or the shore of the loud-sounding sea, with Tim at my heels, I find myself repeating a kind of litany:

"From increasing luxury, from respect for mere things, from selfish detachment, from neglect of civic duty, from failure to realize individual responsibility, from selfish claim, Good Lord, deliver us."

Democracy's prayer; it is high time that democracy was on her knees.

XXX

April 29, 1918.

Found my ledger, with a thick coating of dust, in a drawer where it had long lain forgotten. This is no pen-and-ink world, either in Mataquoit or on the Western Front. I grow increasingly practical; night after night, I go with all my toil so weary to bed that sleep is too sound for dreams, even dreams of progress.

The papers recently announced that our consumption of wheat here in America had been diminished by fifty per cent, owing to the effort made by the United States to send wheat to relieve the Allies, using substitutes at home, — rye, barley, corn meal. I like to think of the concrete way in which this has brought into practically every American home the country over some sense of responsibility toward one's brother man. The effort to feed the hungry world and the slight self-denial imposed by it must be enormously educative for us in this country, all too used to the sight of the grasping hand of the master of industry, of labor crying for more and more, of venial politician working in the interests of his small group. The secret of the real brotherhood of man is perhaps contained in the flour barrel, broken wide open for all.

One munches rye bread with a feeling of thankfulness that such homely ways of serving one's country are open to us who may not fight. One elimi-

nates sugar, but what is sugar, when one's spirit chafes night and day unceasingly as the waves fret the shore, with baffled longing to serve in action?

My brief and slangy letters from Jack show me, though I have to read between the lines, that he is doing a man's work "over there." I read them over many times, with deep content and with a subtle sense of assurance difficult to put into words. During all the crash and turmoil of the time, the thought of Jack brings me a sudden sense of peace, as if through my love for him some inner law of harmony had been revealed; these are moments when the stirring of this which is nearest the divine within me, reveals something of hidden purpose in things, when he and I, and all men seem safe, through all the tragedy of circumstance, held in a region of great music, — love.

May 10.

More and more boots come to be mended, and this is patriotism, in part at least; people who, in earlier days, would never have thought of wearing mended boots now bring footgear of all kinds for repair. It is a wise economy, personal, national, — nay, for all the world needs leather, international; my stitches help bind the broken bits of the world together; my waxed thread twines itself into that web that life is weaving throughout the world of the sorrows and the suffering of mankind and the desire to help, knitting mankind into one. Every mended boot helps in a world suffering from a leather shortage.

But what can one say of women in these days, with their fur coats and leather coats and their high

boots, demanding, and for mere fashion, more leather than they ever asked before? Was that literary blasphemer right who said that woman would be the last thing to be civilized?

May 12.

We linger long over our newspapers, which record activities at home, and news from the battlefields where the destiny of mankind is being decided. Reports of disaster over there we meet with rising courage; reports of success with the hope that, when our day of triumph comes, we may celebrate not victory, but peace.

The list of casualties, which grows longer as our share in the war becomes a more active one, I read with sorrow and with reverence, hoping that those who fell, fell willingly, knowing for what they fought. For those who understood, and cared, I can not count this loss of life loss; there is such a thing as living your whole life in a few minutes, if thereby you help save the finer hope of the world. With my reverence for these boys who have won life's supreme gift in their days of youth is mingled envy, envy of their opportunity and of their strength to use it.

I am anything but a militarist; I hate war and its unspeakable cruelty, but I cannot help realizing, as I see the splendor of the response to the great challenge, how little in recent decades that which is deepest in human nature has been made manifest; how the profounder resources of our being have remained hidden and unknown. Something has come to the surface that we did not realize was there; I am aware of something greater and bet-

ter in our country and in the life of the majority of its citizens than was apparent in the fat and prosperous ante-bellum days: deeper concern for inner values; lessening content with comfort and mere physical well-being; aspiration toward higher things and willingness to suffer for them; a new disinterestedness, a desire to lose name and face in the sum total of human welfare. The eyes of men are being lit from some farther star.

How far we were from measuring up to the challenge when the first shock came; how we have grown in strength and in impersonality since that first sense of quivering horror; what possibilities of devotion in human spirit have been revealed, I would my ledger might record truthfully.

It brings us close to that enduring mystery, the ministry of pain in our lives. There is no use of putting down words; it is too deep to fathom, yet one's thought reaches out to days when, in peace also, the soul of our country will be awakened and alert, no longer "Fit but to be led by pain."

May 25.

Billions Brown is here again; we approached each other to-day each with a white flag; the last time we talked we were at such odds about Katharine that we parted not wholly friends.

His white flag was very white indeed; I admired him as he unfurled it and held it resolutely aloft. He gave me news of Katharine; she was working very hard, possibly to the detriment of her health; though Billions poohed and pshawed over the folly of it I could see that he was glowing with such pride as never possessed him before. Katharine writes to

him faithfully every week, though the letters were often long delayed.

He told me, a bit sheepishly, but with a twinkle in his gloomy eyes, that I need not plan further to share my two dollars and forty-seven cents a week with Katharine; he had decided some time ago to give her back her allowance, with additions.

"What could I do, with you and Katharine and Mother all against me?" he asked.

"Don't forget Clare," I suggested. It was Clare who told me later this afternoon the amount of this allowance; Billions, who has scoffed at all war charities, is sending his daughter monthly an enormous sum to use for herself or for anybody who needs it. It is enough to make an appreciable difference in the wretchedness of some sections of northern France.

In talking with Billions I spoke casually of the fact that our consumption of wheat had now decreased sixty-five per cent; he broke into angry speech. The government had no right to interfere with individual liberty in this way; he had asserted his independence as a citizen of the United States by storing a great hoard of flour; the government had confiscated it. His wrath at the memory of this shook the frail walls of my little shop. Then he told me, with a loud laugh, of his *chef*, who, one day in April, came raging into Billions' library with a bag of corn meal in one hand, of rye flour in the other, and asked,

"What do you want me to do with this peeg food?"

"Let it rot," said Billions. And the *chef* obeyed. Here Billions and I took to the trenches again

and carried on a war of words, going valiantly over the top more than once. Who is victor is often hard to say in this trench warfare, but I naturally thought it was I. Have I not right on my side?

June 9.

The solemn summer days move on, from their dawning over the gray sea to their ending in the green west, where the sun goes down behind the pines. All through the anguish of this struggle, man against man, all through this new and deeper brotherhood, shoulder to shoulder, in profound suffering, I hear the voice of the coming era, singing great promises for the future.

There is an awful simplicity in this moment; the things that matter are few and very great. Right seems more right than it used to, and wrong more wrong, for the relationship of man to man is revealed as unfathomably deep, deeper than we knew. How far away and unthinkable are those old moments of amusement at the peculiarities of human beings, that interest in life as a spectacle! How far that cool analysis of idiosyncrasies, failings, that detached character study in which we used to delight, that world of which Henry James was the admired interpreter.

My neighbor's failing is now, in some deep sense, my own; we have joined hands with humanity; we are part and parcel with those whose lives we share. We can no longer stand aside and merely study our fellow men; if they have failings they must needs make good, and we must share the making; we are one with our fellows in this awful hour, and, please God, hereafter. Clever or not, gifted or not, stupid,

brave, or full of fear, they are our brothers. Nothing seems to matter save that we stand shoulder to shoulder, trying to keep the line; save that we all remember that we fight for humanity. What great foreshadowing we now discern, through deepened sense of kinship, of a greater nation yet to be!

June 25.

Billions drives about Mataquoit, or strolls over his vast estate with a more and more puzzled look upon his face. Such an expression have I seen on the face of a boy whose kite has vanished in a high wind, and who stands gazing at the string. Billions' world has blown clear away, and he still clutches vainly the broken string.

He joins now and then the symposiums in my shop, where, even in June, we have an open fire if the evening is chilly, symposiums where we try to rebuild the world. He often looks puzzled. This framing of a perfect world is indeed a task; even the Creator has not yet succeeded in that, when you come to think of it.

All over the country, from Florida to Oregon, the patriotic movement toward greater production is on; from sea to sea, the embattled farmers, with their embattled daughters, dig, hoe, and rake, trying to meet with peas, beans, potatoes and a hundred other growing things the threatened famine of the world.

Billions' younger daughter, Clare, is out in one of the fields on his estate, hoeing, in khaki trousers. She, whose mother never touched anything rougher than finest lawn or softest velvet, never lifted a finger to perform the slightest useful task, is working

like a farmer's son from early morning until late afternoon. The young truly have seen a vision.

Billions, who disapproves, who forbade her, unavailingly, to do this, stands often by the fence, in his uncomfortable elegance of attire, looking on and scowling. But I know that, even if he has not wakened to the need of the hour, the old free days of his boyhood are astir in him; I know that he envies Clare that khaki suit.

As I passed this afternoon, Clare looked up and grinned at me, but she did not stop her work: I ought to add that I think she winked. The world is hungry; the young heiress hoes corn; throughout the country maidens and young boys are raising a fairer crop than they know.

July 4.

On this day which is being celebrated the world over as commemorating a definite step outward and upward in the history of the human race, a radical journal, whose title claims prophecy for the future, whose motto claims Christianity, has been put into my hands. Its weak violence dismays me; it attacks our government, our institutions, at every point; it builds up nowhere. It is but one of many publications of the kind throughout the country, produced and supported not only by aliens, but by descendants of American citizens, who thus dishonor their forbears.

The consciences of free men should forbid such snarling utterances; the weak cry out and denounce because they are weak; the strong lend a hand. Any man who sets his face toward the smallest task of construction I honor, minute though it may be,

but my heart is too sore with the world's great agony to bear with patience this petty carping, coming like stings upon an open wound.

I have no defense to make of many aspects of the present state of things here in America; there has been great abuse of individual opportunity; our government has not at all points shown either omniscience or omnipotence, such as is claimed for the paper schemes outlined by the ultra radicals of to-day. But to declare a government wholly bad because of grave sins and shortcomings is to deny the possibility of government among men, for as long as men fall short of perfection, governments will fall short of perfection. I have not, if I dare suggest it, noted among the anarchists and extreme radicals that passion for perfection of character which alone could ensure permanent success for their plans of rule, and I find difficulty in sharing their belief in the adequacy of that rule, as an ultimate solution of the human problem.

The gist of my thought about the matter is that it is for the real sons and daughters of America to admit the existence of present abuses and to find a way of righting them. Our past experience in freedom ought to have brought us to a point where we can get on without red revolution; we shall do better in evolution than in revolution; and after all, evolution seems to be nature's way.

July 10.

It would make the asset side of my ledger far too long to record there all that has been done in Mataquoit in behalf of a suffering world. The bean vines of Joe Hincks bear testimony to a new

sense of international relations, as do the cabbages of Enoch Ames, the truckman, and the patriotic potatoes of the Widow Frayne, for even she has felt the breath of a new era astir in her garden patch. Old Madame Strong on the hill has risen to heights of patriotism; her wakened spirit took the form of summer squashes. She could not work herself, but she dispensed with the services of her maid that the latter might make a garden. Clare, unabashed, is peddling from town to town, in a rickety Ford belonging to a girl of her acquaintance, the peas and lettuce and other vegetables that she has raised. To Billions' insistent offers of unlimited funds for contribution she replies by a firm smile, — her grandmother's smile; she wants to earn something. Her short khaki skirt and high tan boots, both somewhat dusty, her brown, resolute, winsome face under a flapping straw hat bring great pleasure to Tim and me, but anguish to Billions. I am sorry for him but cannot help; these birth throes of a greater world must be endured.

The Red Cross rooms are piled high with garments and with bandages; sweaters and socks innumerable are being knit by the women of the town; even old Nicholas Means, a retired sea captain, has knit two pairs of socks for the soldiers. Why could he do nothing in times of peace except fuddle himself with something that intoxicates? What it was I can not say; this is the State of Maine.

Old lady Simms has actually made and contributed half a dozen shirts, all stitched by hand: how she saved money to purchase the material for them nobody knows. Even old Joshua Ridgeway, though he has not raised vegetables for his fellows or knit

socks, has placed two considerable sums of money in my hands for Red Cross use. Where have his patriotism, his humanity, been summering all these years? And Wallace, — but no ledger could sum up all that Wallace has done and is doing.

People rush at this crisis to give of their substance, their time, their strength. So many are the national generousities that I am beginning to realize that our engrossment with material things was not so real as it seemed. The great majority were doubtless absorbed in these things because they saw nothing better; it was but a thin surface crust, this absorption, concealing depths which no man knew.

XXXI

July 15.

Letters from Jack and Katharine come at rare intervals, lending a glory to my baked beans, suffusing fish cakes with a radiance not their own, lingering with a kind of light round every bit of leather in my shop. Not that they say anything extraordinary; they are severely brief, business-like, and practical. Jack tells me about his dugout; about going over the top and coming back unscathed; and adds that the tutoring I gave him in cobbling has stood him in good stead, as he has mended his own boots more than once. Katharine writes about the hospital beds, with mattresses not as comfortable as she could wish suffering men to have; about the endless stream of wounded; about endless operations, with constant anæsthetizing. This giving of anæsthetics is her chief work. Though both economize words, they give me some glimpses of life over there, of our boys marching through French villages and along French highways, under overhanging trees; of children running out to see and cheering the long lines of American soldiers; of gray-haired men and women at cottage doors watching through dim eyes the hosts of their deliverers.

There is not a word in the letters of either about their feelings, scarcely a word about themselves,

except as a pair of eyes seeing things, a pair of hands doing things. I have been wont to deplore the lack of vocabulary of the young of the present day; they seem to have at their command a single adjective, a phrase or two at best; perhaps, after all, it is a good thing; their inarticulateness may be the measure of their practical preoccupation with the matter in hand.

Jack is threatening to send home a little French orphan, a lad he found in an abandoned, ruined village, for his parents to look after. I do not feel sure that this would do; better send him to Tim and me, for we are beginning to understand the right way to make a citizen of him and other lads.

Not only in reading letters from those whose friendship I hold, but in reading newspaper accounts of the deeds of youth of my own and other countries my heart swells in pride. Such glory of human courage and devotion must make our earth shine out as more than a star among stars.

In the actual sense of human brotherhood, — not as a theory, a phrase, but a loyal companionship in life and in death; in the generous impersonality shown in this war; in its vast sacrifice, there is foundation and firm foundation for such a civilization as the world has never seen, a something for which a better word than mere inadequate "civilization" must be discovered. Men do not seek glory in this war, do not ask rewards, do not try to attain individual distinction. In this very subordination of the personal demand, its annihilation, is a basis for an uplifted world-wide democracy where every man's concern shall be *res publica*.

No defeat on western front or Italian front, no

defection in Russia can hinder its coming to pass. For the eyes of men have seen it in vision, and the future is secure; it is builded on the souls of men, and the souls of men who hope like this can not be overthrown; it is builded on the one lasting foundation, sacrifice. So Christianity, the individual faith, slips into democracy, a creed becoming manifest in the rule of nations; it is a wonderful thing, at my age, to feel this great thing begin to come to pass.

July 23.

Spent the latter part of the afternoon hoeing my bean patch, for I also am a patriot. Candor compels me to confess that my beans are not particularly good beans; the vines are not half as high as those of Joe Hincks, my policeman friend. But, excelsior!

The best thing about my garden patch is that it now and then raises an idea, not necessarily my own. With cunning forethought I chose a spot not far from the highway, where my neighbors pass up and down. On that bit of fence, picket though it be, have leaned the brains and brawn of Mataquoit, as neighbor after neighbor has there stopped to discuss the world war, and the world future, and the weather. Topics of international importance have been turned over there with my hoe; topics of local importance have here come up not only for discussion but for settlement. Was I not recently made a selectman of Mataquoit?

Wallace stopped for a few minutes to discuss ways and means of increasing our Red Cross fund; he looks thinner, older than when I first saw him;

the war is telling on this man who suffers in other people's suffering as he does not in his own.

After he went, old Mrs. Martin came hurrying along, with terror quivering in the ancient feathers of her rusty bonnet. A report had reached her of German submarines off the coast of Cape Cod and of vessels sunk there; what could we do in case of attack? Perhaps it is but natural that this obscure town on the Maine coast should seem to its inhabitants the goal of the Kaiser's ambition; I suggested all that I could in the way of comfort: that Mataquoit could not be sunk by torpedo; that a small party of German soldiers would hardly land in the midst of a large hostile population. She refused to be reassured, but hurried on, reminding me that I should be peculiarly exposed in my hut so near the sea. I admitted it.

In this garden, given over not only to vegetables but to ideas, the ideas are, on the whole, better than the vegetables. If my patriotic crop is a bit different from those of my neighbors, I trust that it brings as great a promise of sustenance and of seed for the future. Here, with the help of two of my young fellow townsmen, who are disaffected in the matter of wage, I have raised a commendable profit-sharing scheme, to be applied in all industries for the contentment of the laboring man; to be enforced by the Federal Government through an interstate commission if necessary. Our only point of difference is that it shall be everywhere a profit-and-loss sharing scheme; this idea that a rule can and should work two ways perplexes my young friends, who scowl and shake their heads over it, being obsessed by the single vision of their kind of

a rosy future with high mounting wages, and no risks, no uncertainties for them. We have talked much, too, of the possibility of breaking up our present political parties, whose differentiation has now become more a matter of prejudice than of principle, so that one finds oneself in an embarrassing predicament when asked by a foreigner to explain the essential differences between a Democrat and a Republican. Our presidential campaigns are marked by more and more hasty improvisation of points at issue, and become more and more a fight between men than a struggle between contrasting articles of political faith. If we could but have a Conservative party, whose chief concern should be to see that that which is best in our present institutions should be preserved, and a Liberal party whose chief concern should be to advocate changes in our theory and practice of government, that might make for betterment; we might perhaps find out the path of wisdom wherein the nation could walk in safety and in honor. Fighting under the radical wing of the Liberal party, labor, and all modern theorists could, in endless speech-making, blow off steam which now, in confinement, tends toward explosion.

In my leisurely hoeing and raking, many a parallel suggests itself between gardens and government. When old Joshua Ridgway speaks of our Constitution as a something fixed once and forever, and never to be altered; when the radical young clerk in Rankin's drug store alludes to it as a set of dead formulæ, ready to be thrown away, it is my privilege to respond that our Constitution is alive and capable of endless growth, through amendment, so that it

may shape itself to the widening destiny of a growing people. It is difficult to convince old Joshua that the deepest sacredness of this charter of our liberties lies in the fact that it can be changed to meet new need, as it is to convince my young friend, the clerk, that our government is still in the making.

Digging about the roots of my corn, I confess to myself and to the rustling leaves that if I and my fellows had shown ourselves aware of the vital greatness of our Constitution, if we had been conscious of our government as a living something, to which we, as citizens, organic factors, contributed, there would be among us fewer disaffected young radical men without a country. Billions Brown, Asa Trimmer, our successful lawyer, Fred Stone, our real estate magnate, and I, with many others, — through what sense of higher values, through what efforts of will have we tried to make good the possibilities of development inherent in our present scheme of rule? Have we not rather, forgetting that nature never pauses, conceived our government as a something settled once and forever, put about us as a protecting wall to safeguard us and our interests, a something to complain about, to criticize with amused smiles? That it is an organic body, with roots deep down in our natures, for whose well being and growth we are individually responsible, has never occurred to most of us:

August 5.

The fourth year of the war draws to its close, and the horror moves on, through the tragic steps of the great spring drive and a fresh Armenian massacre, ten thousand added to the two millions

already slain and starved; through continued struggle on the western front, and recent success that may or may not mean permanent gain. Was Jack in this last advance, I wonder? I wait anxiously to know. The long war tension deepens, to a point where it is well-nigh unendurable. How can one think in a world like this; how write; how speak? All forms of writing break under the strain; all words become as if silent, non-existent, before this awful coming into human life of that which makes every hill a Calvary, and every field a Holy Sepulchre where those have been laid who have died that the world might go free.

How shall words that sufficed before August, 1914, meet our need now?

The soldiers, they tell us, are silent, after the noise and crash and hell of sound. Those who write of the look of men who have fought in this war speak in terms that recall Browning's Lazarus. They seem to be describing men who have been through some vast and terrible experience that language cannot reach; men who no longer live in this world, but judge by other standards than ours, have other measures of life and action. We who do not share, who live in safety on the far edge, watching from a distance Golgotha, what right have we to speak? Or, for that matter, live, when others die that we may?

What this means to the sons of America we know in part from their suffering and their glory, shown in their flight into the air, their courage under water, and their brave graves in France. The letters from young soldiers printed from time to time in the papers make one hold one's breath because of

the simplicity of the courage expressed, the sureness of its aim: "If I go out, know that I was game," is the burden of many a message. These letters seem utterly different from anything of which the young would have been capable five years ago, in this thought of death; not as a something terrible, far-off, to be dreaded through a cautious lifetime, but as something near, perhaps the next step of achievement.

There is in the letters no demand except for a bit of chocolate or tobacco, some trivial thing whose sending will bring pleasure to the giver. Is this the world which, of late years, has had its mind and soul concentrated on the thought of comfort and of health at any cost? From the guarded, self-centered, germ-searching rays of a few years ago they go out into this hell, unflinching in the face of physical annihilation such as the world has never seen. And their bodies, which they have been taught to regard as all, are as nothing; the faith for which they die, or, worse, suffer mutilation, is all.

The soul, evidently, has survived even this modern era, with its obsession regarding the world of matter, its disintegrating analysis, its lack of vision.

Reports from American hospitals in France, as from other hospitals, record no murmurings or complaints, no protest against mutilation, suffering, oncoming death, only, some immense unexpressed desire to help, to offer all in the great cause. Soldiers and civilians alike in France, England, Italy suffer utmost hardship, know hunger, deprivation, sorrow, saying only: "I am content."

Thinking of the way of ancient faiths, with their sacrifice of chosen victims, one holds one's breath to see whole nations move up the *Via Sacra*, the *Via Dolorosa*, to sacrifice themselves. Fighting Australian, Englishman, Canadian, American go out, in supreme surrender, million by million, risking all, for what? That all men may have a chance, may go free, as they are free. Swearing, sinning doubtless, forgetting often the highest part of the high aim, they still are moved by some immense inner force, they give in willingness all for something which means for them no outer gain, only utter loss, of things external.

Can it be that the very soul of Christian faith has made undreamed advance, creeping into the hearts of believers and unbelievers the world over, conquering the world without our knowing it, as we have in the past delicately weighed and balanced doctrine, assertion, intellectual question? He who dies, dies now on Calvary, Christian to the great heart of him, whatever may be on his lips. Scoffer and believer march in step to willing sacrificial death. Have doubter, denier, the unthinking found, while the Christian world was troubling itself over theologies, the one simple and sufficient truth that Christianity is a life, not a theory, a life, perhaps death, for others? Christ knew always.

Through the shock and the horror of resurgent paganism, through all the mist, this great fact of all but universal, glad sacrifice shines out. Perhaps the great challenge has come to make the world aware how greatly it had become Christian, not knowing; Christian, with denial on its lips, but love in its heart, and willing surrender of life for it. The

world insisted upon interpreting Christianity as an absolute philosophy or creed; itself its own witness, it has made itself manifest as inner vitality, men not knowing. We are digging deep these days, below our doubts, below our new-found superficial knowledge, into the deep, rich, hidden vein of very life.

August 10.

List upon list of those dead and wounded; loss upon loss; it often seems too much to bear. It is as if life were just bringing us forth; as if we were being born, through pain and suffering and awful horror, in the travail of some mighty mother; and all our past, with its loves and its aspiration and its achievements, is lost in wonder as to whether we shall be worth her anguish. Our eyes are strained in trying to read the mighty purpose on her forehead; her eyes we cannot see, for they are closed and blind with pain.

Will they unclothe and reveal some undreamed beauty, of high faith and piercing insight, — aim, great as the suffering endured; hope equal to the agony; joy, deep as only the joy can be that has known anguish, — that deepest joy of all, of bringing life to birth?

The past seems unimportant; shall we who share life's most awful hour remember aught of what we did or what we were? Only, strain every nerve and fiber; try to let every feeling quicken, and to face every slightest flame of mental energy, that we may perhaps somewhat understand, it may be even act, do something of the high behest of earth's most crucial moment.

Our failures matter as little as our small achievements; all hopes and aims held heretofore, whether gained or lost, are small and trivial as compared with the great needs of this moment. If we have failed and it is ebb tide of aspiration and endeavor with us, this moment may be the turning point; we may come on again with swelling intensity of purpose to a new and farther mark on the shore. Perhaps all life, all achievement, all civilization is even now thus falling, falling, to rise higher than ever before. It is the stress of great storm with us now; will high tide, and clear weather, and free winds come?

XXXII

August 14.

I see Jack's father and mother now and then; last week they showed me a German helmet which their son had sent. For those who disapprove of fighting they take great pride in one boy's valor in fight; they go over again and again all the details he has given in his letters; the trench raid; the slight wound, and the three days in "blighty." Their reasoning seems to be that fighting is right now that Jack is doing it. To-day I met Mrs. Sands in a state of great excitement; Jack has received some decoration, — what she could not tell me. He had not written about it, of course; another boy of Mataquoit had announced the fact on a picture post card, somewhat blotted.

I confess to my ledger, but not to Mrs. Sands, a growing, personal anxiety in the face of the extended operations among our troops and our apparently successful offensive. We do not know whether Jack is back at his post; was that wound really as slight as was reported?

August 18.

Headlines proclaim the complete success of Foch's counter-offensive; the Germans are swept back all along the line. The Americans have covered themselves with real glory, for their initiative, their courage, their inability to discover what surrender

means, or what caution means; to-day's paper says that two million, six hundred thousand American soldiers are in France.

As one reads, on these days of tragic anniversary, the account—how full of dramatic irony!—of the Germans' continued retreat in the Marne sector, where they advanced so triumphantly four years ago, as one holds one's breath in presence of a hope, too great for any words, that the tide has turned, one realizes that, unless this mean far more than the retreat of the Germans, it is nothing; it must mean the ultimate retreat of the imperialistic idea, of man's belief in force, the retreat of war itself.

September 3.

A brief letter from Jack, who writes that he is all right, quite well, and physically fit, gladdened my heart to-day. He tells of a great service of thanksgiving held in Amiens Cathedral on August fifteenth, to celebrate the deliverance from the Germans. There was a choir of French soldiers; the altar was surrounded by the red, white, and blue flags of Great Britain, France, and the United States. Jack could characterize it only by the one meager adjective of his generation; I do not indeed doubt that this spectacle was "great"; and I would I might have seen and heard so much of hope for the future in this spot where carved stone and deep stained glass perpetuate through beauty the sacred tradition of the past.

That music of which he wrote, pealing out for victory through the wonderful Gothic arches of that cathedral, laid strong hold upon my imagination and mingled in my thought with the bell which I

heard tolling through the fog for days in early August, 1914, and which has never been wholly out of my ears in all the months between. That was a sound as of a passing bell, knelling the death of an era; what did it toll out, as it tolled out a period? Dare I think of this in terms of my hope?

The selfishness, self-centeredness, unconcern of us all, whether intellectual and spiritual, or material; the unabashed wealth, the luxury of the few, which belies our America, and misleads the working man into forgetting that the vast majority of people of the country are, like himself, workers.

Much, I hope, of the sensational labor and pseudo-labor agitation, much of the theoretical side of the "wrongs-of-the-poor-working-man" propaganda. The last few months must have proved to many people that toil is good; must have suggested many deeper things than a sense of wrongs, notably, the joy of helping. Would that the professional agitator could be rung out, and that the working man might be permitted to use that most precious of his possessions, his common sense.

Would that, with the walking delegate, might be rung out the half charlatan economist, who teaches the mischievous doctrine that character is wholly the result of economic conditions. This mechanistic conception of man as formed in personality and determined in destiny by forces external to himself has wrought untold havoc in the world, has started a subtle inner disintegration of millions of men. Carried to its logical results, it means intellectual, spiritual, moral death; man is to a far greater extent than he dreams to-day the result of his own endeavor.

So may vanish also the materialism of high and low, of the masses and the classes, the naïve trust in wealth, in prosperity as the goal of endeavor; our smug confidence in mechanical and material treasures, that growing faith in externals which marked the whole preceding period; all that ignoring of the inner life, and over-emphasis on the body, that growing tendency toward belief in the laws of physical progress as the only valid laws, which has ruled modern life and thought.

That passing bell in my memory rings all too slowly to ring out all that I would like to see go: that fine-wordiness of the mere talking idealist, the lofty pretension, unbacked by deed, the phrasemongering of the higher life. Those who go out to death uncomplainingly, and with no appeal to us for pity or for admiration, have rebuked us into silence. Men and women must act, must be, not merely talk, in the era that is coming. Would that the knell could sound of our "isms" and mists of thought, our current novelties of faith and aspiration, our passion for the newest, the latest, the most astonishing thing in beliefs, preferably occult; also, of all our bizarre art that springs from the eccentric, the desire to startle, all speaking irrationalism in the world of creative activity, resting upon a something unbalanced, not wholly sane in human nature. With it may go also art of the merely analytical type, signifying a clever dissecting of human nature, with no profound imaginative insight, no deep sympathetic concern.

Through all my eager thought of what must go sounds the music of that vast cathedral, pealing out victory; may it prove the melody of life to be,—

the "still sad music of humanity." May it bring swiftly the righting of every real industrial wrong, in a world where all men shall work to the utmost at their different posts; where shall reign such a sense of responsibility of man for man as never before has been known. May the music of a great and simple faith run through our lives, with the two great and sufficing notes sounding therein: belief in the universe as a spiritual universe; in Christ's way of sacrifice as the one way of holiness. And may the art of that new world be simple, fundamental as its civic and its religious beliefs, touching the common chords of love and faith and hope.

September 10.

All summer Billions has remained incorrigible, while every one else, from the old fisherman on Hawk's Island to Sam Hicks, the odd-job man, has been doing his bit. Billions has steadily and obstinately refused to do anything for the war and the war sufferers, at least openly. As much of his wealth as could flow through Katharine's hands has evidently gone to the relief of suffering over there; she wrote me not long since that she was perplexed to know how to dispose of the vast sums that were coming to her. Sending her huge drafts perhaps brings to Billions a pale shadow of the satisfaction to which he looked forward all his life; in a sense he is lavishing his wealth on Katharine.

But he walks about in a loneliness as great as if he were the sole inhabitant of the world, with one of his daughters in khaki trousers, one in Red Cross uniform, and all the effort of his life gone for naught. His whole striving has been to give them

a vast heritage; it is piled high, but they are curiously unaware of it, living in a world he does not know.

He remains ostentatiously idle, though there is no one to play with him; ostentatiously overdressed, though none have time to look at his clothes; and, though he is personally moderate, there is a surfeit of food upon his table.

To hear him on the subject of the income tax is sulphurous; he told me in a rage the amount he is to pay this year. I openly rejoiced; he must help clothe our soldiers whether he will or no.

But within the past week a change has come over him: the hospital in which Katharine has been working was bombed by a German aeroplane; a wounded soldier, to whom she was attending, was killed before her eyes; a splinter lodged in Katharine's shoulder, causing a wound painful but not dangerous.

Billions is furious, with a cold, white fury that bodes ill for the Germans. Whether it was the cowardice of a deliberate attack on wounded men, or whether it was because his own flesh and blood had been injured, I do not know, but he has made a vast contribution to our local war fund, in his own name, has sent another to New York, and has ordered that a huge shipment of gasoline shall be sent to France from one of his refineries, for motor-truck purposes, the moving of arms and men.

Naturally I too am stung to the quick by the thought of Katharine's suffering, but I wish that I could fathom or understand this selfishness that protects from all sense of hurt until one's own are hurt.

September 17.

Sitting on the bridge over the tidal river this afternoon, as the tide came in, I decided that I am one hundred and one per cent American.

My pride is not mere pride in the successful military victory of July and August; it is joy in the great task undertaken, one never before undertaken by people or nation. For in all the recorded history of the human race, through all time, there is no single event more important than this, the crossing of two million and more men of a free, peace-loving country, to fight, in a battle that means for them and for America, no gain, only loss, and sorrow, and bitter wounds, and death, that other men may go free. And in all recorded history there is nothing more significant than the self-denial in the matter of food from end to end of America, much of it voluntary, that Europe might be fed.

A new era is ushered in, one nation voluntarily taking upon itself the burden of others; is it the beginning of a time when national ethics will rise to the height of individual ethics and perhaps beyond?

My culture-doubts vanish; so also my fear lest the great race-amalgamation stamp out our inherited national characteristics. All have responded equally to the challenge; all clamor for a share of the great and sacred work. I am proud, proud to the point of pain of being an American citizen: with bowed head I consecrate myself and the rest of my days to the task.

No past failure or present menace must deprive us of a sense of the greatness of our heritage. We have risen to a great moment; have taken upon

ourselves great international duties; the high significance of this hour we must not lose, nor ever fail in the obligation it has laid upon us.

November 11.

The great news, the greatest news on earth, uncontradicted as yet, of peace.

November 14.

I wander by the brown salt marshes where, in and out, the water sparkles with brighter gleam than of old. . . . Tim barks more joyously than I have ever heard him. . . . Peace, incredible peace. . . . One breathes differently since November eleventh. Not being where I can share the service of thanksgiving in a great cathedral, I seek my altar out of doors, and listen to the thunder of the sea.

I am beginning to be able to think again; during the days since the great news came I have done little but walk, or cobble with as great intensity as if it were for me to put the broken world together and mend it, with strong waxed thread. At first I think I was bewildered by the silence of the guns, though it was with the soul's ear only that I have heard them.

The country from end to end is celebrating victory; victory of what? of military might, or of that hope of the world which we have chosen to call democracy. The country has been deeply stirred and has awakened, but to what of lasting import has it awakened? Will the passion of our great effort animate our future, or will it waste itself in futile shouts, from a hundred and ten

million throats of, "We won the war." As the lads come home, are they coming to the old America, of triumphant outer progress, of individual enterprise, and *laissez-faire* as regards the general welfare, or to an America making good in all that our forefathers hoped and planned and prayed for, all that we, building on their foundation, have added to their hope?

The new questioning as to the relation of man to man must be worked out better than it has ever been, worked out, not merely thought out. No old answer will suffice. If our America is to go on, it must be America on a higher spiral.

XXXIII

November 17.

The tension of the war situation has been relieved, and now follow long empty days wherein creeping anxieties, suppressed during the time when our attention was focused on the western front, become manifest. The exultation of November 11 gives way to subtler misgivings of defeat, and a menace which has long been at the back of my mind threatens openly. Through all the months while Russia has been boiling up like a seething cauldron I have been waiting, with suspended judgment, for information that would enable me to form a decisive opinion regarding this new power of Bolshevism.

Last autumn ended that miracle of a peaceful revolution, almost without bloodshed, which, in the spring of 1917, had astonished the world with its swift and happy overthrow of the tyranny of centuries, its swift inauguration of a new era. The reports that have come since then, both of destruction and of construction on the part of this new and constantly growing power, open corridors of thought down which one almost fears to tread. They tell the story of contemporary Russia as of one long welter of blood; the populace, the so-called "people," are massacring the bourgeois; a century ago in France it was the bourgeois who massacred

the nobility; from what dregs of humanity will arise, in another hundred years, the Caliban people who will massacre the proletariat? Has progress then, as at times it seems to have, the clumsy, crushing gait of a tank, leaving death in its wake?

That grand phrase, "the rule of the people," a sacred article in our creed, now takes on an unexpected and sinister meaning, falling upon our ears like a threat, as we face the encroaching power of the lower; will this in time become the power of the lowest? Now that the under dog has risen in the Russian Bolshevik, and that the under dog is mad, — mad to wipe out all who have shown mastery, the question as to whether he will succeed becomes the most crucial question before mankind the round world over. The most terrible menace here is not the war against political institutions, but the war against the sacredest human instincts; if reports be true, family life and love, religion, the only enduring foundations of government, are threatened.

It is borne in upon us with appalling clearness that other autocracies may follow that of ruling houses; that democracy, or alleged democracy, holds within itself potential utter tyranny, more devastating than any other tyranny known; *demos*, literally, may imply mob rule, the surging up from the depths. How often here in America, whose established freedom we have taken so lightly and irresponsibly for granted, have I heard the loud voice overmaster the right voice, and seen the will of the people vanish before the will of the demagogue! Whether Russia's present plight is due primarily to the stirring up of the lowest instincts and passions, or to the fact that a little coterie of self-appointed

Tsars are imposing upon the people a cruel and shallow rationalistic scheme, wherein formulae of progress are substituted for knowledge of those characteristics of human nature that make for growth, it is impossible to say. In either case, the country is groaning under a narrow class rule, and the imperialism of the many is substituted for the imperialism of the one. It would be idle to deny this menace of Bolshevism, all the world round; idle to deny that we of America, who have been living in the full security of the principles of 1776, are threatened in that freedom of which, to tell truth, we have never been wholly worthy. We have serenely taken it for granted that freedom was a matter settled once for all; now we face a situation in which the question may be asked as to whether we are to keep or lose this vast privilege to which we have not lived up. In this slaughter of the bourgeois the moving finger points to us, as it points to our kind in other lands. Are we, how are we to escape red revolution?

I disclaim prejudice; I trust that my mind is open to real aspects of progress, yet I do not think that the bell boy should take the place of the rector of the university, or the apprentice that of the manager of the factory, as I am told is the case in parts of contemporary Russia. One reverences essential man, the human being as such, yet one discerns grades and shades of intellect that make men capable of serving their fellows by leading them. It is for those who hold a liberal faith, and who have a measure of intellectual and spiritual training to say whether democracy shall continue to be a great and increasing force making for freedom, or whether

it shall become a degraded and degrading tyranny whose end is chaos. The issue is clear, as we face the appalling possibility of a world without leadership; if art, culture, fineness of life, yes, even justice and a sense of fair play are to be served, all who have shared these gifts must go down more than halfway to meet the populace in friendliness; must show them their need, their lack, must help them up, sternly holding before them higher ideals than they can work out for themselves. The best things in life never yet came from mass movement.

November 20.

Katharine writes of touching scenes in France, glad village celebrations as soldiers go to their homes to share with their wives and children their joy in the deliverance of France; of a little ripple of gayety in Paris, where uniformed figures of many countries meet and greet each other with smiles. War vanishes, and the feeling of relief is like that when tooth and claw of wild beast are drawn from shivering flesh and quivering nerves. As I read, I can almost hear little shouts of laughter as the French children begin again to play, and can see the smiling wrinkles about the faces of the old, as Jeanne and Jeannot find themselves safe again, though without a roof over their heads, for the end of the adventure of eighty years.

This last letter was more outspoken than any I have ever had from Katharine, and it gave me clearer glimpses than I have ever had of the recesses of her fine nature. Under all the hurt sympathy with the suffering about her is a little exultation in having broken the chains that bound her, and having

won her freedom to act, to serve. She stoutly refuses her father's cabled suggestion that she come home at once; there is more than enough to do, with her many patients and other individuals whom she is trying to help. She is building a house for an old woman who fled from her village in the Château-Thierry region, with the one survivor of her household, a large gray goose. Katharine discovered her, spent with hunger, wandering in a field in search of food, talking to the goose as if it were human. The goose was performing that best of services, listening — what mortal could do more? — as her mistress poured out the story of the shelling of her home: son, daughter and their three children perished with the house when the bomb fell. Granny was untouched because she was out feeding the goose.

"Her new home is to be on the site of the old one, as nearly as we can find it in the heap of rubble and ashes that was the village. I am going to put her in charge of four little orphans who were brought to the hospital the other day. Granny sits on a splintered beam and watches the foundation stones of her house as they are laid by German prisoners; and the goose affectionately pecks at the buttons on her gown, which is rather a pity, as there are but two left. You see I cannot possibly come home now; there are my three tubercular soldiers who must be placed where they can have care and proper food; and there is a whole small hospital of blind soldiers whose fate rests with me. Oh, I can't begin to tell you all there is to do! I will come back some day, when I am needed there more than I am here."

I refolded Katharine's letter and sent it to Grand-

mother Brown; wisdom is justified of her grandchildren.

It is the moment of the young; they rise grandly to its challenge; and we older folk? It is our great hour, too. With as much of devotion; with less, perhaps, of hope; with fewer years in which to help make good the better state for which the world is striving, we face the future.

We envy the young, yet we have at this tragic crisis a service that the young cannot render. Our years are assets, if we count them and what they have taught us aright. It is for us whose memories reach back over decades of human life, who have also some ripened knowledge of the history of the world and its finer culture, to help bring what was best in the wisdom of the past to the making of the future; to offer in like service all that has been deepest in our individual experience. It is for us to keep youth from breaking faith with the past, from relinquishing the spiritual and ethical standards won by our forbears in long struggle; to guard it lest it fall victim to raw theory, — a special menace in a scientific era. To think, observe, remember; to keep a quiet mind through the turmoil; to try quietly to aid in working things out, there is our task.

It is for us to help keep alive faith in the inner realities, denial of the mechanistic conception of life, for us, who know from experience the falsity of this conception. Of all the wisdom that we can bring the young this is the supreme truth: that the living will is the only enduring force in life; that they are wrong who teach that all abides but in circumstance; that the age-long struggle of the human soul is all that counts.

November 25.

Mataquoit keeps on with many of her war activities, notably with one great war activity, talking. Here, as elsewhere throughout the country, the story is told and retold of how America won the war. Local pride rises high; to listen to discussions at street corner or in post office is to become almost convinced that Mataquoit, single-handed, defeated the hosts of the Central Powers. Old Silas Marks, the hotel keeper reminds us that he prophesied the very day and place in which the Germans would flee before our American boys; Phil Landers, the expressman, and Abraham Jencks of the rural delivery regard the outcome as in some mysterious way the result of strategy and tactics recommended by themselves; and Enoch Ames, the truckman, nodding sagely, asks if he had not always said we would "show them."

No one can be more proud than I of the glory of American courage as it has been shown in these hard months; stories of heroism, individual and of whole companies, have poured in fast upon us. Yet it is fatuous to say that we won the war. We brought decisive help after four years of death struggle to those who, having given all, were well-nigh spent. Our eleventh-hour service is bringing us all too generous praise from statesmen and from populace abroad, and a self-praise at home which is as foolish as it is alarming. This tendency toward boastfulness is the greatest menace our country faces; our conviction that we are the best and most remarkable of all people, — what can it lead to except defeat?

Perhaps we can keep in our democracy something of the courage, the dash, the sense of team work

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of our fighting battalions over there, and eliminate something of our over-swift self-congratulation. Even now one detects a higher note, an exultation in sharing, through choice, the hard destiny of the nations. Mataquoit has become more than Mataquoit in reaching out for its part of the world burden; and if Mataquoit can rise above itself in self-forgetful devotion, any place can. Two of our wounded have come home, one, young Melton of our hardware store, who must wear a wooden leg for life, and Joe Leavitt, the postmaster's son, who has lost an eye. Sorrow has come to many a home, with cruel swiftness; a bride of six weeks, daughter of Rankin of the drug store here, learned first from a list of casualties in the local paper of the death of her young husband in France. Lover, brother, son, — the sad tidings drifts in, and one by one my neighbors are stricken; but, here as throughout the country, two by two, and three by three, and many by many, they rise to the challenge. Patient fingers still fold bandages innumerable; schemes for gardens for the coming year take form in long lists of seeds to be purchased and plans of beds to be made; on the street, in the sitting-room windows, at lectures, in trains, all women are knitting: to me they are symbols; they are knitting together the hearts of men, knitting together the lives of the citizens of the world.

A line from Jack brings the news for which I have been waiting with anxiety greater than I confessed to myself; I dreaded to know what the last hours before the armistice had meant for him. He is well, he writes, but a bit "seedy"; presently he is to have a week on the Riviera and will write me

a long letter from there, for he has much to tell me. Patience is the cobbler's special virtue.

As the way of peace opens out before us and thoughts of the future overmaster all other thoughts of men in shop and church and market place, while all the air seems waiting for the wiser statesmanship of the future, I am saddened by increasing attacks upon my old friend and erstwhile mother, England, mother not only of my race, of my inherited instincts and standards, but mother also of those free institutions which face the future with promise and with endless possibilities of expansion. Nay, England is perhaps rather my grandmother, whom I cherish in my heart, who taught my mother America the underlying ruling principles of her life. Shall a man, shall a great nation, not reverence its grandmother, especially one who stands for firm, slow-growing, stable freedom, who builds on strong foundations, steadily achieves more and more of liberty, never gives up, knows not defeat?

Yet the sons of England who come in friendliness to talk to American audiences are dismayed by the amount of anti-British feeling here. What is the chief source of this would be difficult to say; doubtless the Irish have more than any one else to do with keeping the flame of grievance alive; yet it seems folly to cherish a grievance for the sake of the grievance. Foolish text books, too, perpetuate that old, brief feud between mother and child; but surely it is bad taste to flaunt family quarrels in public. None but a barbarian people would teach the doctrine of hate to its young, and it is quite time that our Revolutionary War was presented in

all our histories as a domestic dispute that resulted in great benefit to both members of the family. Surely through this, as through nothing else, Britain learned that fashion of treating her colonies that has resulted in her great daughter nations the world over counting it their chief glory to belong to her. In that war, as in many another, the defeated nation won the most. England, realizing a mistake, set about to correct it; the story of all succeeding decades until the present day is the story of persistent and successful efforts to secure more freedom for the individual man, to make government more and more sensitive to the popular will. Thus they have achieved, politically, at least, a more real democracy than our own, a more flexible system: the voter, be he never so humble, has a larger share in affairs; the government that does not satisfy the majority falls. They try more experiments, admit more changes than we, as is shown in their attitude toward labor; with a certain anxiety they pursue liberty, trying to keep a finger on the hem of her garment; we, flushed with success in that far-off Revolution of '76, drag her in chains at the wheels of our triumphant chariot, oversure that she is our handmaiden forever. Yet part of that pride wherein we hug ourselves from generation to generation is baseless. How much have we grown since that moment of triumph, which, unless we change our ways, may ultimately prove our moment of defeat? Have we not petrified somewhat, in old way and habit, conceiving that we have nothing more to learn and little more to do? Possibly the English are wiser than we in keeping an unwritten constitution; perhaps ours, written or printed, gives the

effect of a something settled once and forever. Whatever the causes, our English cousins have outstripped us, recognizing liberty as a process, not a completed achievement.

It is time that we realized here, as men do realize in England, that our destiny and that of England are inextricably bound together. It is time that our text books were radically changed, in a way not only to eliminate all suggestion of lasting bad feeling, but to emphasize the likeness in spirit between us and our English next of kin. In the new light on things it should be clear to all American citizens that the Fourth of July should be celebrated by English and Americans together as marking a victory of the creed for which both stand, faith in freedom, belief in individual right, individual chance to work out individual duty, a victory against the German George, who was using English armies to fight against English purposes and English principles in 1775-1776.

Now that we have partly learned to understand each other in fighting side by side, neither victor over the other, we must march together, conscious of a common aim, each nation helping the other in clarifying ideas, in correcting mistakes, in keeping ideals high. There is much that we could teach each other; there are many ways in which we could help each other in taking up an enlarging share of the world's burden. That race which, in all its branches, has done more than any other race on earth to found and make permanent free institutions has a right to the leadership which it has won. It is not for a man of my calling to use extravagant language; cobblers are, I imagine, a rather silent

and reticent folk. It is therefore impossible for me to express the full extent of my rejoicing that English and Americans, Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders are learning comradeship in trench and hospital and open field. Will it eventually be written, as Germany's greatest among her many great achievements, that she has welded together, by a bond that naught can break, the scattered members of the Anglo-Saxon race? Perhaps the supreme contribution of that self-efficiency will be that she has done what nothing else could have done, has made them forget distances, old quarrels, grudges, misunderstandings, and has set them as soldiers of liberty, fighting side by side, in unity of a common aim.

Minor as well as major services could we Americans and the English render each other; we could learn something from their silences.

"Tell your men," said a young English officer to an American friend, "not to talk so much." It seemed that some of our soldiers, on setting foot on French soil, had boasted that they had come over to win the war; English soldiers had promptly retorted that the war was already won, and that the English and French had won it. "Not to talk so much." It is in our over-easy self-congratulation that we differ from the English, who hardly admit to themselves victory, sometimes even when they have won. One can but acknowledge, especially in reading American newspapers, full of outcries over what we have done, that the English are, in this respect, better bred than we. They must pardon us if our climate, with its exhilaration and its sparkle, has penetrated to our inner conscious-

ness and to our vocabulary; our boasting is, perhaps, not so bad as it sounds, being that of a vigorous child, brimming over with hope and with determination as to what it is going to do.

On the other hand, these English friends and relatives who tell us so often, with an elder brother's intonations, how much better every aspect of life is ordered over there, should be reminded that it ought to be. They have had a thousand years and more in which to arrange the ways of their household, we, little more than a hundred, nor have they thousands upon thousands of foster children to whom the very alphabet of civilization must be taught. As we learn from the silences of our British cousins, perhaps they may learn a bit from us of good-natured friendliness to all and sundry, a real and abiding sense of the truth that "a man's a man for a' that." If they have surpassed us in political democracy, they have fallen behind in social, or shall I say, personal democracy?

XXXIV

November 28.

The world crashes; tyrants fall from their thrones, following the example of the German Kaiser, whose abdication on November tenth I wholly forgot to record, as it seemed unimportant by the side of the great coming of peace. Yet surely there is significance in a moment, unparalleled in history, when a Yankee schoolmaster, spokesman for many great nations in arms, points a finger at the Hohenzollerns, telling them to climb down from their thrones, and they obey, while scores of petty princelings make haste to follow. When morning brings us no news of an empire overthrown or a dynasty falling, I feel a sense of lack, as if Widow Frayne had forgotten some part of my breakfast.

I have often wondered, in reading of great and tragic epochs like that of the French Revolution, how people could go in their old ways through times of such deep convulsion, eating, drinking, sleeping, and busying themselves in every-day affairs. Yet our common life moves steadily through these far greater and more tragic days; old Mrs. Ables totters down to the grocery, as usual, to buy her pound package of oatmeal and five cents' worth of peppermints. Abraham Jencks, of the rural delivery, comes out and rakes leaves to bank his house for winter; and I thread my needles and try to take my stitches as methodically as ever. Yet when, in late after-

noon, I walk on the beach, I am aware, in the very ripple of the little waves at my feet, of the passing of an epoch. Chaos is come again, chaos in which the breaking up of old worlds leaves us with eyes straining for the first glimpse of a new world beginning to take form.

I would that a spirit which is now abroad in the land might become one of its permanent characteristics. These are days of almost universal friendliness, when differences are forgotten, and old feuds are washed away in the incoming tide of good feeling all over the earth. Leavitt, the postmaster, and Melton, the hardware man, who have cherished a quarrel for thirty years, forgot it and shook hands quite simply when they happened to meet in the presence of their wounded boys. It looks as if the peace treaty, when it is made, would incorporate an article containing a settlement of the boundary question long disputed between old Joshua Ridgway and Marks, the hotel keeper. The newspapers and magazines of England, France, America, with their expressions of new international admirations and affections, are not more full of unwonted, generous appreciation than is the air of Mataquoit. Mrs. Sands, meeting me upon the street, places something in my hand, saying simply: "A letter from Jack," and I go on, quite forgetting to notice whether or not she is wearing foolish, high-heeled shoes. The rival ministers have buried, not the hatchet, but the hymn book that has been a bone of contention, and are holding united services.

If any peace treaty could embody the feeling of peace that now prevails, the world over, it would be a lasting one indeed.

November 30.

I have been reading a peculiarly American article in a Sunday paper, describing in glowing fashion our progress in mechanics, proudly listing our American inventions, notably aeroplane and submarine, and calling upon the world to witness that there should be no tendency toward pessimism: we should have faith in the future of the human race because of its power of invention.

It filled me with distaste. Though I should hardly dare write it save in this old ledger where no eyes but mine will ever see it, I have for years permitted myself a certain skepticism regarding many aspects of modern progress. These mechanical contrivances, — aeroplane, submarine, engines and machines innumerable; this endless chasing by humanity of the active muscles of its own tail; this external, mechanical development which we call progress, and which is, in great part, a vicious circle of impulses, appetites, passions, ministered to by more and more complex machines, — what will it all lead to, except around to the tip of the tail again?

By centuries of effort, by applying much of our best brain power to problems of physics, we have got back to the point, — oh, supreme achievement! — where we can fight like winged, prehistoric monsters in the air, like crawling, mammoth amphibians under sea, and chaos is indeed come again. Our chief concern should have been learning how not to fight at all. Might it not be well to check a bit this one-sided development and give our minds and souls a chance to catch up with our legs and wings and fins?

Long before the storm broke and the old period

ended, many of us had realized that all was not well with us, that we were living in a material paradise with thought chiefly for pleasure and for comfort. With each successive year in the last decade preceding the crash the consciousness grew strong within me that our concern was too much with the body, with search for wealth, with mere things. This conviction grew so insistent that, though I am no poet, I attempted to express myself in verse:

“Have pity, Lord, we prosper” —

But my feeling was so strong that it refused to fit itself to words or metre, and merely continued to smoulder within me.

Those of us who have been deeply concerned with the inner development of the race long ago divined that our tragic prosperity contained within itself a threat of ultimate defeat. I realized this, yet, pre-occupied with books, ideas, theories, I did not stir myself to action, not knowing how to begin. I blame myself and men of my own stamp quite as I blame those apostles of theoretical and applied science who have misled the multitudes; more than I blame the great mass of the misled. We who held a faith in better things and did not find practical ways of making that faith tell have been shirkers; we have avoided enlistment in the battle for our kind.

My own repentance is worked out, not in sack-cloth and ashes, but in leather and shoemaker's wax, here where I may sit and hear men speak, and may make my voice heard among them.

December 3.

In spite of my practical endeavors in going faithfully to town meeting, to all committee meetings for

which I am responsible, and trying constantly to do my share in improving the institutions of the place; in spite of my unwearied search through printed matter old and new for ideas that make for the betterment of human government, I know that no externals, no improvement in outer condition alone can save this country, or any other. As in Mataquoit, so it is the whole earth over; the crying blunder of our time is the idea that civic salvation can come wholly from without by act of Congress or decree of Parliament, whereas it is not the laws which are so much at fault as it is minds and souls. No laws can produce a righteous commonwealth; it must be righteous men. It is not because our Constitution is bad that we of America have fallen short, but because we ourselves have been unroused, self-centered, inadequate. Any political scheme that will permit the right will of the people to make itself felt is good enough for men to work in and to amend, good enough to make better, if they have patience enough to devote themselves to its betterment. Our institutions are imperfect, — granted, yet they are capable of endless growth; our task is to work steadily and to contribute all that is within us to that growth. We could make heaven on earth under our present government if each individual were the citizen he should be, forever trying to shape our laws and our ideals toward finer issues.

It is character that we need, individual character, and with this, perhaps the finest part of it, more realization than in the old days of every man's responsibility for his neighbor. Our forefathers' doctrine was good, but we must complement and complete it, learning how to live more generously,

acquiring a deeper sense of the share our brother man holds in our destiny. We must find the right balance between the two tendencies manifest in our past growth; if youth in my day was taught too exclusively to bend all energy to the cultivation of virtue in himself, the salvation of his own soul, youth to-day is taught too little of this. A reaction is due against the spirit that, in a world of such good fellowship, all will be well, that heaven will be heaven because "the gang's all there." It is no less true now than of old that heaven must be earned; we must try to revive belief in individual conscience as the supreme factor in life, keeping something from this period of collectivism, a consciousness of sharing, a knowledge of human lives as inextricably bound together. Our supreme need now is a counsel of perfection regarding inner excellence; poet or prophet must arise to tell us again that government is an affair of men's souls; that no outer laws can bring freedom or civic righteousness.

"The sensual and the dark rebel in vain
Slaves by their own compulsion."

From the dreams of recent years that the millennium will be here when we have perfected the machinery of rule, let us waken to the fact that omnipotence itself could not produce a government that would function perfectly without the right kind of men.

December 3.

I rubbed my eyes this morning, hardly believing that it was young Jim Lent whom I saw. A year

of training and of active service have sent this swaggering, ruffianly boy home a self-respecting man. Discharged after recovery from a wound, he is back in Mataquoit; the way in which he holds his shoulders, the way in which he walks down the street, show a transformation which is not only outer but inner. He is actually planning to go to work for his long-suffering mother.

Frank Ames, our rakish young cashier, is here also; in these, and in a few others who have drifted back, one notes a new dignity, an air of having marched shoulder to shoulder with their fellows. War is a hideous evil, but training for war does something for young men which at present peace does not do, because they are not trained for peace. We must change that. Ancient Sparta had her limitations, but ancient Sparta had great characteristics, chief among which was knowledge of what must be done in the development of the young. I am wholly opposed to any military training that would direct the mind to future wars, but when we banish, as God grant war may, the horror of fighting, may we not keep, for the achieving of peace, some discipline both of the body and of the mind of youth that will make both body and mind available for the service of democracy? The Boy Scout movement is a step in the right direction; the very wearing of a uniform, symbol as it is of fraternal relationship, has educative value, turning the minds of the many toward unity of aim. Not only our boys but our young men also should be gathered into organizations where they may learn obedience, order, and learn that there is a great music to which all must step in unison.

December 7.

As I become more intimate with Billions I find many things to like in him, and I deplore the snobbishness of my boyhood, as I deplore such snobbishness everywhere. There should be no line of demarcation drawn by wealth or family in any American college; such sense of class corrupts American democracy in that which should be its place of nurture. Now I feel a kind of affectionate regard for Billions, in spite of my disapproval of his business methods, and we have many pleasant hours together. He forgets to be the trust magnate and becomes the raw boy again as we go over old days on the campus.

Great is the irony of life, that, out of all that college class of seven hundred or more, Billions in his exile of magnificence at Round Towers, I in my exile of chosen poverty in my cobbler's shop, should relieve each other's isolation through these hard days of waiting. We chaff each other constantly about our contrasting solutions of the problem of existence; my conviction that he is wholly wrong deepens, while he never ceases to jibe at me because of this occupation of mine, which puzzles him all the time, and me — though I would not confess this to Billions — part of the time. I boldly tell him that he and his kind are as extinct as megatherium and ichthyosaurus, and other vanished captains of industry that sought their prey in an earlier world, and have left us only their bones to prove their utter extinction. For I believe that, among the things that have passed with the old era is the great financier who was permitted to make a fortune of unnumbered millions out of the American public;

he will have no place in the new and better order that will come when peace is made. I believe that we shall in future find ways to end this appalling contrast between vast riches and utter destitution which mocks our democratic hope.

Our new drastic income tax is at least a step in the right direction of wise limitation of what any one citizen may own; heavy inheritance taxes will go far in reforming present conditions, as will the introduction of profit sharing in business enterprises.

Billions was in last night, and we disputed vehemently for two hours, after I had told him that his world, in which his boyhood's dreams of extreme wealth had been more than fulfilled, had come to an end, and a new order was beginning. We parted in peace, however.

"Good night, Dodo," I said, not that I really know just what the Dodo is, but I know that it is extinct, like Billions.

"Good night, you silly sentimentalist," he answered, and he put his hand affectionately on my shoulder. "Lunatic," is, however, his favorite name for me; we have grown fonder of each other, since we began to call each other names. Ever since I made the acquaintance of his old mother, I have been discovering a fine creature in Billions, who never had a chance for full development. Much of the theorizing I have been doing in regard to the government of our country in future amounts in effect to this: I should like to see it such that Billions, the multimillionaire, shall in future be nipped in the bud in order that Billions, the man, shall have a chance.

Sad thoughts knock at the door of my heart dur-

ing these meetings, rousing within me misgivings regarding the very character of our freedom. Billions and I have both made full use of our liberty, but a sad failure of equality and fraternity. He has exploited his neighbor; I have let mine alone; which is more guilty? Translated into concrete terms, one of my puzzles, as I cobble, is how in the coming democracy to prevent Billions Brown, how to prevent myself. We ought to be made impossible, even if it takes an amendment to the Constitution to do it.

Not only with reference to us, the guilty twain, but with reference to our countrymen at large I ask again, as I have often asked, with the thought of our future development in mind: What have we done with our one hundred and forty years of liberty, equality, fraternity? Who can deny that we have, at least in those aspects of life which are most manifest, greatly failed? Those reproaches of war time against our practice are quite as valid in time of peace; unabashed luxury, unrelieved poverty convict us; the loot of great fortunes, the city palaces and shore palaces, the city slums, tell a long story of failing patriotism.

With the overwhelming inrush of desire and appetite after months of abstinence, those tokens of our long national shame, — the flaunting expenditure of the many, the priceless jewels, the rich garments, the evidences of life given over to automobiling and dancing, to vaudeville, *revues*, and mere pleasuring, will probably be more than ever in evidence, making one wonder if our brief moment of greatness must wholly vanish. If, in earlier years, as in this past year, the privileged in wealth, tradition, birth, had lived up to their individual duties,

their opportunities of sharing and of helping, we should not now be facing this moment, wherein the moving finger writes upon the wall: *America, this grandeur of opportunity unused; America, this tremendous responsibility not realized, will end in ruin, desolation, utter failure, if her citizens go back to the old selfish way.*

Is our failure so great that all should be lost? This citizenship, which we have failed to justify, — should it be taken from us? It is pity unspeakable if we must forfeit this one chance in the history of all ages for the full development of the individual in freedom, for that hope toward which nature's utmost aim would seem to point. Yet, unless we can make in future better use of our liberty than we have in the past, should we not forfeit it? No man who neglects duty as we and ours have done, no man who uses his power of individual achievement for purposes of exploiting his fellows, has a right to citizenship. If fraternity, from free choice, is beyond us, must we not be coerced into fraternity? Perhaps we have deserved this, sinning greatly in selfishness, but if this prove necessary, we are driven centuries back in our development. Shall we sink to some collectivist system, inevitably falling to a lower level, giving our lives, our consciences into the keeping of the state, where the glory of free choice, free action, of the finer will shall be gone; shall we strike out liberty, placing ourselves where we shall have no choice in the matter of showing generosity to our neighbor; or shall we claim, with awful sense of responsibility, the freedom of the individual for which our forefathers fought, and live up to it as we have never done? The alternative is plain; either a

collectivism crushing individual endeavor, or a new and disinterested individualism.

The wheel of destiny is turning; the social revolution is upon us; by the law of retribution it is bound to come, unless our life change. It is for us to make sure that the social revolution come not through red uprising, but in the minds and souls of American citizens, especially those who have inherited privileges of long standing, and that it come before it is too late. We must win the distinction of being citizens in that republic where the disinterested soul of man lives by choice at peace with his neighbor. The burden of our individuality is upon us; we are responsible for its utmost reach; its utmost reach is the voluntary surrender of selfish aim.

Have the one hundred and forty years brought us enough of insight to correct our mistakes, enough of conscience to help us repair our sins of omission? I confess to a longing for one more chance for the American citizen, for one hundred and ten millions of American citizens, just one more chance to grow into an unselfish unity of purpose. Our forefathers' hope must not be proved too high a hope for us; we must not let the supreme gift of individual liberty be taken from us but turn

"and thank God, hastening,
That the same goal is still on the same track."

December 10.

In my post-office box this noon, under much miscellaneous printed matter, I found a letter, an unwontedly plump letter, in a thin, crisscrossed foreign

envelope with a French stamp. Divining in its significances that would make it impossible for me to read it as I sometimes read letters, strolling home through the main street of Mataquoit, I waited until I was again in my shop, with the door securely closed and opened it with a sense of pleasurable anticipation.

There was a long epistle from Katharine, enclosing a brief note from Jack; the two had then met for the first time since they went to France; Katharine had willed that they should not see each other. She is thoroughgoing, Katharine, in her devotions, and had determined that nothing, even for an hour, should take her mind from her work.

Yes, they had encountered each other quite accidentally on an October Sunday afternoon. Jack, on leave for a week, and *en route* for Paris, whence he was starting for the Riviera, was spending a day exploring the devastated region back of Château-Thierry. Strolling through a ruined village, he had come upon Katharine, sitting on the threshold of what once had been a home, now splintered into minute fragments. Katharine's afternoon was free, and she had walked two kilometers out to this spot where she was building a home for the old woman and her goose. Jack found her looking at the newly laid foundation stones.

In all the shattered village where houses and church together had crumbled into sand there was no living thing; no blade of grass, no leaf; only splintered trunks of trees, and here and there a broken wall of a house, standing shell-like, with gaping holes; only heaps of crushed stone and tile and plaster, and a rough outline of transept and

nave where the church had been. Here was no man, woman, nor child, no chicken, dog, nor pig;

"And no birds sang."

Now the full details of that meeting I shall never know; but the result I was told and asked to act upon. Katharine had decided at last, she told me; and would I please see her father and act as intermediary? Relations (by letter) had of late been so satisfactory between them that she hated to disturb them; perhaps, if I break the news to him, the blow would be softened; I could wheedle him in anything. Would I please try to get his consent to her marrying Jack?

"You don't know how much respect he has for you," said Katharine, the flatterer.

Jack's note was brief and not wholly legible, for he wrote with a broken pencil on a rough bit of paper from a notebook. He would not tell me what I had always known without telling, but he seconded the request for intervention.

"Asking you to do this may seem queer action for a man and a soldier, but I am not afraid of him; I am only afraid for Katharine. You have no idea how she cares for her father."

"I'll tell Billions that first," I said to Tim, who was looking very happy over the news, which he seemed to understand.

"I don't want to make trouble," said Jack, "but this thing between Katharine and me has got to be. You are the only strategist who can plan out a winning campaign."

So I am to interview Billions! Mine the boiling oil, if boiling there must be; mine the *oubliette*.

So be it; I'd rather be the victim of other people's lives than not to be in life at all. As Jack would say: "Here goes."

As I prepare for my task, an undercurrent of glad feeling is strong within me which will perhaps be a potent factor in winning my case. It is the thought of those two, my two, in their service uniforms, Jack's probably not over-clean, pledging their faith, in the dust and ashes of that ruined village: a symbol of their young country, lending her strength, her youth, to rebuild among the ruins of a world; a symbol of the days to be, of life and love, with their feet on death. The future is safe, beyond shot and shell, safe in the hearts of the young.

December 11.

I broke the news to Billions. His first remark was not unexpected; from the way in which he said it I could see that he had rehearsed it many times, in expectation of the inevitable moment.

"I'll disinherit her," said Billions quite like an angry father in a play.

"That's a rather good idea," I told him. "I do not want to say anything that will hurt you, but I doubt if you could do anything that would please Katharine more; she worries a great deal about your having so much money, Billions."

December 12.

The silence over the battlefields is heard as distinctly here as there; in the merciful breathing space, one may pause to think, and perhaps may

think more clearly than at any time during the past four years and more. Looking back, I can see how greatly the war has done that which I, meditating on ideals for days of peace, have longed for, as something great beyond possibility; that sense of need of my early days in Mataquoit has been swept into answer to the need. To an extent I should hardly have dared hope, it has, for a time at least, wakened the rich man out of his luxurious content, the scholar from his minute problem, the artist from his separate dream, the lover from the selfishness of his desire, woman from the contemplation of her clothes, — even from a selfish maternity; the father from hope of his son's commercial success as the supreme aim of existence.

The young have grown up under it, bending the whole of their ambition and effort to meet the great challenge. Youth becomes sublime, as it has never been before, under the effort. The old have grown young under it, with passionate desire yet to make good. They who have never served have here learned to serve; they who had known no aim have found an aim for effort. Our nation is awake to spiritual issues, as, a few years ago, I should not have believed possible, through this trial by fire, whereby we are made tragically one.

No man can think out fully the meaning of this great and terrible thing which came to pass; no man can stop trying to think it out. I am no militarist; God knows I would gladly have laid down my life to avert this war, as would thousands of men and women, could the opportunity have been given them in August, 1914.

But I have faith in experience, in man's supreme

duty to face that which comes, and find the meaning in it; the one unpardonable sin in life is wasting experience, failing to see and grasp, while it is quick, the opportunity given by struggle, by suffering, for insight into the inner meaning of life; failing to try to shape the trial of the moment toward the highest ends. Though this attitude may betoken little as regards theology, it shows much of faith. We must not stand passive, questioning what the great tragedy means; we must make it mean the best. We did not seek this anguish; it found us, confronting us with a great moment when we were compelled to rise and help, or go forever shamed; now we have an account to render, in that we have gone down into that ancient hell of slaughter. It is for us to make the mighty struggle tell upon our future, divining what we can of its deeper purposes and helping carry them out in our regenerated wills, purposing better things for the future because of the tragedy of the past. We must make this, spiritually, a step onward; as with any agony, we must wrest from it its deepest significance.

If, from out the remotest past, from mud and slime, a monster has arisen, threatening all that humanity has gained in its struggle upward, swift and splendid have sprung to meet it, love, sacrifice, devotion such as the children of men have never dreamed. Dragon fang and archangel's sword have met in our time; would the angel have risen so quickly had the dragon not stirred in the ooze? What is there for us but to wrestle with the angel and hold him fast, to seize and keep the greatness that our hour of anguish has brought, to try to carry into the future the spirit of sacrifice of these last

months? If we let the surging, noble emotion of our days of service ebb back along the sand, if we forget our high endeavor, we shall be greatly guilty. This crisis has pointed the way to unity of disinterested service, has shown us undreamed possibilities in ourselves. Our problem therefore is to find how certain qualities in human nature, manifest in times of great trouble, of utmost stress, can be held, quick and alive, for the country's service in time of quiet. How can we make permanent the mood of sacrifice? How keep aroused, when no danger threatens, this self-forgetfulness, this willingness to help in the life of the country, as if the whole conduct of affairs rested on each man's back? Man must learn to stand by man in days of calm as in days of tumult; this is what we need,—the heroic mood for common days.

If we have found then, in that great crisis, war, just those virtues needed in the greater crisis, peace, we must not let them go. Gone are those terrible but simple fighting days of summer; we face perplexing days of autumn, of winter, with a world's work to do. Then it was only: Stand shoulder to shoulder; do not let the weak fall by the hand of the assassin; now the question is: Who is my brother? How shall I treat him? How shall men rebuild this shattered house of life so that it will not again crumble about their ears?

A nation, one as we were one in the awful hour of making ready to go to the rescue of mankind, as eager to help as we were then, could mark out a path higher than any nation has ever yet taken, could achieve an unexampled destiny. If our vast material resources could be matched by spiritual

aspiration as great, what limit could there be to our development at home or to our power abroad in helping work out concord among men?

December 15.

Coming home by the shore path this afternoon I saw Billions Brown out on the headland, standing in relief against the sky. Poor Billions, he does not yet know that he has passed away! I see no place for him in the world of the future or for his kind, save perchance those few leaders of enterprise great enough to turn from the race for individual wealth and power and lend their energies to the building up of the country.

Billions and I are together now several evenings in the week, sitting by the open fire in his library, or in my shop, where sweet-smelling pitch pine lends a fragrance to our discussions. Secretly I think he likes my shop best, though he still looks sadly out of place, in all his tailored glossiness, among my odds and ends of leather. Sometimes he picks a book from one of my shelves, reads it a little and scowls; it would almost seem as if the greater part of my library is such as to offend him. He was silent last night for an hour over a chapter in an economic treatise on profit-sharing, but he said nothing about it, nor did I, though I had assiduously trained that volume to open in that place for his benefit. He has not told me why he stays on so late in Mataquoit; I divine a need of companionship, something of that subtle loneliness which has been stronger in us all since the world crash came.

Sometimes I think we make a symbolic picture,

he and I, Capital and Labor, conversing amiably, — propitious, I hope, for the future.

Billions scoffs at my ideas, yet he will not let them alone; he comes back again and again to the old questions, provoking me to utterance. Never, in spite of drastic admonition, will he admit the error of his financial ways, yet I do not wholly despair of right citizenship in Billions even yet. There are momentary flashes of wistful doubt in his face, where there used to be but a Bismarckian aggressive certainty. He is giving away huge sums of money in charities at home and in war relief work abroad; those purse strings, once loosened, have never been tied again. He makes vast and gloomy schemes for philanthropic disposal of more and more of his wealth.

Wallace joins us sometimes, but he has little time for discussion of theories of right action; he is too busy with action itself. They make an interesting and suggestive contrast as they talk together, as they do with eagerness, for they have grown to be great friends: Billions, in his newly-wakened generosity, giving away his millions; Wallace, as has been his lifelong habit, giving his very soul. It takes no diviner to tell which coin is of the precious metal most needed in our national treasury of the future.

Sometimes, through wreaths of smoke, my thought of the democracy to be takes on the faces of the people I have known here. Wallace, of course, is in the new period, less changed than any one else, doing what he has always done.

Jack is the chief figure in it, the world open for his energy, his friendly coöperation. I have ceased

trembling for his scholarship; he is graduating in a world of men and of affairs; the ideas that he needs do not come from books.

Katharine is there, unwearied in serving, every power, gift, talent dedicated to her kind; her hands and Clare's are channels through which Billions' great wealth will flow into the life of the country, relieving distress, starting new enterprises for the development of the young.

With them I catch glimpses of many of the youth of Mataquoit, their self-consciousness lost, self-interest merged in something greater, finding and keeping the pace of the new era, the old slouch gone. Some of the middle-aged catch the pace also: all the world is doing its domestic, its civic, the entire range of its human duties as faithfully as Grandmother Brown has done hers, — but no! that would be the millennium, and the millennium is not yet.

December 18.

Some of these days of waiting are days of depression, when my courage wavers, and I have a fear that we may be going back to the old, ignoble content of the pre-war days. Am I right or wrong in foreboding a certain relaxation of effort everywhere, in detecting already a subtle atmosphere of letting go? I miss the great endeavor toward the utmost, the ultimate striving of the last hard months; is the passionate oneness of purpose of the fighting days threatened? Will nothing but danger, anxiety, anguish unite human kind? Where can we find a battle hymn that will thrill the souls of men to generous unity of action in time of pros-

perity as in time of adversity? How can the heroic instinct be fostered, trained, and urged to utmost effort in days when there is no war?

December 20.

To-day came the longest letter I have ever had from Jack, written from the Riviera, where he is getting a few days of sorely needed rest.

"It's great down here," he writes, so dismissing the scenery. "Now that I've got a bit of time I thought I'd tell you that I've doped out at last what I'm going to be. Engineer. Civil. Bridges. The notion came to me weeks back, oddly enough, one day when we were having a hot time of it. I was leading my men over a bridge across, — well, I can't spell it and I can't pronounce it, but it's a branch of the Marne. Things were pretty lively, and something — I thought at first it was the day of judgment — struck the bridge right in the middle, and we had to swim for it. We did, too, and nobody was hurt worth mentioning, and we crawled up on the bank and went for them, good and plenty.

Well, I got my idea of my career-to-be between the time I left the bridge and the time I struck the water. You know how they say when you are drowning you see your whole past life in an instant; the difference was, I saw my whole future life. And then I didn't mean to drown, — not muchly.

I'm going to do construction work, build things that will last and will be a permanent part of the life of the country. I never could get used to the idea of buying things and selling 'em again, — I hope Dad won't mind too much. When I strike that burg where they are trying to educate me I'm

going to hustle. I'll take the courses that will fit best into my scheme, — I dare say I shan't be so book-shy, now that I know what practical thing I'm going to do afterward. I've always been on the defensive, afraid they'd make a highbrow of me. As I'm sure at last that they haven't a ghost of a chance, I'll go to it, hot and heavy.

And I've got a hunch that along with my own job, I'd better do a bit of another kind of construction work; lots of fellows have got it. You'd better believe that we know what we are fighting for over here, and the idea has dawned on us that we've got to go on with our job for the rest of our lives at home. It's taken a lot of powder and shot to get it into some of our heads, but we've got a clearer notion than we used to have of what the show is run for over there, America, I mean. We've made a compact among us that we are going to whirl in and get a whack at the immigrants. Teach 'em English. Whip 'em into line. Teach 'em games. Trouble with these Germans is that they don't understand games; no idea of fair play. That's the place to begin, — there's nothing, really, so civilizing as games. There's a lot to be done with all those fellows that keep tumbling in on us to make 'em find out what self-government means and learn to keep step."

Every statement in this letter has my joyous approval; the boy *sees* at last. But heaven help the immigrants if Jack teaches them the kind of English he uses!

December 22.

Report has it that our armies will soon be sailing back, and that demobilization will go on rapidly

once they are here. Of Katharine's plans I have heard nothing further, but doubtless not many weeks will pass before my two will come home again, come home, I trust, to happiness, and to something greater than mere personal happiness, to citizenship for themselves and for their children in a land of enlarging freedom. There is that in the lives and experience of Jack and of Katharine which sanctifies the threshold of the home yet to be. It is not only for myself and for others who love them that I long to have them here again, safe. All my unlived life, my sense of lost opportunity rises in strong desire within me to aid in the work which service in this war has begun, to help them find their place, know the greater and better America, and aid in shaping her destiny.

My deepest misgiving as well as my strongest hope lingers about them and their kind. They who went gladly overseas to the conflict,—will they come back with lessened light upon their faces? Are they again to know days as great? They have ministered to the ill, to the dying; they have suffered anguish with their fellows in the shell-smitten trenches; will they be able to minister to the commonplace; to those whose souls are dying, choked with too much of earth and its riches; to those resting inert on old privilege, not earned, claiming immunity from struggle and making no return? Will the inspiration of their service in the face of death last in the face of the multitudinous difficulties and discouragements of life?

That old haunting inquiry will not down, as to whether they will return to a nation permanently wakened to higher aim, more greatly one than ever

before, or merely to a nation more prosperous than it has ever been, as the papers predict, and constantly growing richer, with its merchant marine and its increasing trade all over the world, where others have let go?

I sadden at the prospect of an enlarging material life, where we profoundly need an enlarging spiritual and intellectual life. We greatly need suffering, misfortune, discipline; have we suffered enough?

Nations victorious in arms are not always those which have gained a real victory; defeat of subtler kind lurks often, I dare not think inevitably, in success on the battlefield. The German triumph of 1871 was, in reality, a great German defeat; wars should be banished if only for the mischief they do to the victor nation. Sad thoughts arise; there is menace in our loudly celebrated victory of to-day. If outer gain be inner loss, what lies ahead of us, who have won so easily?

Our best hope rests with those who have suffered, have seen and shared unspeakable things, and have tried to help. They who have made the great sacrifice, whose sympathy has been proved good in deed, this dedicated generation will carry over the length and breadth of the country an influence profound; here is a leaven that will work. Our nation will be what they try to make it; not without hope I wait those who come, with faces shining, from the east; the splendor of our young half blinds my eyes:

"I see them walking in an air of glory
Whose light doth trample on my days."

In these who have learned by serving we shall find the one thing that we need, leadership. The vision of the new democracy, the necessity of brotherhood among men come to them concretely, through descent into that hell of war suffering to which misunderstanding leads. They have seen the greater issue, and they will not forget, nor will they suffer the hard impulsion of slaying their kind to come again upon them.

What may not be, with their broader outlook and their profounder sympathy, when they come home, aware of America's responsibilities to all her citizens, but also to the world, having learned the deeper needs of mankind, — harmony at home and abroad, fraternity the world over, friendly relations in difference, a right internationalism! Through their high service rendered, through their insight into the pitfalls which beset the footsteps of mankind, they will lead us forward safely; they will carry on the best of our old traditions but with something new and great added, resolved to make democracy come true, not only for ourselves but for others, not blown about by whiffs of impractical theory, not Anarchists, not extremists of any kind, not Bolsheviks, not snobs, but Americans, citizens of a great republic whose foundations are the souls of men.

Dimly, shining through the picture of what we are, I begin to have a vision of what we may be; the great events, the questions roused by them, pierce through modern habit and training to a something mystical within me, — a tendency which I have kept out of sight, and of which I have been somewhat ashamed. Yet one need not feel apolo-

getic for holding in one's greater moments faith for which one can not present full reasoned proof; could one present such proof, it were not faith. My vision of the future America is built on Faith, Hope — and Charity; a vast deal of Charity.

I see a great nation, redeemed by suffering, brought through sorrow and through hard endeavor from paths wherein it had gone astray, face to face with the profoundest duty of humanity. Sacrifice has ever been the way of faith; crude, primitive, cruel in early days, it still contains essential truth, the need of human nature to suffer, to give up. We, who have offered on the altar of the nations our dearest and best, know that the flame of our faith rises higher than ever before, shining on the path of the future. Through our great choice has come a higher ideal; a deeper sense of responsibility, a more profound disinterestedness. Purposes never fully realized even in America, or but dimly remembered, write themselves plainly across the stars.

So, in solemn vision, America moves on to undreamed greatness, with all her incoming races becoming one in aim and in endeavor. All classes, all honorable occupations are fairly represented, all voices of her many citizens are heard. She finds a way to use even the wrath of her disgruntled children, her manifold sons and daughters, gathered from many lands, letting it spur her to finer justice, so that their anger against her becomes part of her power, as she sifts out and uses what they bring her of real suggestion, and throws away the threats and the curses. The principle upon which our government rests, the principle for which the Anglo-Saxon race has fought throughout history, belief in lib-

erty, secured by institutions growing more and more free, is driven home, in part by this great conflict, to the minds and hearts of half-developed peoples, who would, perhaps, in an age of calm, have gained no clear knowledge of it, driven home in all our preparations, in our actual struggle. Its watchword is fair play; in peace, as in war, we fight for fair play and for the safeguarding of those old and precious things of life, — our faith, and the integrity of home and family.

Thus this country of outer greatness becomes the country of inner greatness, taking up into her high purpose all the hope and the achievement of those who have served her at this crisis to add to earlier hope and achievement. All among our many millions, who have forgotten, in differences of opinion, class, occupation, our deep political creed of many in one, again remember. All who have conceived our unity as a oneness of power, of wealth, of outer greatness, learn that the only enduring unity for any people is unity of high spiritual aim.

The vision, — will it come true? It is for us to make it come true; visions do not fulfil themselves; men fulfil them.

December 24.

A few days of warm sunshine, fit to usher in the age of gold. Yesterday Tim and I took a holiday and raked leaves in order to bank hollyhocks and daffodil and crocus bulbs. There is a dim blue haze on far-off things; and near, things seem reddening as in spring, but this is perhaps only an effect of the unwonted sunshine. As far as brown fields stretch away earth seems all golden promise, and everywhere

is a sense as of great frosts about to melt and let go, in this charmed pause between the cessation of the war agony and the insistent stirring of the great problems of the future. All questions vanish as we wait in an Indian summer calm, that is as a vision of fulfilment, for earth's greatest Christmas day, inaugurating a lasting Peace on Earth.

As I work in my shop, a breeze comes in through the open window, bringing a breath of the sea. To-day I am mending a pair of my own shoes, for a long path lies ahead of me, and I have far to tread. For the present, my steps shall be in the fields I know, and I shall go on cobbling here, where I have earned a sense of home, and friends. I have hope that the garden gate of Jack and Katharine will not be too far away, and that I may often lift the latch, finding sometimes within not only their two selves, but Grandmother Brown.

Not without hope I shall live on in Mataquoit, bending my strength to whatever reforms and changes, local or national, seem to promise help for the future. Some day, if I gain much wisdom, I may try to express it in more permanent form than these rough entries in my ledger. Before this I have much to learn and shall go on with my task of entering into the life of my fellows; no government can relieve me of that. If the future depends on intelligent accord between man and man, between nation and nation, our great need is sympathetic insight. We must learn to understand, not criticize, to reach the inner motive; we must dig deeper into the soil of human life than we have ever dug.

I have recorded here, in black and white, but a tithe of that which I have found out; the better

part of human wisdom that comes from experience can not be set down in words, far less in figures. To tell truth, I am rejoicing that this last page of my ledger leaves me no room for balancing accounts; it is too early yet for that.

Looking back, I can not count my months here as wholly failure, for in them I have grown into closer relationship with my kind; to have learned to sympathize and to care as one did not at thirty is not to have failed utterly. When I stood apart and analyzed my fellow man, I did not wholly like him; certainly he has many qualities that are far from perfection or the desire for perfection. But when I cast my lot with his and struggle with him, I am aware in him of a deep stirring, a striving toward an excellence dimly apprehended, perhaps too great for formula, too deep for mind alone to grasp.

I have, in truth, solved few, if any, of the problems of democracy, and am now, at the end of my ledger, but at the beginning of my task. But I know that I have gone the right way about it, and I know the end in view: to learn to understand my neighbor, and to know that the whole world is my neighbor.

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